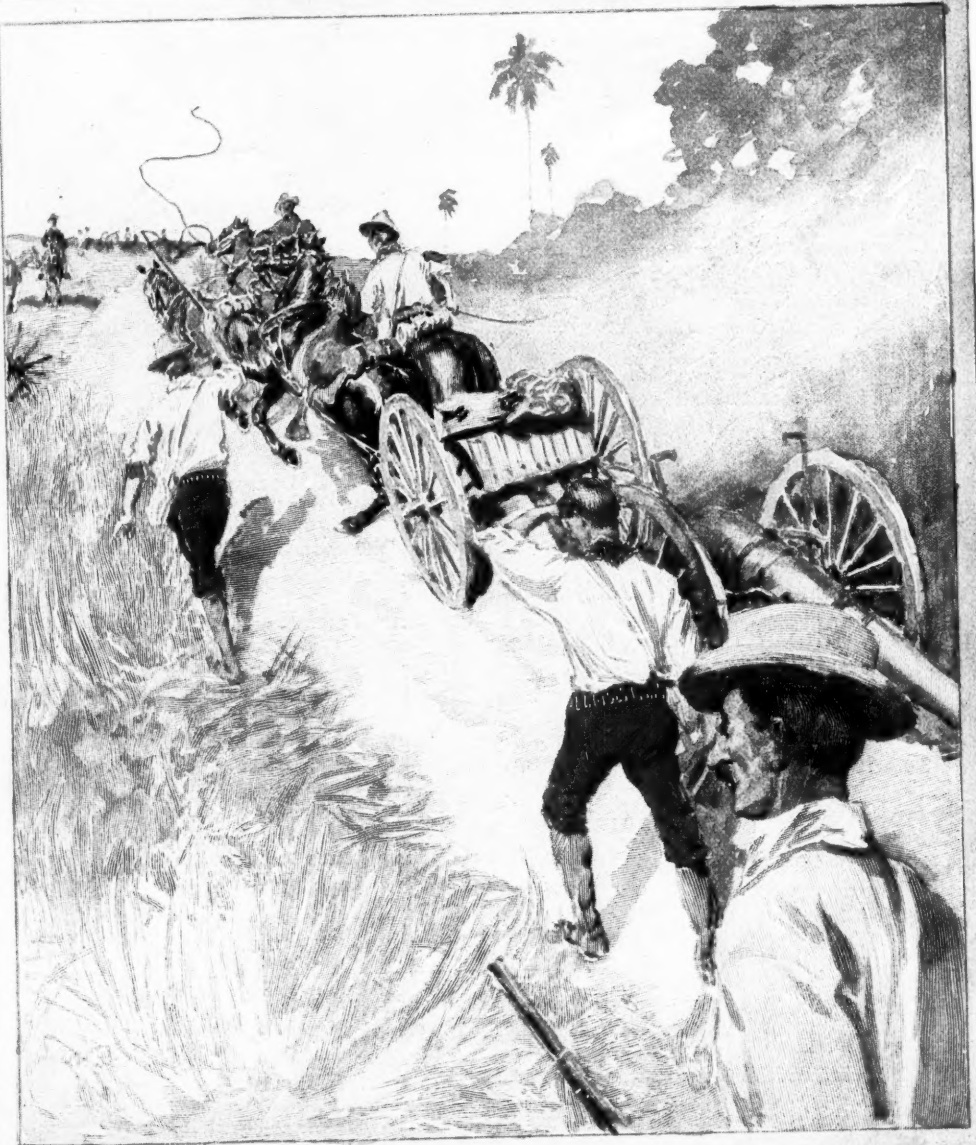


THE MUNSEY



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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1898.

"Evening"	From the painting by M. Nonnenbruch.	FRONTISPIECE
War Time Snap Shots	Notes and pictures of the war with Spain.	803
By the Brassard of Mercy, A Short Story		MAUD H. PETERSON . . . 821
A Bar Harbor Episode, A Short Story		FLORENCE C. ABBOTT . . . 825
Why Is New York Disliked?	Some reasons why the rest of the continent resents the supremacy of the metropolis.	ARTHUR MCEWEN . . . 831
On Nippersink, A Short Story		SAMUEL MERWIN . . . 833
Our Pacific Paradise	Hawaii, our new possession—Its strategical importance, its great natural attractions, and its commercial possibilities.	KATHRYN JARBOR . . . 837
Swallow, A Serial Story, Chapters XIV—XVIII		H. RIDER HAGGARD . . . 861
Artists and Their Work	With reproductions of paintings by leading contemporary artists.	. . . 876
In the Public Eye	With portraits of Assistant Secretary Allen, Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary, Senator Bate, Wm. L. Garrison, Ambassador Cambon, Dr. Gatling, and Governor Holcomb.	. . . 885
The Duffer, A Short Story		FRANK H. SPEARMAN . . . 895
Storiettes		
What Is Death?		ANNA LEACH . . . 902
Mr. Preston's Dinner		A. S. DUANE . . . 902
A Case of Hero Worship		JULIET W. TOMPKINS . . . 904
Still Waters and Babbling Brooks		KATHERINE S. BROWN . . . 905
His Great Aunt Deborah		KATHRYN JARBOE . . . 907
The Romanoffs of Today	The young Czar's family and family life—illustrated.	GEORGE HOLME . . . 909
A California Sculptor	Douglas Tilden, the deaf mute sculptor of San Francisco, and his striking and original work.	ELIZABETH K. TOMPKINS . . . 914
The Better New York	Senator Platt, General Collis, Dr. Rainsford, and other well known men answer the question how to make a city truly great.	. . . 917
The Castle Inn, A Serial Story, Chapters XXXI—XXXIV		STANLEY J. WEYMAN . . . 921
The Stage	With portraits of Charles J. Ross, George Alexander, Dorothea Baird, Cissie Loftus, Frank Mills, Irene Hayman, Viola Allen, Dorothy Sherrod, Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, and Mabelle Gillman.	. . . 933
Some Social Pests	Certain obnoxious creatures found in various strata of contemporary society.	JAMES L. FORD . . . 943
Literary Chat		. . . 946
Guard No. 10, A Short Story		JOSEPH A. ALTSHULER . . . 951
Etchings		. . . 955

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 6.

WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

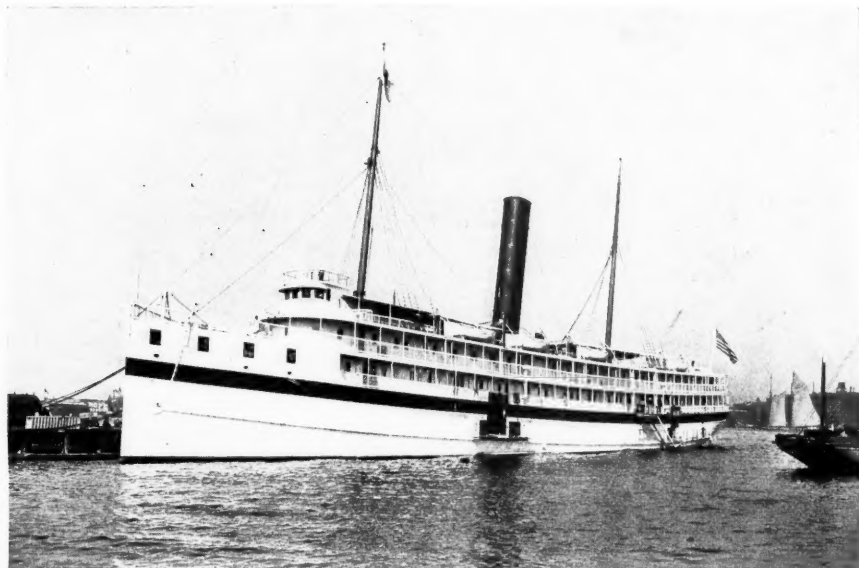
NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE WAR BETWEEN AMERICA AND SPAIN—MEN WHO HAVE CARRIED THE STARS AND STRIPES TO VICTORY ON LAND AND SEA.

A MICHIGAN VETERAN.

It is safe to say that the peril of Spanish bullets never gave the Washington authorities half the concern that was aroused by the report of the appearance of yellow fever among the troops at Santiago. One of the first to fall a victim to the disease was Brigadier General Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan. General Duffield is a lawyer of high standing in the West, and a distinguished veteran of the Civil War. A schoolboy fresh from college, he enlisted,

in the summer of 1861, as a private in the Ninth Michigan Volunteers. He served for a time on the staff of General Thomas, and in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans. He was also in the Atlanta campaign. He has long been a warm personal and political friend of Secretary Alger, and as a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1888 had charge of his canvass for the presidential nomination.

A few months ago General Duffield



THE ARMY HOSPITAL SHIP RELIEF, PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFER'S ARMY.

From his latest photograph by W. F. Turner, Boston.



BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY M. DUFFIELD, A MICHIGAN VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, WHO SERVED WITH SHAFTER AT SANTIAGO, AND CONTRACTED YELLOW FEVER THERE.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

volunteered for service in Cuba, was appointed a brigadier general in June, and soon afterward sailed from Newport News in command of the Thirty Third Michigan and other troops, reaching Santiago in time to participate gallantly in the closing operations of Shafter's army. Quickly following came the attack of fever, from which, happily, he is now recovering.

GENERAL MERRIAM'S RECORD.

There are several officers of high rank who, when the present war closes, will figure in its history as "organizers of victory." One of these is Adjutant General Corbin; another is Major General

Henry C. Merriam, who, as commander of the department of the Pacific, has borne an important part in the organization, equipment, and prompt despatch of the army sent to Manila. General Merriam, who is now sixty one years old, boasts a record of which any soldier might well be proud. Born and reared in Maine, he went to the front in August, 1862, as a captain of volunteers, and from March, 1863, till the end of the war served as major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of colored troops. Brevets for Antietam, the capture of Fort Blakely, and the campaign against Mobile, and a medal of honor for his bravery in the second

named battle, bear witness to his services and whereabouts between 1861 and 1865.

In the reorganization of the army in 1866 he was appointed major of infantry, becoming lieutenant colonel in 1876, and colonel nine years later. He attained the grade of brigadier general in July, 1897, and was one of the first to be commissioned major general of volunteers by

of the senior field officers of regulars. For instance, Colonel James J. Van Horn, of the Eighth Infantry, has been forty four years in the army, but age and gray hairs have not prevented him from taking a very active part in the operations in Cuba. Colonel Van Horn fought during the Civil War in the regiment of which he is now commander, and has since per-



MAJOR GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC, WHO HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY SENT TO MANILA.

From a photograph by Hyland, Portland, Oregon.

President McKinley. Several times since the present war began he has asked to be assigned to active service in the field, and his wishes may yet be gratified if the war should continue, and a campaign against Havana should be undertaken in the fall.

TWO OFFICERS WITH LONG ARMY RECORDS.

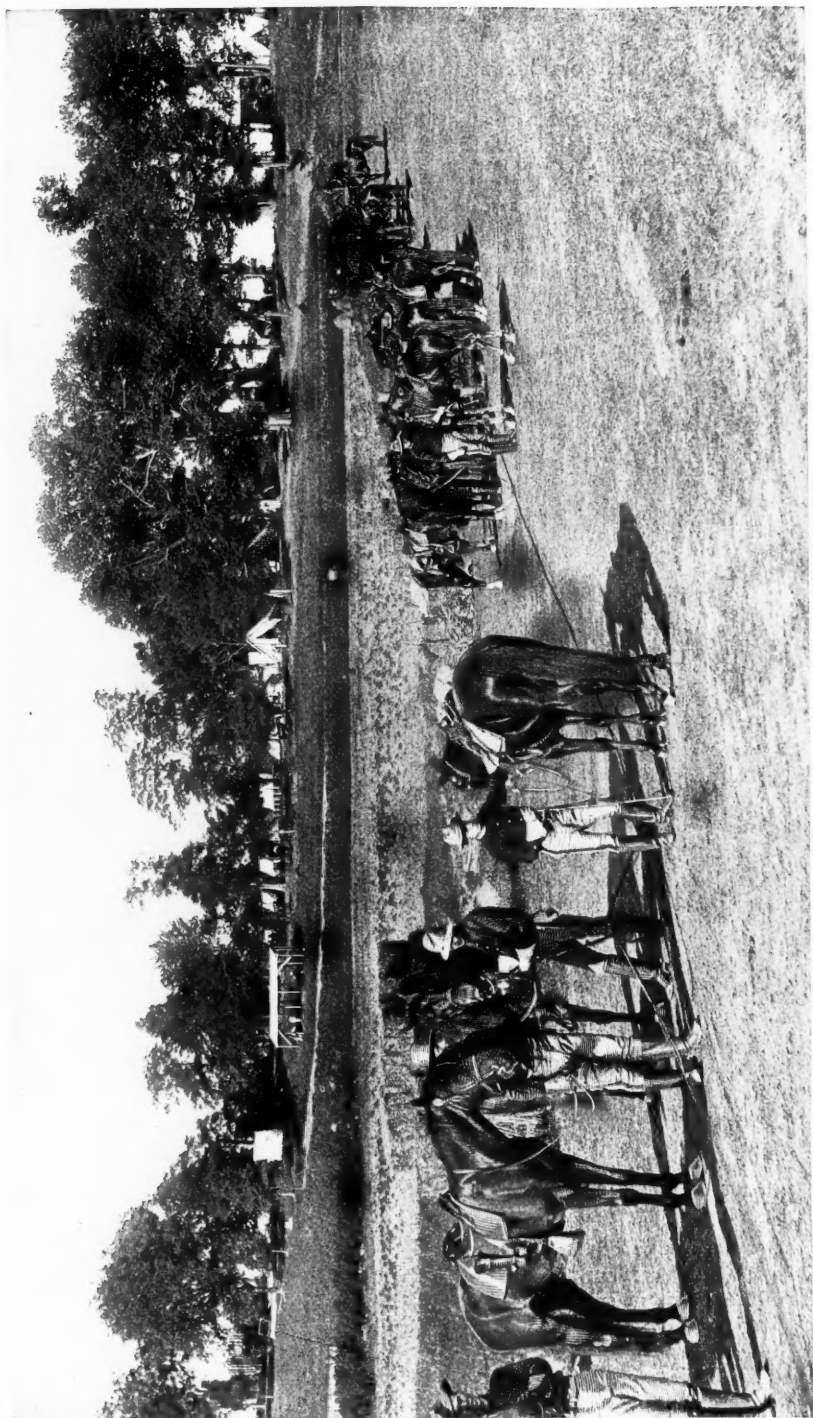
Some one whose memory travels back to the days of '61 has lately called attention to the fact that while a majority of the commanders named by President Lincoln were young men, many of them under thirty, the American generals in the present war are almost to a man well past the middle age. The same is true

formed much arduous duty on the frontier.

Another officer who has a long record of good service in the army, and who was seriously wounded before Santiago, was Lieutenant Colonel John H. Patterson, of the Twenty Second Infantry. We give a portrait of Colonel Patterson, who is a brother of Supreme Court Justice Edward Patterson, of New York.

OUR DEAD HEROES.

High on the list of heroes of the Spanish war must be written the name of Captain Charles Vernon Gridley, commander of the battleship Olympia in the battle of Manila. He went into the fight



NEW YORK TROOPERS AT CAMP ALGER—MEMBERS OF TROOPS A AND C, NEW YORK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

From a photograph by Clint East, Washington.

a dangerously sick man, and came out of it a dying one. "I think I am in for it," he said, "but I could not leave my ship on the eve of battle." The price of this act of quiet heroism was death at the comparatively early age of fifty three. He passed away at sea less than a week

Captain Gridley was past middle life at the time of his death, but some of the heroes who fell before Santiago went straight from the classrooms of West Point to soldiers' graves. Second Lieutenant Clarke Churchman, of the Thirteenth Infantry, was graduated at the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN H. PATTERSON, OF THE TWENTY SECOND INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

after he had been invalided home, and his remains, brought back to this country, were buried with the honors due a hero at Erie, Pennsylvania, on July 13. Captain Gridley, a native of Indiana, had been thirty eight years in the navy at the time of his death, and in a year or so would have reached the grade of commodore. As the first, and perhaps the only, American naval officer of high rank whose death is a direct result of the existing war, he will long be held in grateful remembrance.

Military Academy in June of the present year. A classmate, Second Lieutenant David L. Stone, was another whose first battle was his last. Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Wansboro, also killed at Santiago, had been less than two years in active service, and Second Lieutenant Herbert A. Lafferty, dangerously wounded at El Caney, received his first commission less than three months ago.

A particularly promising career was cut off when Second Lieutenant Dennis Mahan Michie fell on those bloodstained

Cuban hillsides. Lieutenant Michie was the son of Professor Michie of West Point, and was named after his father's friend, Professor Dennis Mahan, father of Captain Alfred T. Mahan. He graduated at the

the history of New York. He was a famous oarsman at college, and noted for feats of strength and recklessness. Enlisting in the ranks of the famous Rough Riders, he served so well and faithfully



CAPTAIN CHARLES VERNON GRIDLEY, WHO COMMANDED ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIA, IN THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AND WHO DIED AT SEA ON HIS WAY HOME, JUNE 4, 1898.

From a photograph.

Academy six years ago, and has seen service during the labor troubles in Colorado and at Chicago. He went to Cuba as aide to General H. S. Hawkins, who commanded a brigade of Shafter's corps.

No soldier's death evoked a more general expression of sympathy than that of Sergeant Hamilton Fish, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. Young Fish belonged to a family that has been prominent in

that he won very early promotion. In leading the very front of the advance against the enemy he had his dearest wish, and in falling at the beginning of the fight he set a notable example of courage and self sacrifice.

Captain William Owen O'Neill, of the same regiment, who also fell before Santiago, was a typical American of the West. Born in St. Louis some forty years ago,

he had been cowboy, typesetter, editor, lawyer, and lastly mayor of Prescott, Arizona. Becoming converted to the views of taxation held by the late Henry George, he brought the council of the little Arizona city over to his views, and proceeded to put them into operation, so

perils and privations of those inhospitable regions. And when the war broke out he resigned the mayoralty of Prescott, and tendered his services to his country. To brave danger was a second nature with him.

He was strikingly handsome, with



CAPTAIN WILLIAM O'NEILL, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), FORMERLY MAYOR OF PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, KILLED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Hartwell, Phoenix, Arizona.

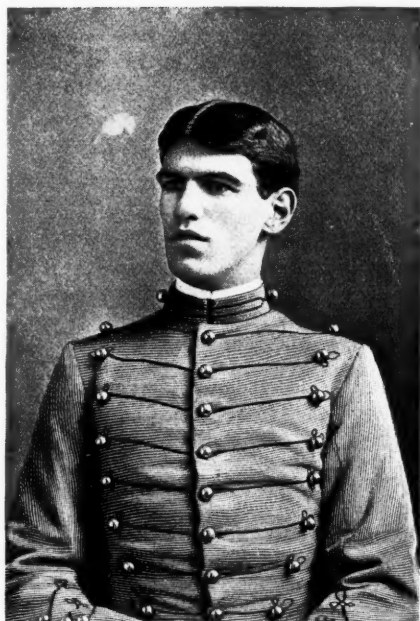
far as the laws of the Territory would permit. Licenses and imposts on business were abolished, and taxes on land values increased. The initiative and referendum were adopted for the town, together with woman suffrage on all municipal questions.

Captain O'Neill's adventurous nature was shown when the Klondike gold fever began. Hastily leaving to others the performance of his duties in Prescott, he set out for the gold fields less to find the yellow metal than to be a sharer in the

large dark eyes, and soft and gentle manners, like so many men of heroic personality. He is one of the lost heroes of the war, and no braver and nobler man ever fell in battle.

A SOLDIER'S SOLDIER SON.

General William S. Worth, who came back to Governor's Island to recover from four wounds received while leading his regiment in the attack upon San Juan, is a son of Major General Jenkins Worth, who distinguished himself in the Mex-



CLARK CHURCHMAN, SECOND LIEUTENANT THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT EL CANEY.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



THOMAS A. WANSBORO, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, KILLED AT SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



COLONEL J. J. VAN HORN, EIGHTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.

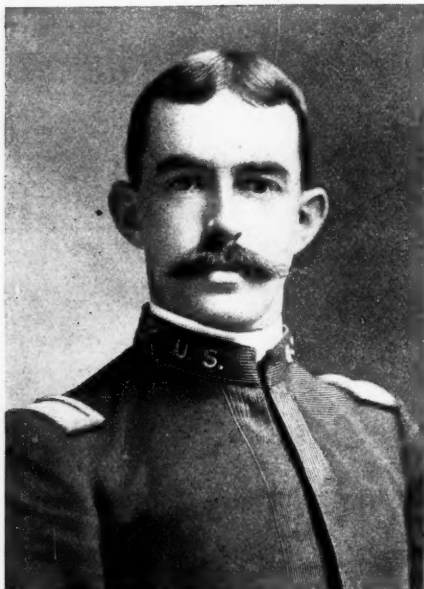
From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.



HERBERT A. LAFFERTY, SECOND LIEUTENANT SEVENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED AT EL CANEY.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED AT SANTIAGO.



DENNIS MAHAN MICHIE, SECOND LIEUTENANT
SEVENTH INFANTRY, SON OF PROFESSOR
MICHIE OF WEST POINT, KILLED
BEFORE SANTIAGO.

ican War, and whose name is made familiar to New Yorkers by the shaft erected in his honor in Madison Square. The hero of San Juan is no longer a young man, for he saw service in the Civil War, but he is as active as ever, and his orderly, in describing the rush up the bullet swept hill, declared that he "couldn't see the colonel for the dust he raised." He went to Cuba as lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, and his promotion was the reward of gallantry on the field.

Like some of its very best fighters, General Worth has a reputation in the army as a dandy. Admiral Dewey, has the same sort of reputation in the navy.

LIEUTENANT BLUE'S PERILOUS SERVICE.

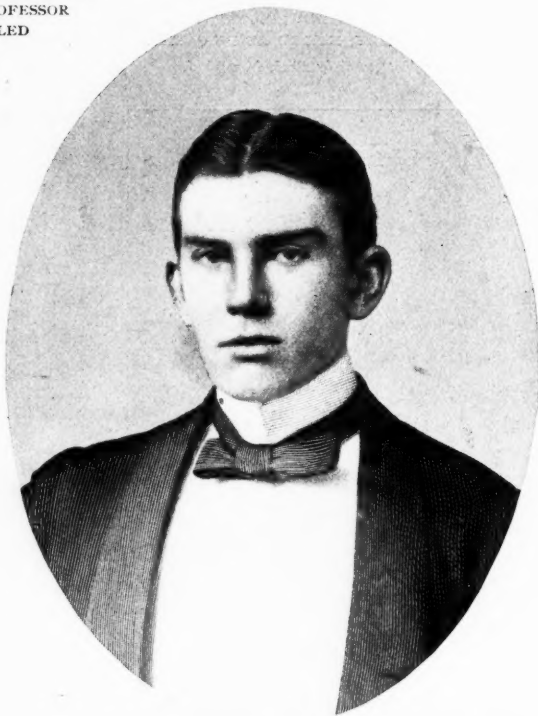
The period of comparative idleness for the navy

which followed the discovery of Cervera's fleet and preceded its destruction, was attended by at least one brilliant feat of individual daring. Lieutenant Victor Blue, of the New York, twice made his way around the city of Santiago, and brought back information of the first importance to the military and naval authorities.

Like Lieutenant Hobson of Merrimac fame, Lieutenant Blue is a native of the South. There is comfort for the nation in the thought that every class graduating at Annapolis has plenty of Blues and Hobsons who need only the coveted opportunity to prove their worth.

THE HEROES OF JOURNALISM.

The siege of Santiago developed other heroes than those who wear the blue. Rarely has courageous devotion to duty been better exemplified than in the cases of Edward Marshall and James Creelman,



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY
(ROUGH RIDERS), A MEMBER OF A WELL KNOWN NEW YORK
FAMILY, KILLED AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM S. WORTH, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN THE ASSAULT ON THE HILL OF SAN JUAN, NEAR SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Rinchart, Omaha.

the two newspaper correspondents who were wounded in the course of the operations against that city. Though shot through the spine and paralyzed from his hips downward, Mr. Marshall, between his paroxysms of pain, insisted on dictating his report of the first fight of Roosevelt's Rough Riders with the Spanish troops. Not a whit less inspiring was the bravery of Mr. Creelman, who was shot down while accompanying General Chaffee's brigade in the assault on the entrenchments of El Caney. When he was found lying upon the ground wounded and covered with blood, his first thought was for his newspaper. Disabled and suffering as he was, he dictated his story of the battle as he had seen it. Both Mr.

Marshall and Mr. Creelman were later conveyed to New York, and both are now well on the road to recovery.

A POLAR HERO AT MANILA.

General Merritt, besides being a sterling soldier himself, is an excellent judge of the fighting qualities of other men, and he has taken with him to Manila some of the ablest as well as the bravest officers of the regular army. Brigadier General John B. Babcock, chief of the department staff, holds a medal of honor and four brevets for gallantry, three earned during and one since the Civil War; Brigadier General Robert P. Hughes, chief of the corps staff, is another fighting veteran of '61, and one of the best all round officers

in the army. General Merritt's chief commissary of subsistence is Lieutenant Colonel David L. Brainard, one of the heroes of the Greely arctic expedition.

Colonel Brainard entered the army in

Following his return he was, in October, 1886, commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry, and ten years later was transferred to the subsistence department with the rank of captain. It was by General



LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE NEW YORK, WHO DID VALUABLE SCOUTING SERVICE DURING THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

1876, and during the following eight years served as private, corporal, and sergeant in Troop L of the Second Cavalry. In 1881 he went with Major Greely to the arctic regions, where, with Sergeant Lockwood for a comrade, he made the farthest northing ever attained by an American, $83^{\circ} 24'$ north latitude. He was one of the seven men who survived the hardships of the Greely expedition.

Merritt's especial request that he was assigned to the Manila campaign.

TWO NEW YORK OFFICERS.

The fact that the typical modern American, man of peace though he be, has not lost the fighting instincts of his ancestors is proved by the records of the men who swell the ranks of the volunteer army. Only a few months ago Hallett Alsop

Borrowe was a peace loving New York club man, but when the war opened he hastened to join the regiment of Rough Riders, and in the assault on the Spanish entrenchments before Santiago he worked the regiment's dynamite gun with the coolness and precision of a veteran artillerist. He has since been promoted to the rank of captain, and appointed an assistant adjutant general of volunteers.

In his new field of duty Captain Borrowe may touch elbows with, Major Avery D. Andrews, a lawyer turned soldier, whom New Yorkers best remember as a member of ex Mayor Strong's police board. Soldiering, however, is not a new thing for Major Andrews. He is a graduate of West Point, served for some years in the regular army, and has since been prominent in the National Guard of New York State. He succeeded General



EDWARD MARSHALL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL, WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT AT LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

Charles F. Roe as commanding officer of Squadron A.

OUR FIRST FOOTHOLD IN CUBA.

The war has thus far produced few pluckier passages than the landing of Colonel Huntington's marines at Guantanamo bay, a few days before Shafter's army sailed from Tampa. The place of landing was a low, round, bush covered hill on the eastern side of the bay. On the crest of this hill was a small clearing in the chaparral occupied by an advanced post of the enemy, who retreated to the woods when the marines landed and climbed the hill. Unfortunately, the clearing occupied by the marines was covered, save at its crest, with a dense growth of bushes and scrub, and was



LIEUTENANT COLONEL DAVID L. BRAINARD, ONE OF THE HEROES OF GENERAL GREELY'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION, NOW CHIEF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE TO GENERAL MERRITT'S ARMY.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



MAJOR AVERY D. ANDREWS, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL—A WEST POINT GRADUATE AND
A FORMER NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

commanded by a range of higher hills a little further to the eastward. Thus the Spaniards, who soon plucked up courage, were able not only to creep close up to our camp under cover of the bushes, but to fire upon it from the higher slopes of the wooded range. The marines replied vigorously to the fire of their hidden foe, and there ensued a hit or miss engagement which continued, with an occasional intermission, for four days and nights. Finally, however, the marines managed to cut away the chaparral around the crest of the hill so as to enlarge the clearing, in which they planted half a dozen rapid fire guns; and on the fourth day of the long



CAPTAIN HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE, OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (ROUGH RIDERS), ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.



MAJOR HENRY CLAY COCHRANE, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE MARINES WHO OCCUPIED CAMP MCCALLA, ON GUANTANAMO HARBOR.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

fight the Spaniards gave up the contest and abandoned the field.

Major Henry C. Cochrane, second in command of the marines, says in his official report that he slept only an hour and a half in the four days, and that many of his men became so exhausted that they fell asleep standing on their feet with their rifles in their hands. Major Cochrane, whose bravery in the face of desperate and unseen odds is sure to be duly and generously rewarded, is a veteran of the Civil War, and has been an officer of marines since 1863. He is a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, and entered the navy as a mere boy at the first call to arms in 1861. As soon as he reached the necessary age he was transferred to the marine corps and saw active service on blockade duty along the Atlantic coast, on the Mississippi River, and in the Gulf.

Since then his long cruises have taken him to all the grand divisions of the earth. He was sent on

shore from the Lancaster, at Alexandria, with a detachment of marines to assist in preserving order after the bombardment of that city by the British. At the last Paris Exposition, he commanded the marine guard which won such high encomiums from officials of all countries, and was decorated by the French presi-

this rule. General Augustin, in his last stand at Manila, proved himself a gallant soldier, and a skilful one as well, but was doomed from the first to defeat, while so great were the odds against Admiral Camara that it is doubtful if it was ever seriously intended by his superiors that he should seek out and give battle to an



ADMIRAL CAMARA, COMMANDER OF SPAIN'S LAST REMAINING SQUADRON.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph.

dent with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was orator on the occasion of the promulgation of the present constitution in Hawaii, was in Moscow at the coronation of the late Czar, and has spent a summer in Behring Sea, helping to guard the seals. Before starting for his perilous service in Cuba, he was in command of the Marine Barracks at Newport, Rhode Island.

SPAIN'S LUCKLESS COMMANDERS.

It has become the habit to associate with disaster the names of the men holding high command in the Spanish army and navy. General Basilio Augustin, the Spanish governor of the Philippines, and Admiral Camara, commander of the remnant of Spain's navy, are no exceptions to

American fleet. As it is, his maneuvers have only served to give a touch of comedy to the war that has proved so disastrous to his government.

According to a London contemporary, Admiral Camara is English on his mother's side, as his father, a Spanish sea captain, married a Miss Livermore in Liverpool. Like his comrade, Admiral Cervera, he was educated at the naval academy of San Fernando, which he entered in 1851, the year in which Cervera graduated. He reached the rank of captain in 1871, and saw some active service in the expedition against Morocco. In private life he is said to be somewhat of a moody recluse. In politics he is a stalwart supporter of the reigning dynasty, and was prominent in the movement which wound

up the turbulent régime of the Spanish republic and restored the crown to the present king's father, Alphonso XII.

Ramon Blanco, who is likely to go down in history as the last Spanish captain general of Cuba, is a veteran soldier who for

distinction, and was promoted to a colonelcy. From Santo Domingo he went to the Philippines as governor of the island of Mindanao. Recalled to Spain, he served through the civil war between the Alfonsists and the Carlists. He com-



DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN, THE SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL
OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

forty years has shared the checkered fortunes of the "flag of blood and gold." He was born sixty five years ago at San Sebastian, on the coast of the Bay of Biscay—one of the fortresses which the British stormed during the Peninsular War. His first service was in Santo Domingo, with the army which, on the invitation of Pedro Santana, Spain sent to occupy the island that had been her earliest colony. The inhabitants revolted, and the Spaniards, finding it impossible to restore order, finally withdrew in 1865; but though the campaign was a failure, Blanco won some

manded the force that captured the Carlist stronghold of Pena Plata, and in recognition of his gallantry he was ennobled with the title of Marquis of Pena Plata.

Marshal Blanco first went to Cuba as captain general in 1879, at the close of the long revolt known as the Ten Years' War. His policy was strictly military, and he was charged with acts of cruelty and oppression, though he achieved nothing like the odium of the notorious Weyler. It is only fair to add that the Madrid press accused him of displaying, both in Cuba and the Philippines, an undue degree of lenity toward the dis-



MARSHAL RAMON BLANCO, MARQUIS OF PENA PLATA, WHO IS LIKELY TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE LAST SPANISH CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.

affected. The honors and the emoluments of a Spanish colonial governor may be great, but his position has seldom been an entirely happy one.

When the last revolution broke out in Cuba, Blanco was captain general at Manila, where he had another insur-

rection to face. He succeeded in patching up some sort of a peace with the Philippine rebels, but it failed of any lasting effect; and the high sounding promises with which he began his second administration at Havana, last October, proved equally illusory.

BY THE BRASSARD OF MERCY.

BY MAUD HOWARD PETERSON.

The story of a Red Cross girl who was ordered to the front, and of the difficult duty that faced her there—Two sisters and a soldier lover.

I.

SHE watched with a strange, white calmness on her upturned face while the train pulled out; watched until the deep blackness of the night had hid it from her sight; until the rumble of its wheels had faded quite away. Then she turned to her cousin, who was looking at her half pityingly, half admiringly, and said simply:

"It is nearly one o'clock. I am very tired and ready to go home."

In silence they retraced their steps, crossing the waiting room, empty except for one or two sleepy officials, who eyed them curiously, and boarded the almost deserted ferry boat. They had been among the last to leave, among the very few who had waited to see the train of Red Cross nurses pull out on its long journey to the front. Her cousin—he was still young enough to think that a fellow's voice ought to be quite steady even under the most trying circumstances—began to talk gaily on indifferent subjects. The girl nodded her head now and then in response, but kept her eyes fixed on the black waters of the North River and the approaching lights of the city.

It was all very peaceful, very cool, here on the upper deck of the ferry boat, and it made her think of the Cuban heat and the sounds of the strife, to which her lover and her sister were hastening. It had been hard to give them both up at once, but she was glad, too, in a way, that they had been ordered off together. Perhaps the knowledge that her fiancé was on board would cause her sister to be less lonely. Perhaps he would take pleasure in knowing that some one she held dear was near at hand.

She hoped they would like each other. It did seem rather strange that this was their first meeting. She had met him and become engaged when the older sister was abroad, and when she had returned at the beginning of the war and joined the Red Cross he had been in camp. There he had been taken ill, and, much to his chagrin, had been left behind when the boys had taken their triumphant departure for Tampa. He had re-

covered rapidly after they had left, and had been ordered to join his regiment, starting that night. There in the bare Pennsylvania Station, midst the rush and excitement of parting, she had introduced them to each other—her lover and her sister. And now it was all over, and she was going home to try to comfort the invalid mother, and fill the place of two daughters instead of one.

II.

DURING the little while they remained in Tampa together, the young lieutenant managed to see a good deal of the elder Miss Carroll. She was strangely like and yet unlike her sister, but altogether charming, he told himself, while a strange wonder filled him when he remembered she was the only woman he had cared to look at twice since his engagement. He supposed it was that elusive likeness to the girl he had left in far away New York. At any rate, he quieted his conscience at their many meetings by the assurance that his fiancée had, in a way, entrusted this Red Cross sister to his care.

Of late he had begun to lose sight of the similarity in bearing and in character, and to find in this sister a strange, spiritual sympathy he had never felt toward the other. He awoke to the knowledge with a start, and did penance by not calling at the Red Cross quarters for two days; then he wrote his fiancée a lengthy letter of camp life, and remained an hour in his tent looking at her picture and cross examining himself. The result was not all he had hoped for, and after one or two fruitless efforts to put from him the good and forbidden things the gods offered, he rose, put on his hat, and sallied forth to meet the elder Miss Carroll.

One or two gossiping tongues had commented on the fact that while Miss Carroll performed her duties in an exemplary manner, all her spare time was given to the young lieutenant of volunteers. The relationship was generally understood, however, and considered perfectly natural by those who met the Red Cross nurse with her prospective brother in law. At first

Miss Carroll had welcomed his friendship gladly, as a tie that bound her to her family and her home. Her associates were kind, but none of them understood her as did young Berkeley. It was as if she had known him always.

Once or twice, in the brief pauses of the busy life she was leading, she had been conscious of a half formed thought that her sister was a very lucky girl. In a vague way she knew that every day she was becoming more and more dependent on his strength, but she never really analyzed her feelings until the evening when he came to tell her that in two hours he must leave for Cuba. He was strangely unlike himself all during that last walk together. A look into her pale face—almost hard in its absolute calmness—betrayed none of the wild, hot tide of emotion welling up in her heart.

"Perhaps I shall see you soon," she said in parting. "I hear that another detachment of our number is to leave tomorrow."

He laid his other hand above hers that he held closely. She was dimly conscious that it felt dry and hot on her own, which was quite cold. And then—she was in his arms, his head bending close above her own, with only the great palms that waved above them in the lonely grove to hear the beatings of their hearts. For an instant; then she pushed him fiercely from her.

"How dare you?" she said between her white lips.

Long she lingered there after he had left her, trying vainly to compose herself before she went back to her duties; trying vainly to put from her the vision of a girl with a strange, white calmness on her face; trying to hide the remembrance of the look of absolute trust and assurance in the trust of both, that had rested there when the long train had pulled out.

And as she buried her burning face in her hands, Delia Carroll knew that there was nothing half so sweet in life as love; nothing half so bitter as the knowledge of a faith betrayed.

III.

ALL day had the orderlies and men been carrying their wounded and dying comrades to the great rough shed over which waved the Red Cross flag. They had been met at the door by women on whose arms shone the brassards of mercy; women whose pale and tired faces bore the look of self effacement and pity that transfigured the plainest and made them beautiful.

Toward nightfall a weary surgeon entered and called the nurse in charge aside.

"I want three of your assistants at once,"

he said in his quick way, "women with the strongest nerves in your corps. There are a dozen Americans and Spaniards down the road, fifteen miles from here. They are desperately wounded and can't be moved. It's a yellow fever district, and while every precaution will, of course, be taken, we can't remove the risk."

He paused for breath and looked at the nurse.

"We have just about as much as we can attend to now," she said, her eyes running quickly over the long ward, down which white capped figures were unceasingly hastening to and fro; "but I will see what I can do."

She hurried off, and the surgeon stood tapping his foot impatiently on the floor. He was aroused by hearing a girl's voice at his elbow saying cheerfully.

"Good evening, Dr. Shirley. You look as if you had the weight of the world on your shoulders."

The gray haired surgeon turned and his face lighted up.

"No, Miss Carroll; but the lives of a dozen men."

She smiled sadly. It said plainer than words, "That's a daily occurrence," and then started to hurry on. He detained her.

"Let me see, haven't you a brother or a cousin or a sweetheart or somebody in the Twelfth?" he asked. "I think I remember hearing about it when I was in Tampa."

Miss Carroll clasped her fingers tightly around the bandages she carried, but her voice was calm as she answered simply:

"Yes; my sister's fiancé. Are any of the Twelfth men in trouble?"

"I should say there were. Six of them are desperately wounded, in a hotbed of 'Yellow Jack,' and not a soul to care for them. They managed to crawl there from the field. All of them in young Berkeley's detachment—"

"Is he there?" The woman's voice had a strange quaver under its veneer of calmness.

"Why, bless your soul, my dear child, of course he is—the sickest of the lot. Miss Penfield's off now seeing whom she can spare to go back with me."

"You must let me go."

The words were not uttered as an appeal; they were a command. The surgeon looked at her undecidedly. Miss Carroll came nearer and lifted her pale, resolute face to his.

"Dr. Shirley," she said simply, "have I not proved that I can be trusted? Have I not won my spurs?" She smiled faintly and made a motion toward the white cap she wore. "Here your word is absolute. See that I am one of those sent. Lieutenant

Berkeley is my sister's fiancé. You must let me go."

Miss Penfield hurried toward them.

"I have two nurses that can be spared, but I really don't see where the third is to come from."

The surgeon laid his hand lightly on Miss Carroll's own, and drew her forward.

"Here," he said decidedly, then he turned to the two nurses that had come forward. "Make haste," he said brusquely. "Time is life, and the escort is at the door."

IV.

It was Miss Carroll that the surgeon chose to go with him when he entered the small, rough room that had been set aside for Berkeley's use.

They found him conscious, but very weak. Miss Carroll talked to him in a gentle, soothing voice, while Dr. Shirley laid bare his case of cruel looking instruments. Berkeley did not even see him. He was smiling faintly up into the woman's face above him. If he felt any surprise at her presence there, he did not show it. Perhaps he was too weak to take in more than the fact that she *had* come.

The surgeon approached the rough bed of boughs on which the young officer lay.

"My boy," he said, "that wound's got to be probed again. Do you think you've got enough of your old grit left to stand it?"

Berkeley turned his head and looked up into the woman's face. Again he smiled.

"Will you hold my hand?" he asked.

After a little the surgeon rose and left them to see to the other men. As he closed the door he shook his head.

"It's an even chance," he muttered to himself, "with perhaps the scale tipped a little *against* recovery."

To inexperienced eyes it would have seemed that the surgeon had been wrong. In the two days that followed Berkeley rallied and insisted on talking to any one who would give him a chance. Then he began to sleep. The young assistant surgeons spoke about a removal, but the old veteran of two wars shook his head and told them to make haste slowly. He realized that the strength was but temporary, and that the young officer was upheld by some great internal excitement, and he watched daily, hourly, fearfully, for the collapse. It came within forty eight hours, at midnight. Miss Carroll, who was absent among the other men, was hastily called. She never spent more time than was necessary at Berkeley's side, for which strange phenomena neither vouchsafed any explanation. It was as if a tacit understanding existed between them.

When anything was needed she was there. At other times she was to be found in the hastily improvised ward. When the summons came to her she obeyed them quickly, and together she and the old surgeon worked over the young figure lying in a comatose condition.

"I think he'll slip off without waking, but he may not. If there's any decided change, call me. I'll be with that young artillery chap that was brought in today with a broken spine;" and the surgeon rose and hurried to the door. To those who did not know him his brusque manner would have seemed the acme of heartlessness. At the threshold he paused and looked back. The feeble glow of a surgeon's lamp lighted up the pallid face of the man and flickered over the woman's standing figure.

"You know I'm sorry for—" the surgeon's voice broke and he cleared his throat—"your sister," he added, looking straight into the woman's face.

Her eyes met his calmly.

"Yes," she said gently; "I am sure of that."

After the door had closed behind him, she sat down on the end of a box, the only chair the bare room afforded, and looked toward the sleeper. The immobility of her face relaxed and great tears ran down her cheeks, dropping unheeded on the whiteness of her kerchief. The long hours wore away. Then young Berkeley sighed, stirred, and looked straight into the face of the woman near him. Something there told him all the story, and he made a feeble effort to rise and stretch out his arms. She bent over him, but she could not speak.

"Dear heart," he said, "I am glad it is to be so. I have tried so hard to put the vision of you from me, but I cannot. If I had lived I could not have come to you with clean hands and in honor—" His voice trailed off and was lost in the silence of the room. She raised his head on her arm, moistened his lips, and wiped the damp away.

"That last day in Tampa—perhaps she would forgive me if—she knew. She was always generous. Perhaps—she would forgive me for speaking—to you in this way now. It makes—a great, big difference—when a—chap's dying;" he smiled.

She did not try to quiet him. She did not call the surgeon. This one hour was his and hers.

"No difference—now," he went on, still more feebly. "Ah, you—do not blame me! I—see it—in your eyes. If you—love—me, kiss—me—"

She leaned down and laid her warm lips to his cold ones.

"Good night, dear," she whispered gently. After a little she closed his tired eyes.

V.

THAT letter home! It was hours before Delia Carroll could bring herself to write it. As she read it over, it seemed to her brutally harsh. It contained little more than the fact that young Berkeley was dead. After all, that was the one important point to be said, and finally she let it go. She waited in an agony of suspense for the reply. It came after a month's delay. It was the letter of a woman who had dipped her pen into her heart's blood and yet was strong. It contained no regrets; only pride that he had met death as a soldier and a Berkeley should. Of herself she said little.

"My grief lies too deep for words, as it lies too deep for tears," the letter ran in part. "You say that you were with him at the end. I am glad that it was so. If you could, perhaps, recall in the brief pauses of your brave life some message of farewell he left for me before he went, it would comfort me as nothing else on God's dear earth could do. You make no mention of any message in your note. You say that he was conscious. There must have been some word for me, for my trust in the remembrance of his faithfulness is my sorrow's crown."

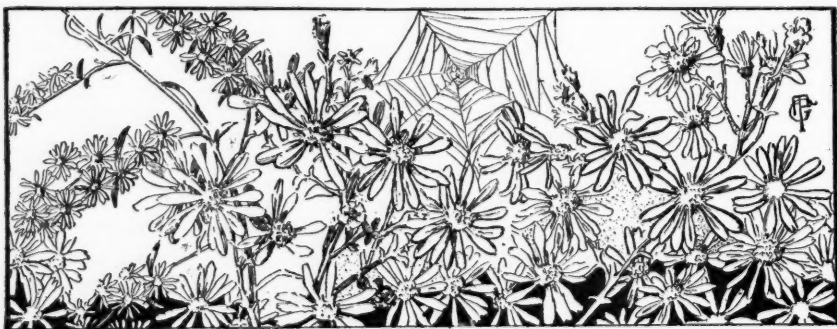
Miss Carroll crushed the letter in her hand. Should she deny the love that had come into her own life and had glorified it, as it had glorified her sister's? Could she bear to hold the false position she must before the world if she did not declare what Berkeley and she had been to each other? Could she give to that other girl the lie? Long into the night she sat battling with herself. She leaned forward on the box on which she sat and unconsciously ran the fingers of one hand nervously up her arm. Half way up they paused and lingered. They had touched the brassard that rested there.

The sign of mercy! It was as if a voice had come and answered her heart's prayer. Should she deny her own the mercy she so freely gave to strangers? She drew the lamp nearer to the box, crouched down on the floor by it, and began to write.

"Dear!"—the pencil paused and then wrote on as though guided by an unseen hand: "Forgive me, that my first letter was so brusque and unsatisfactory. I believe I was so crushed at the thought of what your grief would be when you read it that I forgot all else. You ask if he left any word for you? Indeed he did. My hand is trembling so that I find it hard to write. I want, too, to be very careful and to try to think and remember calmly. You want the details, do you not? He seemed to be doing well for the first few days after I got here, but at midnight on the fourth the change came. Dr. Shirley says it was an internal hemorrhage—what he had most feared. He lay unconscious for a few hours, and I never left him. About half past three that morning, he stirred, opened his eyes, and motioned me to him. He was perfectly himself and did not seem to be suffering. I think he knew he was going, and he spoke of you as he had always known you, brave and generous. He said—I must write slowly now that there be no mistake—he said: 'Tell her that I hope I am dying as she would have me; that in doing so I am keeping true her honor and her faith, and that I bless her!'

"After that he seemed very weak. I leaned over and kissed him good by. You do not mind, do you, darling? You see you were not there, and I was standing in your place. And it was thus he died."

She paused. The pencil dropped to the floor, and she pushed the sheets of paper from her. One arm was flung over the end of the box against which she had been kneeling, and her head fell forward on her sleeve. Again she touched the brassard on her arm. After a while she pressed her white lips to it.



A BAR HARBOR EPISODE.

BY FLORENCE CALL ABBOTT.

How the Agency for the Detection of Amateur Poets was organized, and how a volunteer addition to the force proved to be its most successful detective.

JOHN STANTON was usually optimistic, but it was now half past six in the morning, and the foghorn on the boat had kept him awake all night.

"Too early for breakfast or a fire," he thought, gazing out at the fog. All was quiet. Bar Harbor would not dream of rubbing its eyes for two or three hours yet.

At length he turned back to the hearth, where the feeble flicker had taken courage and was blazing brightly.

His spirits mounted with the flames, and as he drew a chair to the fire, he decided that perhaps he was not such a fool, after all. What if he *had* come on a wild goose chase? It was his own affair, any way. The merest chance had brought him, the merest chance might take him away. If he found her, all well and good. If not, perhaps better still!

He would allow one month for the search and then settle down to work as though he had not a dollar.

He had never intended to teach, and wondered how he had happened to accept the offered professorship. It was an honor, for he was young, but it meant giving up the freedom of life at the German universities.

"Well, here I am, on the outlook for genius. I might as well begin the search, I suppose," and he started out in the direction of the Cliff Walk, to take a turn before breakfast.

Not that he expected to see anything, for the fog lay thick over the Porcupines; but this walk was an old favorite, and he liked it, foggy or not.

Such gray days are the terror of the passing tourist and the buckboard driver. The habitué knows that the dreariest morning may sparkle before noon, and such is his love for the place that the vagaries of its climate in no wise affect his loyalty.

Bar Harbor takes the veil and puts it off at will. Is she doing penance?

Perhaps she deplores her frivolous ways, and tries to recall the days when she was a quiet, demure little place, upon which the eye of fashion had not fallen. As Stanton strolled along the path by the shore, he

caught an occasional glimpse of a masthead or the merest suspicion of a gable. It was good to see even so much of the place again. Pulling his hat well down over his eyes, he strode along, until he suddenly collided violently with some one coming from an opposite direction.

"I beg your—why, Miss Sherwood! I hope I haven't hurt you? You are quite sure? This is a jolly surprise! How do you happen to be out at such an unearthly hour? You are sure you are not hurt?"

"Perfectly sure, and glad to have met you, even in this violent way," she replied. "I didn't know you were in Bar Harbor."

"I wasn't until an hour ago. Came by the Olivette this morning, and was a bit disgusted with the weather until I saw you. But do you often do this sort of thing?"

"No, not often, although I should like to. This morning I was walking off a mood——"

"And you have succeeded?"

"Yes, I left it 'way out at the end of the walk;" and she looked back in the direction from which she had come.

"If you'll tell me where you left it, I will try to find it. I am looking for a new mood."

"You wouldn't care for this one," she laughed. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Pine Tree Inn; and you?"

"We have a cottage in the Field this summer, and are taking our meals at the inn; so you won't be able to escape an occasional glimpse of us."

She looked so bright and gay that he thought a glimpse of her would be the last thing in the world a man would try to escape.

The circumstances of their meeting were so unceremonious that, on the impulse of the moment, he decided to tell her why he had come to Bar Harbor.

"If you will turn back a bit," he said, smiling, "I will tell you something amusing; and it concerns you, too."

"Very well;" and turning at once, she stepped firmly along beside him. "Comedy or tragedy?"

"It isn't anything yet, and may prove to be

a farce. You see, it's this way. I'm on a quest——"

"A second *Sir Percival*?" she suggested.

"Only in my uncertainty of success."

"But he did succeed at last, you know;" and she looked encouragingly at him as she wondered for what he was seeking.

Whatever it was, she felt sure that he would find it. He was not a man with whom one associated failure.

"Yes, but *Sir Percival* spent a lifetime in his search, and I can give but a month to mine. Then, too, I am chasing a mere possibility."

"Isn't that rather vague? Oh, how the wind blows! There goes my hat. I am so sorry, Mr. Stanton. It is such a come down to chase a plain, simple hat."

She tried to keep her hair from blowing about, but could not, for the fog had crisped it into little curls, which blew through her fingers and over her forehead and made her very uncomfortable, but wholly charming.

Stanton caught the hat and watched her put it on, and wondered why he had never realized before how lovely she was. That was what he thought, but he said:

"I believe this brisk wind will blow away the fog. Shall we go on with the possibilities, now that we have adjusted the actualities?"

"Yes, do! Does your possibility take human form?" She held on to her hat now, as the wind continued to blow freshly.

"Yes; and I believe she is in Bar Harbor, at the Pine Tree Inn."

"Interesting, but meager!" she commented. "Do fill up the blanks! Or shall I? She is young and fair, of course!"

"Now you are getting ahead of facts," he broke in. "She may be eighteen or eighty, beautiful as queens are supposed to be or homely as they oftener are, but I really know nothing about her. The most interesting feature of this search is that I don't know what I am looking for. Now this is where you come in," he continued.

"Into a limbo of doubt, I should think," she remarked, thoroughly mystified; "but if you really wish me to know where I come in, please don't walk so fast. I have been feeling like good *Man Friday* for some time, and you remember that he invariably trotted three or four paces behind the great *Robinson Crusoe*."

They both laughed as he begged her to pardon him.

"Do you remember a book of poems you sent me last spring, Miss Sherwood? A book which set every one by the ears?"

"Yes, it was a bet, you know. Although you won quite fairly, you sent me such gorgeous roses. What folly it is for a man to

bet with a woman, for he pays whether he loses or wins! You wrote me that you liked the book, I remember."

"Yes, I did—immensely! To tell you the truth, I don't care much for poetry, as a rule, but that book was different. It did me a lot of good. It is the sort of book that makes a man wonder what he can do for the world, and why he hasn't done it before. It freshened me up and set me to thinking." He laughed apologetically. "It meant a great deal to me, and I fancied I should like to know the woman who wrote it."

"Are you sure it was written by a woman? It was published anonymously, you know."

"Yes, I am sure, though I don't know exactly why. Perhaps it is an instinctive insight and a slight lack of logic here and there. Yes a woman wrote the book, I am sure. She must be a strong, vigorous woman, who believes in the best of the world, and has a keen appreciative sense."

"Why do you think she is here, and what are you going to say to her when—or perhaps I should not ask that?"

"That or anything else. I am not looking for romance, you know. Her publisher is a friend of mine, and although he would tell me nothing and talked a lot about publishers' secrets, he gave me what I believe to be a clue, and, having the time, I am going to follow it up. If I find her—that will be the end of it, I suppose. There isn't anything to say—except what I have told you, and I might not care to say that again." He stopped abruptly as though his conclusion surprised himself.

Eleanor Sherwood's face was quite serious as she said, "I think any woman would be glad to hear what you have told me—glad and proud."

As she turned earnestly towards him, they felt as though they had met for the first time.

Since his return from abroad they had known each other as people do in society, which means that they did not know each other at all. Now each held individual meaning for the other.

He looked at her with new interest as she walked briskly along, her hands in the pockets of her reefer. The lines of her face were more matured and determined than he had remembered.

"You would be an invaluable ally in such a search, Miss Sherwood, and it might amuse you. Suppose I establish an agency for the detection of anonymous poets. Would you join the force?"

"Of course. That is a fine idea. How would your advertisements read? Let's see! 'Anonymous poets discovered at short notice, by a new and infallible method.

Apply for particulars at the Pine Tree Inn or send stamp for circular.' How is that? Oh, I am quite in the spirit of the search already!"

"I see you are, but certain qualifications are necessary for this work. How do I know that you are good at detecting a literary air?" he inquired cautiously.

"If my sensitive soul shouldn't feel it," the girl replied, "I could fall back upon less subtle indications."

"Such as?"

"An ink stained finger, for instance."

"I see that you have the right idea. While you are carrying on your investigations, I will lie in wait for the careless shoestring, the dreamy thoughtfulness—or I may be fortunate enough to run upon a 'fine frenzy.' I foresee that we shall find her."

"Don't you think that going back to the inn would be an advisable first step? My mother will be waiting. You may be able to live on hope, but I am hungry! Oh, look!" she cried, and pointed to the fast receding fog. "There are the islands and the yachts. Isn't that big white one a beauty? The Eastern Yacht Club is in, you know."

"Then the landlubber may as well retire from the scene. Still," he added, "with an attraction like a detective agency, perhaps he may venture to remain——"

"If he goes," she threatened, "I vow to search for the unknown myself, find her, and never report."

As if to make up for lost time, the sun came out in blinding force, and sparkled on the brass railings of the yachts, and the bells rang for eight o'clock as they turned back together.

To all intents and purposes Bar Harbor was still sleeping. And the poetess? Was she still sleeping? They discussed the question, and decided that it was probable, although unromantic.

II.

THE Sherwood Cottage made an excellent consultation ground, and Stanton frequently blessed the day when he founded his agency and engaged Eleanor Sherwood as his force.

Their search had been diligent, but unsuccessful. However, the agency had done its best, and thrive in spite of repeated disappointments.

All signs had failed. Untied shoestrings were found to be epidemic, and ink stained fingers no exception. In default of records they had hung over the inn register. Stanton had found a seat at the Sherwoods' table, and he and Eleanor occupied the din-

ner hour in surreptitious scrutiny of the guests.

When opportunities occurred they led people into well planned but fruitless discussions about books—any book—the book. They had done all in their power and were almost hopeless when Stanton met a new arrival, who promised well. She turned out to be the mother of eleven small children, "which proves," said Eleanor, "that she is not the one. She could never find time. I am in favor of the dear old lady with white curls at the third table from ours."

"The book is too modern for her," Stanton objected, "and not sentimental enough." And so each vetoed the other's suggestions, and the days passed.

People in books are always obliging. They give themselves away in the most convenient places, turn down the right streets to encounter their fates, and their eyes always meet at the critical moment. Out of books it is different. No one does what one would naturally expect. A turns into a side street, while B, whom he ought to have met, keeps straight along the boulevard; and so it goes.

But, after all, who wouldn't rather be out of a book than in one, even if, between two covers, one might go down the ages!

Bar Harbor days are apt to fly, for one rides and drives and canoes and sails and walks and dances, and the time is gone. Add to this an incessant search for an unknown genius, and no wonder two weeks had flown!

A man at the head of an agency has to consult the force, and when the force happens to have a fresh, sweet voice and a merry laugh the necessity becomes a pleasure, to be sure, but is none the less a necessity.

Eleanor nodded brightly as Stanton came up the garden path one morning. She was tying up some vines and waiting for him, although she would not have acknowledged that even to herself. She wore a white gown, with one of the dark red roses he had sent her the night before tucked in her belt.

"What news at headquarters?" she questioned. "Something ought to have turned up on such a morning as this."

"Something has!" he replied mysteriously. "In fact, it turned up last night. If sole agents will go to dinner dances, they can't expect to know what is going on at headquarters. Last night was a red letter night for the agency;" and he leaned back lazily in a big wicker chair. "I might keep you in suspense, but I won't," he went on magnanimously. "Do you see that lavender parasol over the top of that hedge? That parasol belongs to the unknown. I am convinced of the truth of this assertion. Although I have no proofs, there is plenty of

circumstantial evidence in the packet of letters which awaited her, and the pens and paper which were sent up to her room. To complete the evidence, she registered from Boston. I happened to be in the office when she came. Now she has strolled out by herself with a portfolio under her arm. No wonder she feels inspired! Iambic pentameter would be child's play on such a day——"

Eleanor dropped the vine she was training. "Let's follow her," she cried. "We may see a real inspiration if we hurry." So saying, she ran down the path without any hat, a fashion then quite her own. The sun burned down on her hair, and Stanton found himself entirely forgetting the lavender parasol, which had already disappeared around a turn in the walk.

They followed and had gone but a short distance when Eleanor discovered the unknown just below them on the rocks.

"Why, there she is!" she said in a disappointed voice. "Genius certainly won't burn so publicly. I am afraid you are on the wrong track. Still, her back is interesting. Let's sit here on the bank and watch her. There! She has found a shady place and is closing her parasol. She is an unconscious philanthropist for now we can see her well——"

"Look, Miss Sherwood! She has opened her portfolio. Let's slide down a bit nearer. Well done! Is that seat comfortable?"

"Yes, quite; but what matter if it were jagged as a saw at such a time? There comes her stylographic. I hope it won't fail her in her hour of need, as mine always does."

"How can you digress at this critical moment?" interrupted Stanton. "She has taken out her paper, soon her pen will fly, and——" What he might have added will never be known, for Eleanor interrupted him.

"What is she taking out of her portfolio? Look, a lot of envelopes——"

"Scraps of verse probably."

"Probably, but—no! Oh, you poor deluded man! Those scraps are samples of silks and ribbons. I know them well, each with its little tag. Lean over this way and you will see!"

Stanton leaned over, but, alas, too far! He slipped, and in recovering his balance his foot struck a loose stone and down it rolled over the smooth, sloping rock straight towards the back of the poetess!

Would it change its course? Surely something would turn the fiendish thing aside! It was as large as an apple and—— Oh, heavens! it had struck her squarely in the back.

Stanton rushed down to assist the woman, who had jumped to her feet and was standing with a hand on her back, the portfolio, papers, and bits of silk scattered all about her. He began to explain, apologize, and pick up the pieces all at the same time.

Eleanor felt that she would give half of her halidom (whatever that may be) to laugh! As that was out of the question, she watched them and had to admit that the woman was very beautiful. She was graceful, and her lavender gown hung about her in regal folds. She was indeed an ideal poetess. At this point in Eleanor's observations, she caught Stanton's eye. Although it was but for an instant, she knew that he felt that the crucial time had come for every test their ingenuity could devise.

Evidently the samples had not discouraged him. As she came down and joined them, the woman gazed so kindly upon them both that they glanced at each other and felt like criminals.

"I fear I am partly responsible for this annoyance," Eleanor began. "I hope the stone did not hurt you?"

"Oh, was you there, too?" the woman inquired genially. "No, it didn't hurt me a mite, but it frightened me some;" and she laughed loudly, as if it were all a joke. "Just see how I scattered them samples round."

If the largest of the Porcupine Islands had suddenly jumped over to the mainland, they could not have been more surprised, and they looked at each other in positive dismay.

After a slight pause, Stanton remarked that the day was fine.

"Yes," the woman replied, "and I'm glad, because I've got to go back home soon. Can't leave my business long, even in the quiet months."

"Of course not," Eleanor responded, not knowing what else to say.

"I came over from Northwest that awful foggy day last week. Came over to a weddin', but couldn't get in."

"You had forgotten your card?" inquired Eleanor, trying to keep up a conversation with this most voluble person.

"Forgotten it? No, I never had one; but I thought I might slip by the man at the door. A lot of people over here are customers of mine and I wanted to see how their dresses looked, but it didn't work;" and she sighed heavily.

Stanton had returned the last of the samples, and he and Eleanor made a movement to go.

"I'm real grateful to you for picking up all them things," the woman said to Stanton, then turning to Eleanor she added: "If you

happen to be in Boston next winter, you might like to take a peep at my imports. Here's my card. People say I'm too businesslike, but I say that's the way to get ahead," and she laughed again.

They bowed and left her rearranging the bits of silk. When they had rounded the twist in the walk, they examined the card. It read:

MADAME ROLAND,
ROBES,
4 BOYLSTON ST., ROOMS 7-8-9.
BOSTON, MASS.

They said nothing as they seated themselves on a root of a big tree. Eleanor's eyes twinkled, and she pulled up the matted pine needles in silence for a time, and then remarked: "Perhaps this will prove to you how incompetent the agency is when the force is dining out."

Stanton threw back his head and laughed. "By George, that was a surprise! I am beginning to doubt the penetration of the agency myself. That stone knocked out my last clue. As the case stands now, you must come to the rescue, Miss Sherwood, or the agency is ruined."

III.

NIG was the name of the Sherwoods' dog. He was black and homely, and Stanton thought a vast amount of affection was wasted upon him, but he treated him well for Eleanor's sake.

A week after the agency had received its crushing blow, Nig came tearing down the cottage walk with a piece of crumpled paper in his mouth. Stanton, who was just coming up the walk, made a dive at the dog.

"What have you there, Nig? Out with it, sir! What!—part of a letter?" He smoothed the paper out on his hand. "No beginning, no end. It's public property, I suppose. Let's see. H'm—'like to drop your incognito before the publication of your second volume, but this is as you wish, of course. The first proof sheets will be sent to you by express September 10, and if—'" That was all, but Stanton read it over again as he walked along. Then he put it in his pocket, sat down on the piazza steps, and pondered. "On the tenth of September," he thought, "the proof sheets were to be sent, and today is the eleventh."

Eleanor appeared in the doorway, but he did not see her, and she paused a moment before speaking. She liked the firm line of his jaw and the earnest far away gaze so unusual to him. The search had been interesting, and there were but five days left to complete it.

"How many miles away?" she asked.

"Oh, are you there?" and his face lighted as he looked at her. "Not many miles. It's the same old problem, but I'm on a new tack now. I will tell you about it at eight this evening."

"Is this quite fair?" she questioned.

"Yes, under the circumstances, I think it is quite fair."

Long before eight o'clock the little cottage in the Field was quite shut in by the fog, but Stanton did not lose his way. He knew it too well. Promptly at the appointed hour he arrived with a bundle in his hand.

Eleanor was seated before a driftwood fire, but rose to meet him as he came in. "You are prompt," she said.

He laid the parcel on the table and drew a chair to the fire. They sat in silence for a time. Friendship can sometimes be gauged by the silence it keeps.

At last Eleanor stirred uneasily, and Stanton roused himself. "Only five days more!" he said. "It would have been a pity had I missed her."

"You may be fortunate after all, Mr. Stanton. She might have been a dismal disappointment. Celebrities often are, you know."

"She wouldn't have disappointed me," he replied, seizing the poker and pushing the wood back on the andirons. "She couldn't have done that."

"Just look at the green in that flame! Do you know, I cannot build pictures in a driftwood fire, the colors are too diverting." As Eleanor spoke she leaned forward and rested her chin in her hand.

"I need no fire to help me build castles nowadays," Stanton remarked. "Where do you keep this poker? I never can think consecutively with a poker in my hand." Then, after a pause, "I took a new agent on the force this morning. No—that isn't quite true; he joined the force, and I had nothing to say about it. He fairly leaped into the force with the evidence in his mouth."

"Putting away the poker doesn't seem to have helped you much," Eleanor remarked dryly. "What are you talking about? I thought I was to be sole agent. The exclusiveness of your agency was its greatest charm to me."

"So it was to me," Stanton replied, laughing; "but I really couldn't help it! You see, the new agent has four legs and a tail. One can't reason with four legs and a tail. By the way, where do you think I have been tonight?"

"I know you have been insane for the past few minutes. Where else have you been?"

"To the express office, to inquire for a bundle for Miss Eleanor Sherwood. There is no delivery tonight, and I thought you

might like to have it before morning." He smiled cheerfully upon her.

"Thank you so much. Is that it on the table?" A dull red color showed in her cheeks.

"Yes, that is it. Before I give it to you, I wish to state that my stupidity is colossal and only equaled by your duplicity. Perhaps you would like this piece of a letter from your publisher. Nig gave it to me this morning when he joined the force."

"Nig! Where is that dog?"

Stanton smoothed the crumpled paper on his knee as he continued: "If Nig had only brought me evidence like this three weeks ago—"

"The agency for the discovery of anonymous poets would never have been established," she suggested.

"It never would have existed, any way, Miss Sherwood, had I known that my sole agent was already the head of another company calling itself the 'Society for the Concealment of Anonymous Poets.' Perhaps you have something to say for yourself."

Eleanor had taken the package from the table as though to prevent further discoveries.

"I didn't wish to be found out, so I did what I could for myself. I really thought, several times, that you would prove that some one else wrote the book in spite of facts—and me," she replied, laughing at his discomfiture.

"I'm a fool," Stanton blurted out. "I ought to have known you wrote those poems."

There was an awkward silence, which Eleanor broke at last.

"Odd that the search should have been begun and ended in a fog," she said, smiling. "One would hardly expect to find anything tonight." She walked to a window, still holding the package in her hand.

Stanton followed her. "I have found out more than one thing in these three weeks," he said quite simply. "I wonder if you have any idea what these days have been to me—the best days of my life."

His eyes never left her face, but her head was bowed and she could not see him.

"The book has meant a great deal, but I am not satisfied, Eleanor." He wondered how he dared to call her that, she looked so proud and tall in the filmy black gown she wore. He drew back a step. "I never shall be satisfied, I fear."

"There is to be a second volume, you know." She tried to speak lightly as she held the proof sheets out to him, but her voice trembled, and it gave him courage.

"Eleanor, I love you," he said, coming nearer. "I love you, dear. You must know it. I haven't dared to think you could ever care for me, but don't you think you can, Eleanor, some time?"

His strong hand closed over hers, proof sheets and all, and she did not draw it away.

Nig came out from under a couch a few minutes later and Eleanor vowed he looked surprised.

"I have found her, Nig, and the best of it is, I am going to keep her," Stanton said.

"Do you remember that you were taken on to the force this morning, Nig?" Eleanor inquired gravely. "Well, you were, whether you remember it or not. Tonight you lose your position, for the agency is given up."

"Given up, only to be reestablished," Stanton continued. "It's a partnership now with a new name. It's long, but you must remember it, Nig. It's the 'Stanton Protective Agency for the Genius of the Age.'"

"Too indefinite!" Eleanor cried. "Some might not know that I am that superlative creature."

"Well, then, the 'Stanton Society for the Prevention of Further Stupidity on the Part of Its Originator.'"

"To join that would be to acknowledge your stupidity—a thing which I naturally wish to conceal. So that would never do, would it, Nig?"

"Well, whatever its name," Stanton declared, pulling the dog's ears—"whatever its name, sir, we hereby promise to make you the sole honorary member."



WHY IS NEW YORK DISLIKED?

BY ARTHUR McEWEN.

Some reasons why the rest of the continent resents the supremacy of the metropolis as the commercial, literary, artistic, and intellectual center of the United States.

WHY does the whole country dislike New York?

The answer of the ordinary New Yorker will be that it doesn't.

But it does. Nobody knows less about what the country thinks of New York, and of most other things, than the ordinary New Yorker. The more thorough a New Yorker he is, the less he knows—and cares. He is aware, as of a geographical fact, that there are outlying districts, but as to what opinions the unfortunate inhabitants of these dark provinces hold of him and his city he has little curiosity—scarcely more than the Parisian feels regarding the barbarous outside world's state of mind regarding Paris, which is to him the center and the essence of the earth. It is so with every great city. A metropolis is a microcosm, whose interests and variety of aspects suffice to absorb the energy and attention of its dwellers.

It is largely this self centered state of mind that causes irritation against New York in Americans who are not New Yorkers. Yet the "provinces" confirm the metropolis in its sense of overwhelmingness. New York is local to all the United States, though all the United States resents the fact. Whatever happens here is to the New Yorker of vastly greater importance than if it happened elsewhere, and he has succeeded in imposing his cockney sense of proportion upon his fellow countrymen. Let a brace of young swells exchange slaps on Broadway after a theater supper, and the columns given to the tremendous event in the New York morning papers will be matched by the columns given to it by the press from Jersey City to San Francisco. Let two gentlemen of unquestioned wealth and social standing in San Antonio, Texas, say, shoot and carve each other, and the newspapers of the country will imitate those of New York in recording the occurrence in an inch of type.

Why this discrimination? Partly because New York is the great news center, where all the principal journals of the Union have their telegraphic correspondents, and the news

agencies their headquarters, but more because New York is New York, and cities, like men, are generally accepted at their own valuation. Shrinking modesty has never yet made a hit in competition with equal merit backed by confidence and push. And after all, particularly since the great consolidation of January 1, it has to be admitted that New York is the biggest thing on the continent.

The continent submits, but not gracefully. There's a deal of ill will abroad against this metropolis, and no backwardness in giving it expression. The very newspapers that put scare heads over that Broadway slapping and tuck away in a corner the San Antonio tragedy, editorially bare their teeth at New York. Were one of the largest journals on Park Row to determine to print in one issue, as a freak novelty, all the unpleasant things said on any given day about New York by the press of the United States, the purpose would have to be abandoned. Not even an oceanic Sunday edition would have room for them.

And newspapers, being published primarily for profit, can be depended upon to know what opinions are popular in their neighborhoods. Doubtless the animosity, on some counts, is stronger in the newspaper offices (for reasons that will be touched on presently) than out of them: but there can be no question that spread everywhere among the people is a feeling toward New York the reverse of loving. Could the Park Row mammoth reproduce the criticisms of a day the New Yorker, caring to read, would see that they range from serious animadversions upon the city for its commercial and speculative methods, its want of public spirit, its essential lack of Americanism, its Europeanization, so to say, its political, literary, and artistic arrogance, its poverty, crime, and general unworth, down to playful gibes at its conceit.

The possession of Wall Street itself, with all the opulent implications of that possession, hardly excites less printed animosity than does what is qualified as the "claim" of New York to be the literary center of the country. As the persons most likely to resent

or deny this claim, or fact, have special facilities for making their dissent heard, it may be assumed with safety that the indignation which it awakens is not felt with equal poignancy by all classes. Nevertheless, these special complainants are not ignorant of the art of bringing over to their side others whose cause of dislike is different. The sail of literary jealousy fills itself with any serviceable wind that blows.

There is no community that has not suffered because of the metropolis. It being in the nature of large bodies to attract smaller ones, this big city has drawn away, and continues to draw away, from lesser cities much that they cannot retain, much as they may wish to do so. When a Western American has made a fortune in mines, or lumber, or railroads, or pork, he is very likely to move to the metropolis, brought either by a desire for a more extensive field for his capital and energies, or under the compulsion of his womankind, ambitious of social enjoyment and conspicuousness. The man of talent as a writer, or painter, or architect, or what not, also gravitates hither. The greater the market, the greater the rewards when success is won. It is undeniable that New York attracts the élite of the republic as a magnet attracts iron.

This is not to say that only the élite come here, or that all the élite do, but it is because of the assumption that New York thinks so that the country is sore when New York is in question.

Journalism being the voice of the country, it is only natural that the note of resentment in it should be especially noticeable. To be called from any city in the United States to New York is regarded by the profession as a promotion. Newspapers as good as any published in the metropolis are printed elsewhere, and are served by writers as clever as the best to be found here. Still, the call to New York is an honor, and the man who comes without being called, and makes good his footing, takes his place, *ipso facto*, in the front rank. The able ones who do not come are restrained by interest, convenience, or want of inclination. They are not the ones who prefer gall to ordinary ink when writing of the metropolis, though they find amusement in New York's provincialism—the modest persuasion that whatever bears the metropolitan hallmark is by that sign not only good, but the best of its kind. They perceive with good humor the consequences which fate compels to flow from the fact that New York is local to the whole country—that a success here, which would be small elsewhere, becomes national because it has been achieved on the stage which everybody sees.

Others less able, less philosophical, are hardly to be blamed for their resentment at fortune's want of justice. Justice cannot see why reputation should travel from East to West, and almost never from West to East. Books are published here that everybody in the Union who cares for books hears of; were the same books printed in San Antonio their fame would not spread beyond Texas; if issued in San Francisco, they would be blown out over the Pacific and lost. And when the bold author comes East with his work, the fame that results is resented at home, when it arrives, as a new proof of Eastern presumption.

At the bottom of some of the animosity which New York arouses is jealousy, undoubtedly. Those who would like to come, but remain away because they want the courage to venture, strive to avert the suspicion that they are not qualified for the struggle of the metropolitan career. So they assume an obstinate and hostile tone, in the expectation that their motive for staying away from New York will be imputed to their love for the narrower sphere which they honor with their activity.

Men in New York are no bigger than men in other places, but there are more of them gathered here than on any other spot on this hemisphere. That, in conjunction with certain advantages of water and land with reference to the rest of the world, is why New York is the commercial center, the literary center, the artistic center, the intellectual center, of the United States. Even as the fortunate man who owns a bit of ground gets an unearned increment surpassing that which would be his in another city, because of the aggregation of millions of human beings around him who bid for the use of the land, so the man that has wares of the mind to dispose of finds a hundred buyers for one in the place he has left.

It is the advantage of position. That advantage is real, whether it be ideally just or not, and so conspicuous is it that the whole country realizes while resenting it—resenting particularly New York's own keen sense of being in possession of the advantage. The average New Yorker, besides being neither bigger nor better than his remoter neighbors, is justified in recognizing, and recognizing with pride, that this magnet of a city of his has drawn to it not alone a tremendous share of the wealth of the country, but also a proportionate share of the brains and taste. With all its defects, its blemishes, its vanity, New York is the American metropolis, and therefore represents to the talent of the country the best gift that can be offered to talent—opportunity.

ON NIPPERSINK.

BY SAMUEL MERWIN.

An episode of a summer in camp—A rustic tragedy, and its unexpected bearing upon the love affairs of Mary King and her two admirers.

NEXT to marrying him the best way to discover a man's faults is to camp with him. Briggs was not a villain. He was a very presentable boy, sound of habit and agile of limb, with a long record in college athletics and a velvety baritone voice, the latter of which was mainly the cause of the trouble. Our tent was pitched on a two acre island, hidden away in the rushes at the mouth of Nippersink Creek, which slips modestly into the broad channel midway between Fox and Pistagucee lakes. The season was too young for ducks and too old for fish; the scenery was not exhilarating; and heat and mosquitoes combined to ruffle tempers. However, so long as the club across the channel sheltered Miss King, we were likely to remain—Briggs because she wished him to, I because I had hopes.

We had a new way of washing the dishes. After a silent supper, broken only by an occasional "Allow me," and a punctilious "Thanks," each took half the dishes and carried them down to the water. Briggs stepped into his boat; I into mine (a week earlier we had found an extra boat advisable), and then we scrubbed in silence, fifty yards apart. The washing done, we returned to the tent, set things to rights, and with the exchange of a few commonplaces sauntered back to the boats. Briggs, as he pushed off, remarked:

"Better come over to the club."

"Thank you, I'm a little tired," I replied.

He pulled easily down the current and shortly disappeared in the dense wild rice. I headed up stream.

Just as my arms began to weary (for I had pulled nearly all day) a shadow told me that the bridge was at hand, and lifting in the oars, I made fast to a sweeping limb, and climbed up on the foot bridge. I leaned against the railing, drawing in with the fragrant air the splendor of the afterglow, which hung above the low ridges and topped the trees with flame. The little stream danced away from the bridge up to the foot of a low hill, where it disappeared. On the

left, in prairie simplicity, a cornfield rolled away; on the right a ridge blocked the view, showing only a clump of trees and a nestling white house, where lived old Beggs with his blue eyed daughter. It was here that we bought supplies.

Walking slowly, noting the droop of the elms and the stretch of the setting shadows, I strolled up the path to the house. Quiet was all about. On the low porch were churn, stool, and milk pail. A lone hen stepped silently among the grass clumps, pecking and scratching. In some surprise at the absence of life I knocked on the door. Save that the hen paused and listened with tilted head there was no response. I stepped to the ground and walked around the house. The shed door was open, and limp on the rough step lay Sally Beggs. As I stood looking a deep, quiet sob twitched her shoulders. With awkward hesitation I turned to go, but she heard me and said, without looking up:

"What do you want?"

"I came for some bread, but—never mind."

Slowly she lifted her head. Her hair was tumbling disheveled about her face; her eyes were red and dull. The calico waist, that snugly fitted her full figure, was partially unbuttoned, giving a glimpse of white neck below the brown face.

"Oh!" she said, "it's you." She raised herself to a sitting posture and leaned against the door jamb. "We haven't anything in the house. I—we can't let you have any more things. I shan't be here any more, and—and I guess you can find some one else—Martins live a little piece over the bridge."

I looked at her, puzzled by her stolid manner. Sally had been the cheeriest of girls.

"What is it?" I asked. "There is something the matter."

"No, I'm well. Only I shouldn't care much—I don't care—oh!" she pressed her hands to her eyes. "It's in the parlor. You can go in there."

Her voice was dry and emotionless. I

stepped by her and passed through the kitchen. The parlor door was open, and in the sinking twilight I could see a man stretched on the floor. Striking a match I lit the wall lamp and bent over the prostrate figure. It was Sally's father, dead, with a clotted bullet hole over the left eye. Evidently no one had touched him, for he lay sprawled in a red brown pool with one foot under the table, an overturned chair across his knees. I stood up and looked about. On the table was a letter, stained and crumpled. I straightened it out and read. It was a foreclosure notice, and it told the story tersely, mercilessly.

I found Sally where I had left her. She looked up dully when I sat beside her.

"Have you any place to go?" I asked.

"No."

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"Are there no neighbors?"

"Only the Martins, and they don't like us. Jim and I—we was going to get married—in the fall—Jim says—but Jim's father and—mine had a fight about the bridge—and Jim hasn't been around. Oh, I don't care! I don't care!"

"Sally," I said, "I am going over to Martins', and you must come with me."

"No, I won't go to Martins'."

"You must, Sally." I rose, and laid my hand on her shoulder. "You can't stay here, and you can't sleep out of doors. I am going there now, and you are going with me. Come."

She yielded, and started to rise. I helped her to her feet and led her slowly around the house and down the path. She walked hesitatingly, leaning heavily upon me. Half way down she stumbled, and I slipped my arm about her waist. When we reached the bridge she stopped and staggered against the railing. Her eyes swept the cornfield, now clearly shown in the moonlight; then she turned half around, and leaning on my shoulder gazed unsteadily at the shadowy house on the hill, whose roof jutted into the streaming light. As she looked, stifled sobs caught her throat. Suddenly she threw her arms around my neck and pillowed her head on my shoulder, murmuring between the sobs:

"I can't go to Martins'! I can't go!"

"You must, Sally. It will be all right. I will see that it is all right."

"No, no, no! They hate me—I hate them! I hate them all! Go away! Let me alone! I want to be alone!" Through the tears she looked back at the house, then struggled to get away, but I held her.

"Sally," I said, "rest here a moment if you wish, but you must go to Martins'."

At the sound of my voice she broke down again and clung to me in the abandon of despair.

I looked over her shoulder and saw a boat glide out from the overhanging trees. A girl was in the stern, facing me. The man stayed his oars and followed her gaze. They were in the shadow, I full in the light; but though I could not distinguish features there was no mistaking Briggs' guffaw. Then for want of rowing, they drifted back and vanished in the dark. The girl had not laughed.

"Come, Sally," I said. And as one in a daze she loosened her arms and turned obediently toward the cornfield.

Martin and his wife were sitting on their kitchen steps. A whispered word of explanation brought out the fact that their enmity was not deeply rooted. Mrs. Martin took Sally in and pressed food upon her, but without effect. She sat by the window looking out with stupid eyes. I drew Mrs. Martin outside.

"If you can get her to bed," I suggested, "your husband and I will go back and straighten up the house."

She bowed and reentered the kitchen. Martin, who had not risen from the steps, looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"What can we do?" he asked. "Beggs is dead, ain't he?"

"Yes. We'd better go over there."

"If Jim was about he might know what to do. Speakin' for myself, I ain't much on things of this sort. Takes a woman's fussin' to put things like they belong."

I turned away impatiently. Mrs. Martin appeared in the doorway.

"Sally's takin' on awful," she said. "She's got the hysterics, I guess."

"Is there a doctor near?" I asked.

"Over at the junction—four mile. Ain't no way to reach him. Jim's got the wagon, an' he won't get back 'fore ten."

It occurred to me that Briggs had a medicine box in the tent. I knew nothing of its contents, but there was a chance.

"Soothe her all you can," I said. "I will be back in half an hour;" and I ran through the cornfield to the boat.

Some time before I reached the camp there came floating toward me the melody of a familiar Southern song. A dozen voices were blended in the crooning rhythm, and with sweetness added by the distance and by the intervening water they seemed the substance of a dream. Drawing nearer and turning half around, I could see the singers, a semicircle in the moonlight. I should have to beach the boat almost at their feet.

When the bow crunched on the gravel strip and I stepped out, the voices died down one at a time. Briggs was the last to

stop; he liked to hear himself sing. There was an awkward silence—Miss King was not looking at me. Turning to Briggs, I said:

"May I speak to you a moment?"

He looked indolently up at me.

"Who is she, old man?" he asked. One or two of the men laughed; the youngest girl giggled.

"Whom do you mean?" I said quietly.

"Oh, come, Dick; you're a smooth one."

He threw back his head with a chuckle; but noting the silence of the girls the other men were still. I spoke as calmly as I could:

"I shouldn't laugh if I were you. The girl was Sally Beggs. Her father has shot himself."

Without breaking the hush that fell upon them I stepped past Briggs and hurried to the tent. Coming out with the box I found Miss King standing right at hand.

"Is—he dead?" she asked me in a subdued voice.

"Yes."

"Do they need any assistance? Her mother——"

"She has no mother. I am going back."

She stood looking at me, drawing her white cap through her hand; then said:

"Will you take me back with you?"

"No, I couldn't do that, Miss King. It is horrible."

"Please let me go with you. Maybe I could do some good." Noting the slight shake of my head she came closer to me and laid her fingers on my arm. Her eyes were soft, her voice low. "Perhaps they need a woman more than a man."

"I don't think you ought to," I said, wondering whether my yielding was altogether unselfish; "but if you wish——"

The lounging group was deep in silence until Miss King stepped into the boat, then Briggs came forward.

"Surely you aren't going up there?" he said in a low tone. She seated herself and shipped the oars.

"Yes, Mr. Briggs," she said sweetly, without looking around; "I am." And looking at me over her shoulder, she added: "If Mr. Briggs will let you take his oars we can both row."

We pulled half the way in silence. Then in response to her questions I told the main facts, including Sally's broken engagement. When we reached the bridge I helped her out, tied the boat to a tree, and together we hurried to Martins'. The old man was still sitting on the steps. A soft knock brought his wife to the door.

"I'm glad you're back," she said wearily.

"I can't do nothing with Sally. She——"

Seeing the white clad girl, she paused.

"This lady will help you, Mrs. Martin,"

I said; and turning away I whispered to Miss King. "I will be back in a little while." She looked me frankly in the eyes, then went to Mrs. Martin, slipped an arm through hers, and drew her into the house.

By dint of some urging I got Martin on his feet and across to Beggs. We found things as I had left them. I set to work, and gradually restored order, while Martin slouched against the pine mantel.

"Funny thing!" he said, giving reluctant aid in carrying the body to the bedroom. "They was a case like this up to MacHenry's three years ago. Swede, he was—worked in the mill. Got too lazy to work, an' hung himself 'cause he thought the world was agin him. Funny thing!"

When the house was in order I left him to watch, and ran down the path.

Voices sounded from Martin's porch, and I stepped softly across the yard. Leaning against the corner post was Miss King; before her a lank young fellow fumbled his hat. She was speaking.

"I am ashamed of you, Mr. Martin. Do you suppose a girl can love a coward? Do you suppose that a man who lacks the courage to win a girl over obstacles—to make her love him—can ever gain her respect?"

Jim mumbled without looking up; then, more audibly, he said:

"She didn't act like she cared for me. She didn't say——"

Miss King's voice was not loud, but in it were worlds of scorn.

"Did you expect her to come to you and say all that you were too stupid to see for yourself? Haven't you any strength? Haven't you any manliness? No, you haven't, or you wouldn't let me talk like this. You would have been in there ten minutes ago."

The fellow looked at her shamefacedly, then went slowly into the house. She came to the steps and sat down before she saw me.

"I don't know what to think of these people," she said softly. "They are so helpless. I wonder if they ever could be really happy together."

"Well, she loves him now," I responded, half reclining beside her. "For her sake I hope she is stupid enough to keep her illusions. If a clever woman were tied to such a man she would die."

"I don't know," she leaned back, resting an elbow on the top step. "People don't die very often. They shrivel up, and grow commonplace, dirt color. Look at these people—what do they know of life, of happiness? The qualities I, for instance, admire in a man, they know nothing about, never heard of."

"I wonder," said I, thinking of Briggs, "whether even a clever girl is necessarily a good judge of men?"

"Do you?" said she simply.

The moon had climbed high. A row of poplars blended their gaunt shadows on the ground before us; beyond, the yellow of the cornfield had faded to bluish white. The night was still, so still that the few restless barn noises pierced the air. My eyes swept the night, then turned to hers. She had dropped her cheek upon her open hand, and as our eyes met she smiled.

"You are tired," I said.

"No, I don't think I am. It is the excitement." Again we were silent.

Hearing a step on the kitchen floor we looked around. Jim stood in the doorway.

"She's asleep," he whispered. As we gave no response he turned away, and in a moment we heard him creaking up the stairs. Miss King arose.

"I must go inside," she said. "There is no one to hear Sally if she wakes."

"Where is Mrs. Martin?" I asked.

"Asleep, long ago. She looked so worn out I made her go to bed."

I followed her into the house. Once in the sitting room, where the lamp was burning, I could see that she was pale. I looked so intently at her that she turned away with an embarrassed little laugh.

"You are worn out yourself," I said, taking her hand and stroking it. "You have no right to exhaust yourself caring for these strangers."

She looked up at me.

"Really, I'm all right. Any way, we can't leave them. That girl is on the edge of a fever."

I glanced about the room; my eyes rested on a frayed sofa.

"Lie down," I said, "and get a little sleep. I'll watch Sally."

"No, it is just as hard for you as for me."

"I won't let you stay awake, Miss King."

I was still holding her hand. With a feeble effort she started to draw it away, but I tightened my grasp. Her eyes peeped up from under their lashes.

"Must I?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "you must."

"And you will wake me if she calls?"

"Yes."

She sank down upon the sofa, and soon was asleep, her face resting upon the hand that had been in mine.

Naturally enough the crowded experiences of the night had drawn my nerves, and now that the tension was relieved weariness came. A faint breeze stole through the open window, breath of the sleeping earth. Occasional sounds blundered to my ear, ac-

centing the intervening stillness. For a long time I sat stretched out in the chintz covered easy chair, mentally running over my acquaintance with Mary King. Each little incident took its place and passed before me in review. When I reached the present I looked at the silent figure on the sofa. A stray moonbeam slipped through the window and dropped glistening on her hair. Stepping gently across the floor I stood over her, then drew up a light chair and sat where I could watch her face. A fly buzzed toward us and settled on her forehead. Indignant, I brushed it away, and stroked the soft brow. Then, with a start, I saw that her eyes were looking full into mine.

"I—I am sorry," I murmured. "I didn't mean to wake you."

She said nothing, but held those tender, fascinating eyes on my face.

"Go to sleep," I whispered, laying my hand across her forehead.

"No," she said softly, "I am selfish. I can't let you do it all." She laid her hand on mine, as though to draw it away, but left it in my grasp. We sat for a moment in silence; then came a creaking from the stairway, and Jim appeared. He stumbled hesitatingly into the room.

"I kind o' thought I had no business to sleep while you folks was watchin'," he said. "I'll set up till mornin'. We're obliged to you. I guess Sally'd lie easier if she knowed I was by."

I looked down and caught a gleam of triumph in those tender eyes. She rose, went to Jim, and held out her hand.

"Mr. Martin," she said, in that straightforward way of hers, "I want you to be good to Sally. Think of her always before yourself. It is the only way to be happy. Good night."

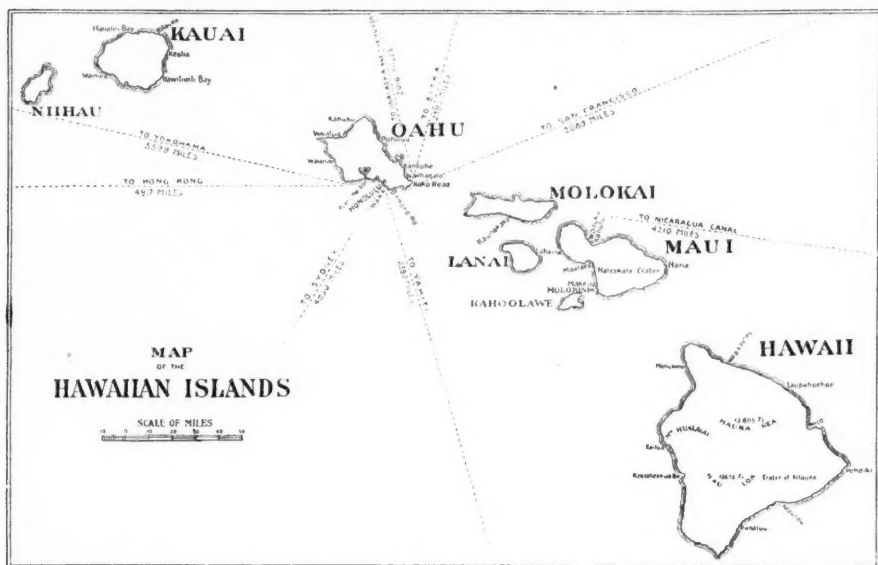
Jim's eyes beamed, and he watched her in unstinted admiration as she slipped her hand into mine and drew me quickly through the door. On the steps she paused and looked up at me; her eyes were brimming.

"Are you sad, little one?" I asked, taking her face between my hands.

"No—no, but I hope he'll be good to her." And as I drew her close and held her, yielding, in my arms, she added, with a tired little sob: "And—and I hope you'll be good to me."

* * * *

We dreamed slowly down the stream and across the channel. The lapping water whispered to us, the hanging trees rustled; from all about came winging to our hearts the shy, trembling confidences of the night. But back behind the buoyant happiness struggled a single shadow—I was sorry for Briggs.



OUR PACIFIC PARADISE.

BY KATHRYN JARBOE.

THE NEWLY ANNEXED ISLAND GROUP OF HAWAII, ITS STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE, ITS WONDERFUL NATURAL ADVANTAGES, AND ITS POSSIBILITIES OF DEVELOPMENT UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE city of Honolulu, standing at the crossroads of the Pacific, has become, all in a moment, a center of interest for Americans. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands having been for half a dozen years a question of party politics, a certain familiarity with the name has spread throughout the United States. Reasons for and against annexation have been discussed in every village from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida. The commercial advantages of the alliance have been told to the sea ports and the manufacturing towns; the strategical advantages are known by the army and navy boards in Washington, but the people of this country know little of the islands themselves.

Hawaii as a political entity, controlled by perhaps a dozen Hawaiians and a hundred Americans, is one thing, and to it belong the coaling station, the commercial and strategical advantages; but this bit of Cathay lying under a tropic

sun, breathed upon by Pacific breezes, washed by a cool northern current, is quite another matter; and it is this side of our newly acquired territory that is unfamiliar to the great majority of American citizens.

The inhabited islands of the group are eight in number, and their total area in square miles is rather more than that of Connecticut. They are Hawaii, the largest, and the one on which the great volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa, are situated; Maui; Kauai; Molokai, famous for its leper settlement; Lanai; Kahoolawe; Niihau; and Oahu, on which is Honolulu, the capital and principal city.

The long drawn out struggle over the annexation question has brought about a historical coincidence in our taking possession of Hawaii at the moment when we are conquering Spain's island colonies. It is interesting to recall that the first white people to set foot in Hawaii were Spaniards. Early in the sixteenth cen-



"THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES ARE BUILT OF WOOD, AND ALMOST INVARIABLY SURROUNDED BY GARDENS OF GREAT BEAUTY."

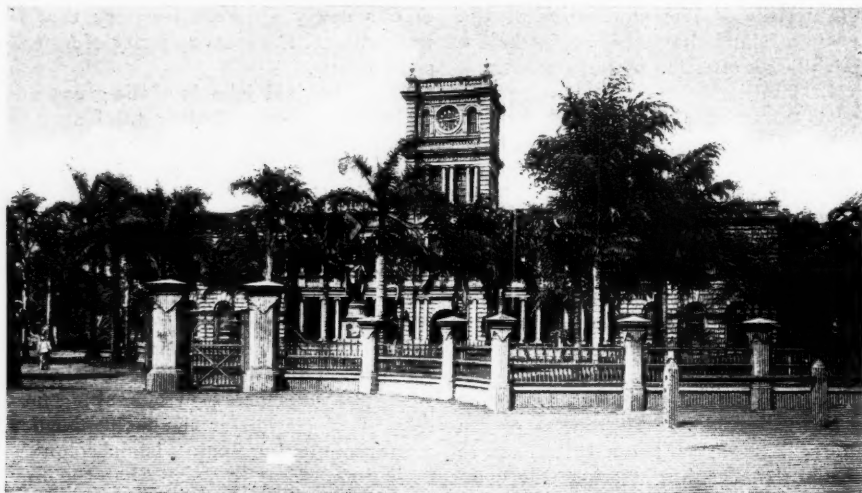
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

tury Cortez, having conquered Mexico, sent three vessels out over the western sea to set Spain's standard on whatever lands might lie in their track. A storm separated the little fleet, and the Florida, under Alvarado de Saavedra, sailed on to the Moluccas, touching at the Ladrones on the way. The other vessels were never heard from—that is, by the Spaniards. But about this time a strange vessel was wrecked on the southern shore of the island of Hawaii. Only the captain and his sister were saved. They were received with great honor and hospitality,

and, after a brief period, during which they were worshiped as gods, they were married to members of the ruling family. There can be no doubt that this captain was one of the commanders of the missing vessels, because the Spaniards were the only white people navigating the Pacific Ocean at that time.

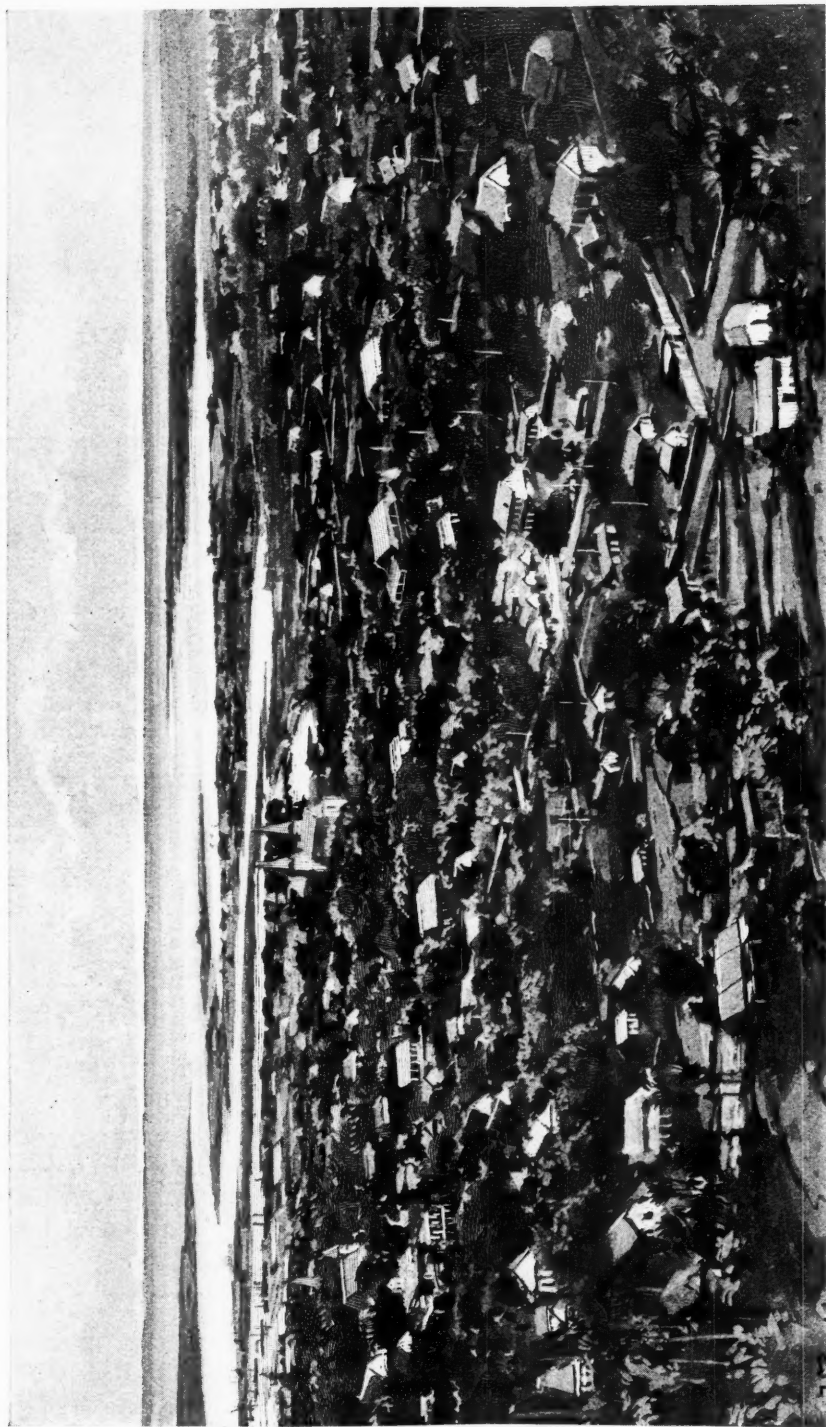
HAWAII IN HISTORY.

The first record of the existence of these islands is on a map made by Juan Gaetano, the Spanish navigator, in 1555. This second discovery by the Spaniards



SENATE AND LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, HONOLULU.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



HONOLULU, FROM THE PUNCH BOWL (AN EXTINCT VOLCANO WHICH FORMS THE BACKGROUND OF THE CITY), WITH THE HARBOR AND CORAL REEFS
IN THE DISTANCE.

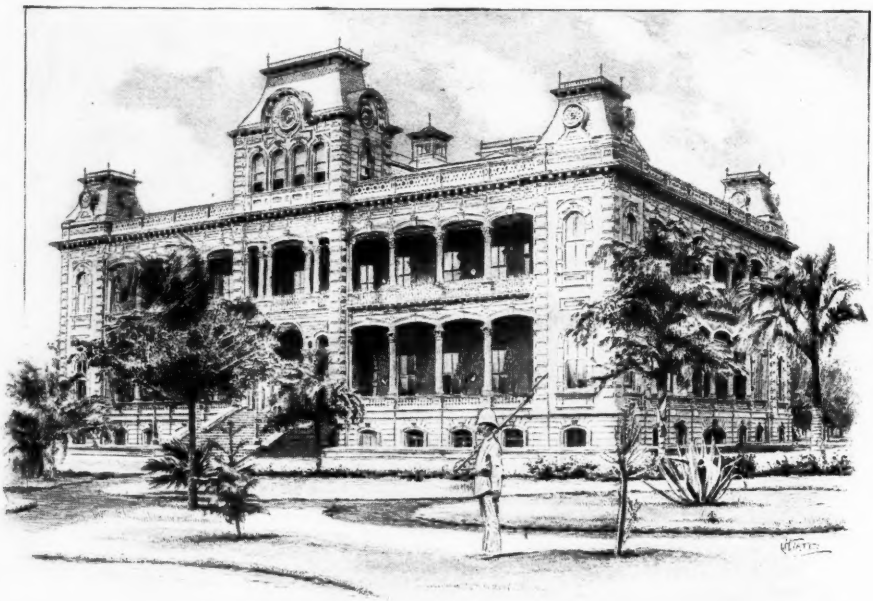
Drawn by Walter Burridge.



THE LUNALILO HOME FOR AGED HAWAIIANS, BUILT ACCORDING TO PLANS FOUND IN THE WILL OF THE YOUNG KING LUNALILO.

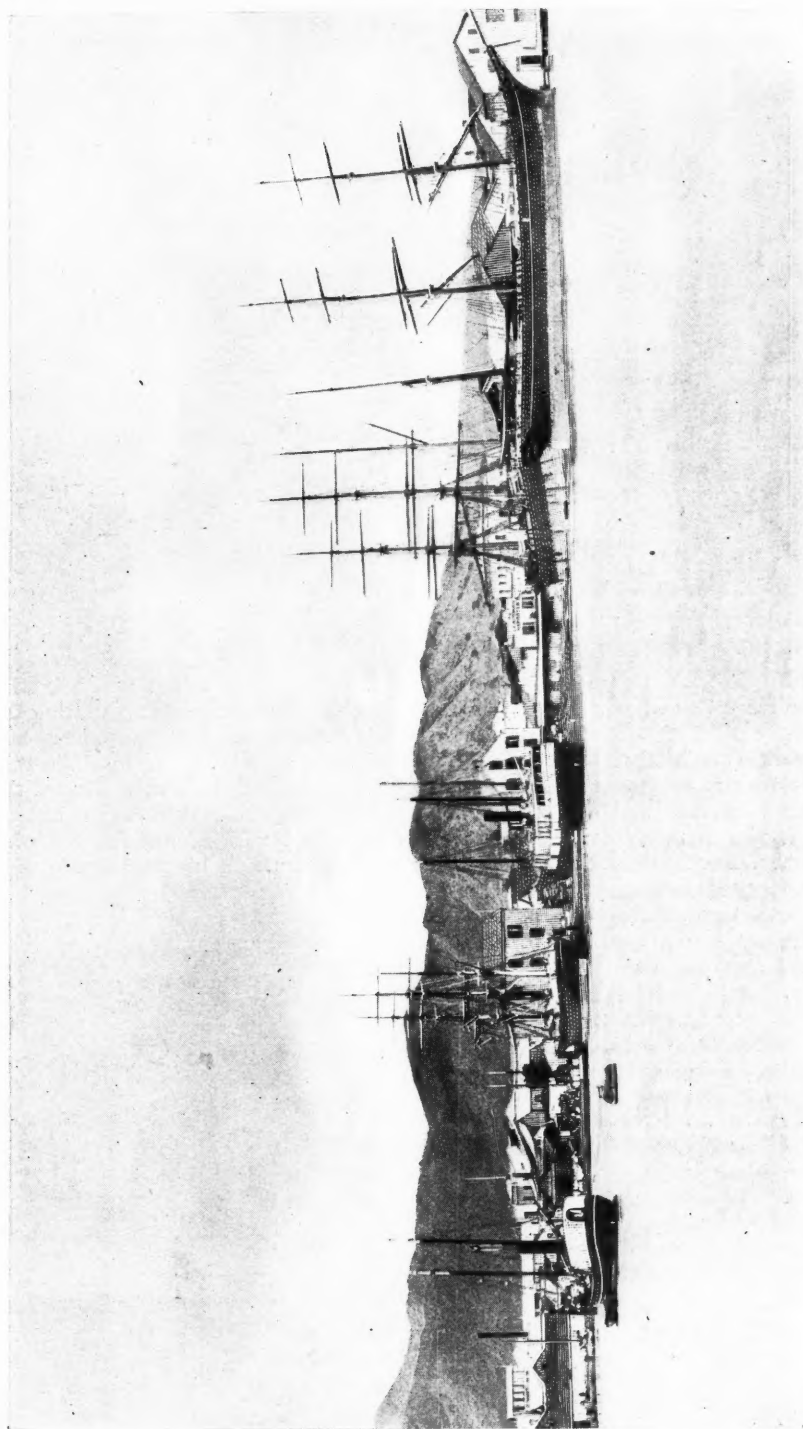
From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

was more than two hundred years before landed on Kauai, and was received as Captain Cook, the school boy's hero, "the great white God." It was Captain



THE NATIONAL OR IOLANI PALACE, BUILT BY KING KALAKAUA IN 1881, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ROYAL RESIDENCE.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by W. F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU—"WHERE THE STARS AND STRIPES FLOAT OVER MORE SHIPS THAN ALL OTHER FLAGS COMBINED."

From a photograph by William F. Nesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF PRINCESS KAIULANI'S PALACE AT WAIKIKI.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

Cook who gave to the group the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, first lord of the British admiralty.

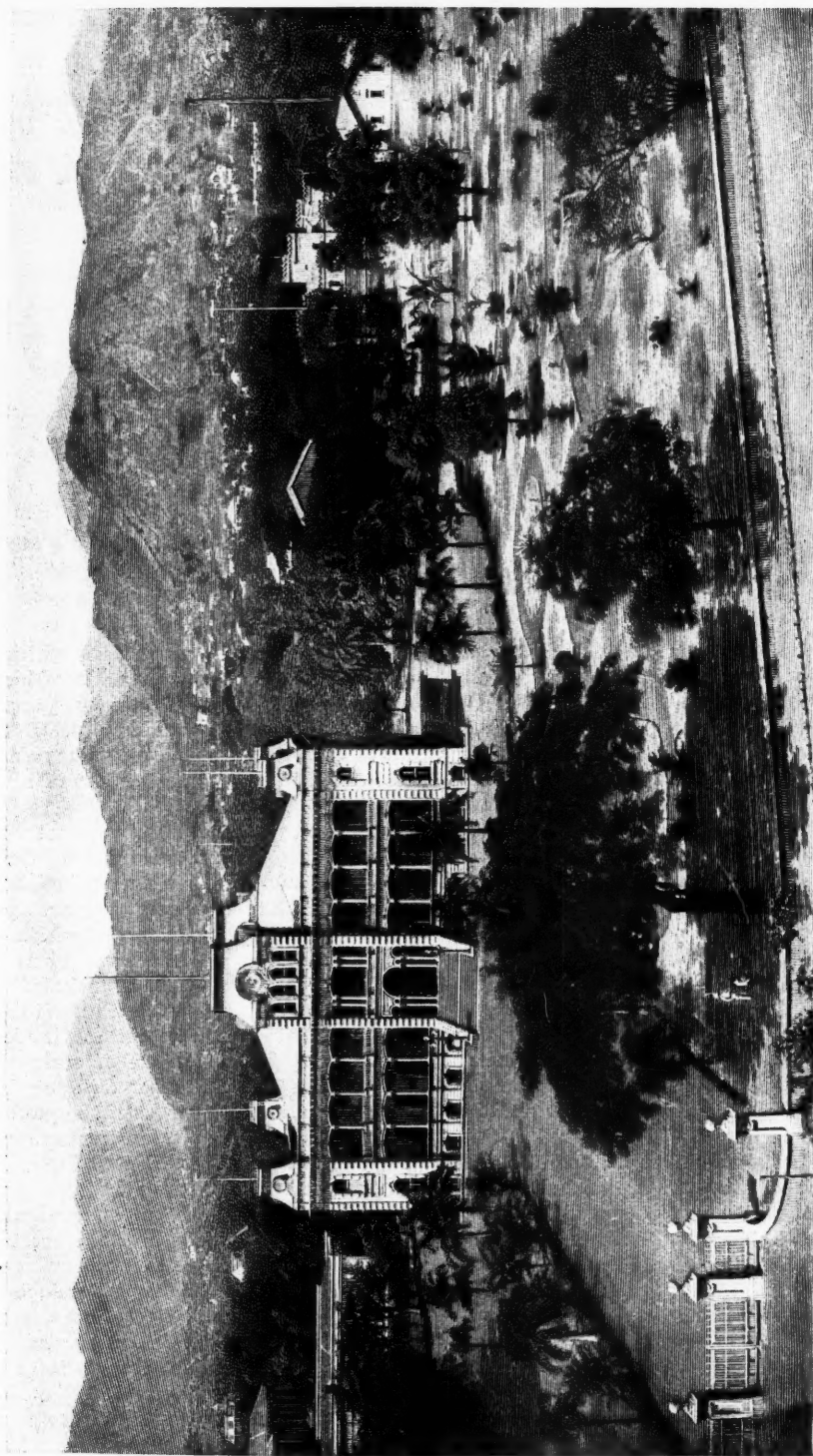
Until very recent years the history of the islands has consisted of confused and vague stories of inter island brawls for supremacy. In 1800 Kamehameha, a chief

on the island of Hawaii, succeeded, after a long series of conquests, in uniting the whole group under one government, and proclaimed himself king, with the title of Kamehameha the First. One of the most thrilling stories in Hawaiian history is connected with Kamehameha's conquest of Oahu. In his final battle with



BATHING HOUSES ON THE "QUEEN'S BEACH," NEAR HONOLULU.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by W. F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



GARDENS OF THE IOLANI OR NATIONAL PALACE, HONOLULU, WITH THE PUNCH BOWL AND PALI IN THE DISTANCE.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



A COTTAGE AT WAIKIKI, THE SEASIDE RESORT NEAR HONOLULU.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

the army of Kaiana, the chief of that island, the vanquished soldiers were driven up through the beautiful Nuuanu valley to the top of the Pali. The women and children had fled to this highland before the battle; terrified by the onrush of the defeated army, they flung themselves over the precipice. They were quickly followed by the soldiers, who preferred death on the rocks twelve hundred feet below to capture or the points of their enemies' spears. The bones of the defeated warriors and their families were allowed to bleach on the plains below. Today it is an easy matter for the curio hunter to find a skull, or, if a more dainty souvenir is desired, a toe or finger bone, as a memento of the destruction of the Oahuan chief and his followers.

A fine statue of Kamehameha I stands in front of the government building in Honolulu. He is represented in all the dignity of his royal feather cloak and feather helmet. In his features appears something of the strength and power that enabled him to carry out his plans of empire, and to make his reign a turning point in the history of his people. Reforms not only in the government but in the domestic affairs of his subjects were projected and carried out by this founder of the Kamehameha dynasty; and if his

successors had had a tenth part of his wisdom and strength the annals of his country during the last twenty years might have read very differently. But they seem to have been a degenerate race, and Kamehameha V was the last of his line.

His successor, Lunalilo, whose mother had been a niece and stepdaughter of the first Kamehameha, was chosen by election. His reign lasted but a year and twenty five days. He was succeeded by Kalakaua, whose reign was neither long nor glorious. Next came Queen Liliuokalani. The disasters that closed the reign of this unfortunate woman were the inevitable result of the dissipation and misrule of her predecessors. That her own people loved her and desired her for their queen cannot be doubted; but it was not possible for the native dynasty to last if Hawaii was to have a place among the civilized nations of the modern world. A race that has dwelt for generations in the enervating climate of a mid Pacific island cannot hold its own with the type developed amid New England's snow clad hills, but to the native born Hawaiian of *pur sang*—and in spite of official reports to the contrary there is a vast number of such natives—the vices of his own race are preferable to the virtues of an alien. The efforts that were made at home and

abroad for Liliuokalani are matters of current history; but the last hope that Victoria Cleghorn, Princess Kaiulani, might some day occupy the throne of her ancestors has been summarily ended by the vote of an American Senate and by the signature of an American President's name.

THE CROSSROADS OF THE PACIFIC.

For many years special commercial privileges have been granted to Hawaii in exchange for exclusive material and political privileges secured to the United States. American influence, American ownership and control, have been fostered and increased. Hawaiian Christianization, civilization, education, and development are the direct product of American effort.

Hawaii has now, under the Newlands resolution, become a part of the United States. One article of this resolution provides that Congress shall decide upon a form of government for our new possession, and a committee consisting of three Americans and two residents of the

islands has been appointed to frame a system of legislation. The report of this



NATIVE HAWAIIAN CHURCH IN HONOLULU, CONSTRUCTED
OF BLOCKS OF LAVA.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.



THE STATE PRISON OF HAWAII, ON A REEF OUTSIDE THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.



THE CRATER OF THE EXTINCT VOLCANO, HALEAKELA, ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

committee will doubtless be ready for presentation to Congress at its session in December, and in the mean time there is to be a provisional government somewhat similar to that in Alaska. The distance from Washington is so great in days and miles that it seems undesirable to give these new connections a voice in our domestic affairs; and the composition of their population makes it difficult to determine what degree of self government can safely be allowed them.

According to the last census, taken in 1896, there were in the islands 31,019 Hawaiians, 8,485 part Hawaiians, 24,407 Japanese, 21,616 Chinese, 15,191 Portuguese, 5,260 Americans, 2,257 British, 1,432 Germans, and 1,534 of other nationalities—a total population of 109,020, of whom 72,517 are males. Divided in respect to occupation agriculture accounts for 7,570, fishing and navigation 2,100, manufacturers 2,265, commerce and transportation 2,031, liberal professions 2,580, laborers 34,438, miscellaneous pursuits 4,310, without profession 53,726.

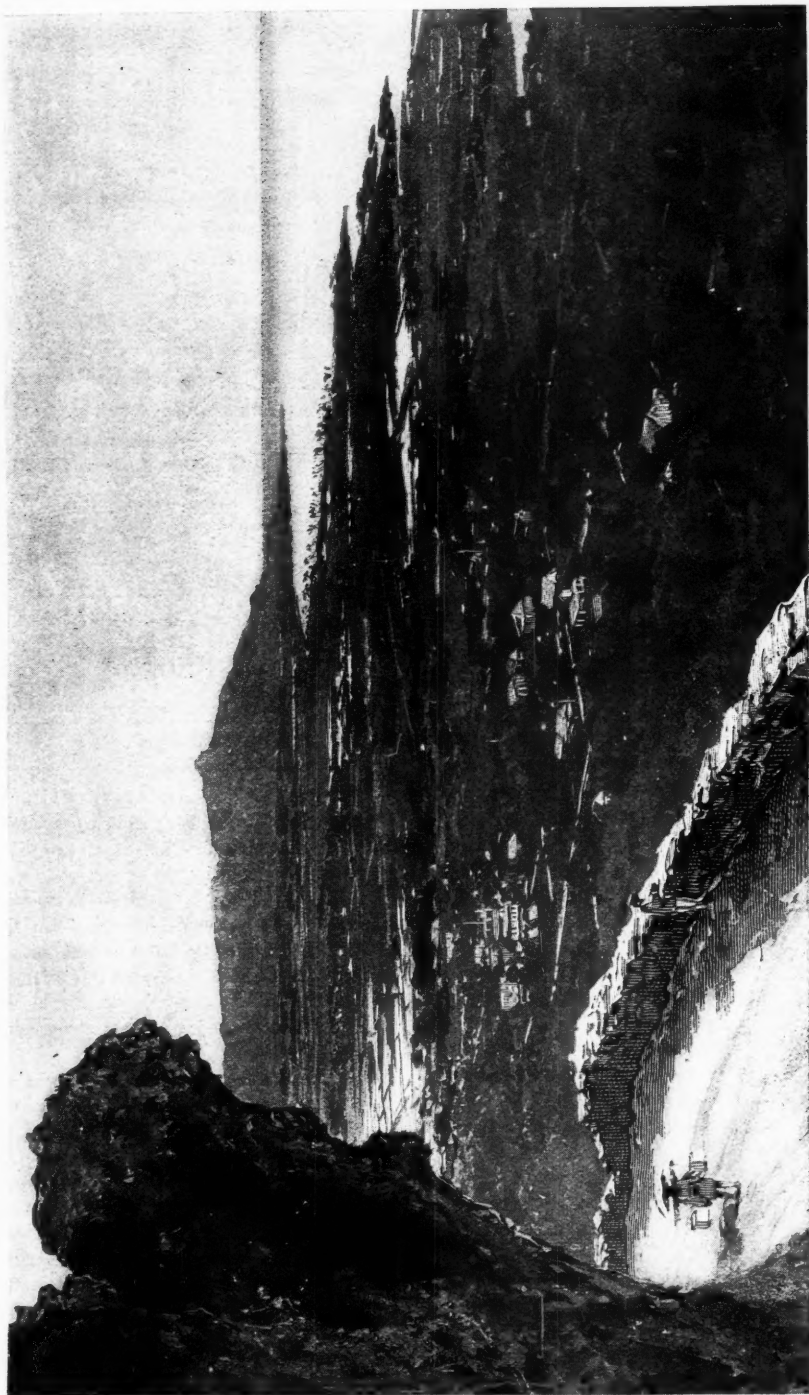
Honolulu is 2,089 miles from San Francisco, 3,399 miles from Yokohama, 4,917

miles from Hong Kong, 4,850 miles from Sydney, 4,665 miles from Panama, and 4,210 miles from the Pacific end of the projected Nicaragua Canal. It is five and a half days from San Francisco, ten and a half from Washington. It is the only spot in the Pacific from the equator to Alaska, from the coast of China to that of the United States, where a ton of coal, a pound of bread, or a gallon of water can be obtained. It is this situation that has given rise to the argument that the possession of Hawaii will "definitely and finally secure to the United States the strategical control of the North Pacific."

Of seven trans-Pacific steamship lines plying between the North American continent and Japan, China, and Australia, all but one make Honolulu a way station. When a canal is made either at Panama or Nicaragua, practically all of the ships that pass through bound for Asia will be obliged to stop at Honolulu for coal and supplies.

OUR TRADE WITH HAWAII.

Hawaiian trade has been of great importance to the whole of the United States,



VIEW FROM THE PALL, THE PRECIPICE OVER WHICH THE VICTORIOUS KAMEHAMEHA I DROVE THE DEFEATED FORCES OF THE OAHUAN CHIEF, AND AROUND WHICH AN AMERICAN ENGINEER HAS RECENTLY BUILT A ROAD.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WINE PALMS ON THE ISLANDS."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

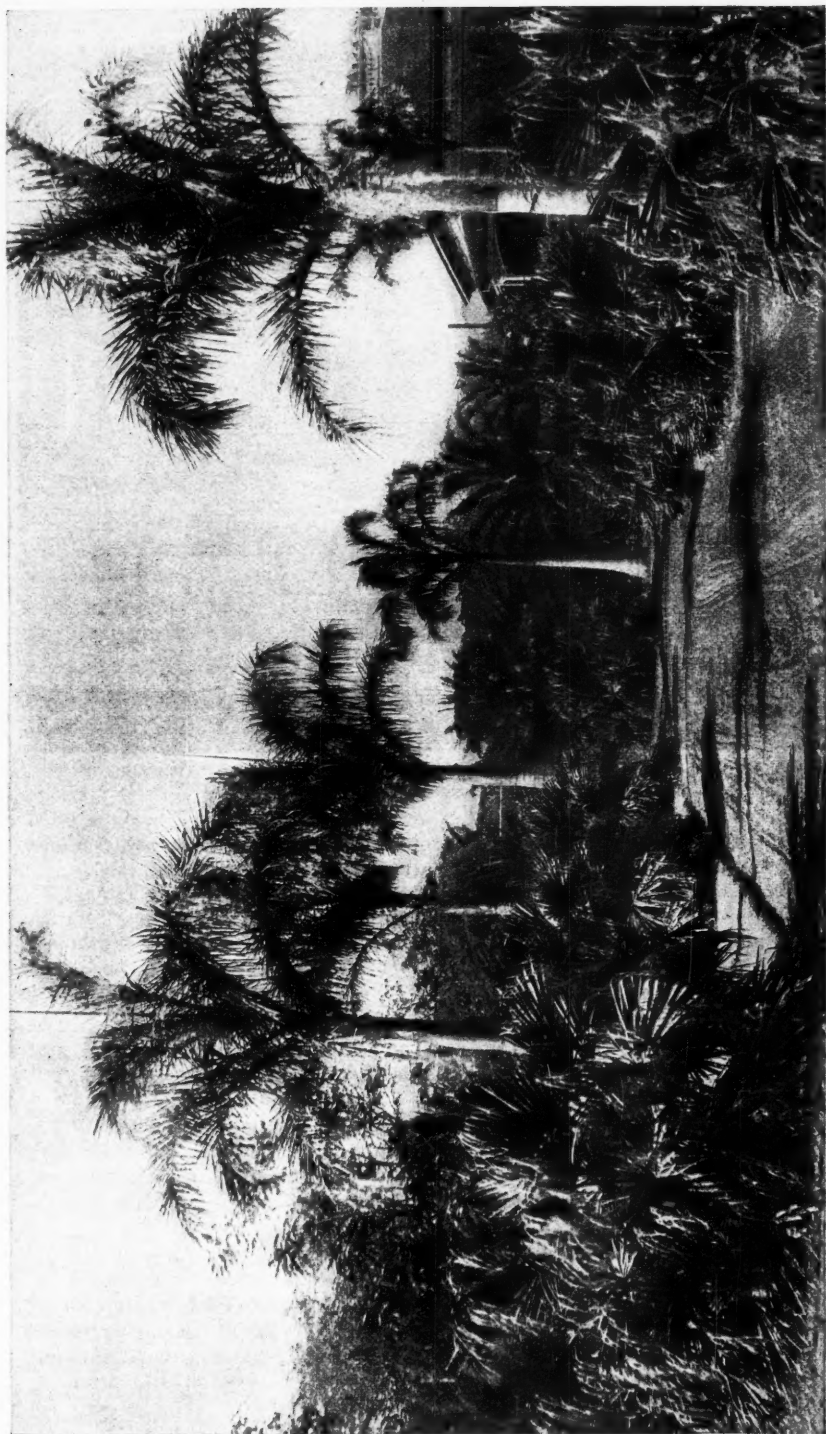
and the Pacific Coast has found here the most profitable of all its foreign customers. Last year, in 1897, Hawaii was San Francisco's second best foreign wine buyer, her third best purchaser of salmon, her third largest consumer of barley, and her sixth best customer of flour, none of these articles being produced on the islands. These statistics apply solely to San Francisco, Washington and Oregon shipping most of their products directly from their own seaports.

This consumption of four of America's standard products has been the result of the reciprocity treaty under which we offered Hawaii a free market for three of her staple exports—sugar, rice, and bananas. Under the annexation treaty she will have the same privileges for all her products, including coffee, pineapples, guavas, cocoanuts, spices, and other tropical fruits, all of which grow wild, or nearly so. The result will be an increased demand for the output of American manufacturers and farmers, and the

possibility of profitable openings for capital and enterprise in the islands.

The exports for 1896 amounted to \$15,515,000, while the imports were \$7,164,000. The general Hawaiian tariff was such that about twenty five per cent of the imports came from countries other than the United States. It is probable that we shall now secure practically all the foreign trade of the islands.

One of the hardest questions to decide for this new foster child will be that in reference to the Chinese. The treaty of annexation prohibits any further immigration of Chinese after the ratification of the treaty, and this may interfere to a certain extent with the rice industry. The Chinese, who have been flocking into Hawaii for many years, have transformed vast areas of swamp land, having no apparent value, into fertile rice paddies, which now rent for twenty dollars an acre. They are the only laborers who can and will work standing up to their knees in the water that is necessary for



ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE GROUNDS, HONOLULU.—"IN EVERY GARDEN TROPICAL VERDURE MEETS THE EYE; BANANA PALMS GROW EVERYWHERE, THEIR CLUSTERS OF RED OR YELLOW FRUIT HANGING UNDER THEIR SHELTERING UMBRELLAS OF GREEN."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, "THE FLAME ENCIRCLED THRONE OF PELE."

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

the successful cultivation of the crop. As it is one of the staple exports of the place, some provision will have to be made for its production.

On sugar and coffee plantations white men can and do work successfully, and nothing will be lost by the exclusion of Mongolian laborers. In the great development probably in store for both of these products there will be opportunities for American capital and American labor.

THE HAWAIIAN CAPITAL.

The city of Honolulu lies on a level strip of land along the sea, inclosing a small but safe harbor. It is about a mile wide and five miles long, and extends back into several valleys which cut deeply into thickly wooded cloud capped mountains, rising to an elevation of nearly four thousand feet. It has a population of about thirty thousand. The business portion of the city is built of stone and brick, the residences of wood. The latter are almost invariably sur-

rounded with gardens of great beauty, full of tropical color and perfume.

The points of interest in and around Honolulu are divided into two classes—those founded and created by the native rulers of the place, to which Hawaiians point with a pride and love bordering on veneration, and those that are the result of foreign enterprise and skill. Among the former are the Queen's Hospital, the Lunalilo Home for Aged Hawaiians, the Iolani or National Palace, and the College of Oahu. Among the latter are the fine driving roads, the railroads, and the vast sugar and coffee industries.

The Queen's Hospital stands at the foot of the extinct volcano known as the Punch Bowl, just behind the city. It was founded in 1860 by Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma, who were intensely interested in its erection, and personally canvassed the city for funds for its construction. It is a monument of their care for the welfare of their people. It is

approached through a long avenue of wine palms, the most beautiful on the island, and is a thoroughly modern, well appointed hospital.

The Lunalilo Home was built according to plans and instructions found in the

It seemed to add an intolerable weight to her burden of woe that this palace, in which she had reigned as queen, should be used for her prison.

The College of Oahu was developed under the patronage of Bernice Pauahi



PECULIAR FLOW OF LAVA, THE GRAY RUIN FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF PELE, THE GODDESS OF FIRE.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

will of King Lunalilo, and there is a touch of pathos in the fact that this prince, destined to die in his early manhood, should have left all his personal property to provide a home for the aged of his race.

The Iolani Palace was built by Kalakaua, and it was here that Liliuokalani was confined during her brief imprisonment after she had been convicted of treason. Her most bitter expressions of resentment are in reference to this fact.

Bishop, the last lineal descendant of Kamehameha I. It is in the suburb of Punahou, about two miles from Honolulu, and is now in its fifty eighth year. Amherst, Williams, Cornell, Smith, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the New York Art Students' League are all represented in its faculty. The college has more than three hundred acres of ground, all under fine cultivation. Hundreds of royal palms border the



RUINS OF TEMPLE ERECTED TO KANEAPUA, THE GOD OF FISHERMEN ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

walks and drives, but the pride of the college, botanically, is a hedge of night blooming cereus fifteen hundred feet long, which often has as many as ten thousand blossoms open at once, and fills the whole neighborhood with its wonderful perfume.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN HAWAII.

To American engineers and American activity are due not only the beautiful drives and street railways of Honolulu, but also the well equipped railroads which extend into the heart of the country, touching at most of the important plantations of sugar, coffee, or fruit. An American engineer has just completed and turned over to the government a fine driveway down the steep face of the Pali, connecting the fertile plains at its base with the city of Honolulu. For many years there has been a good carriage road to the top of the Pali, but from there the venturesome traveler had to be carried down a steep trail, being lowered by means of ropes over the most precipitous parts.

The vast sugar and coffee plantations are also the result of American enterprise and determination, for while sugar has

always been one of the products of this land, the scientific cultivation of the crop is the outcome of "Yankee skill," as Hawaiians call it. The Ewa is one of the largest sugar plantations in Hawaii, and a typical exponent of what perseverance can accomplish. It is situated about fifteen miles from Honolulu, and consists of six thousand level acres, stretching from the sea on the one hand to the mountains on the other. It is managed by a New Englander, and worked by twelve hundred men, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, Portuguese, German, American, and English. It has only been in operation for about eight years, but it now yields the largest average of sugar to the acre of any place in the islands. Even in this land of almost constant showers, "Yankee skill" does not depend on heaven sent water, and this plantation has a system of thirty artesian wells, from which fifty million gallons of water are distributed over the land every twenty four hours.

The cultivation of coffee is rapidly increasing under American supervision. It was commenced on a small scale a few years ago, merely as an experiment. It has proved a great success, and the aro-

matic berry will soon rival sugar in the list of exports from Hawaii. There are immense tracts of rich uncultivated land, not suitable for the sugar cane, but upon which the coffee tree flourishes; and coffee has this advantage over sugar—it can be produced upon small plantations by farmers with small capital.

THE NEWPORT OF HAWAII.

In this land of summer and sunshine it may seem quite unnecessary to have a

the entire house into one immense veranda open to the sunshine and the perfumed air. It stands in the midst of gardens shaded by banyan trees and date palms, through whose vistas Diamond Head looms dark and grim over the sunlit sea at its feet. The grounds slope to a white sand beach, where there are boat houses and bath houses. Far out is the coral reef against which the ocean waves thunder and crash, but inside the reef the water is moderately calm.



A NATIVE HOUSE ON THE BEACH NEAR HONOLULU.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

summer resort, and yet as such Waikiki has been set apart. The drive from Honolulu to this miniature Newport of the Pacific runs along the shore of the bay, over a road shadowed by palms and bordered by marvelous flowers unknown in less favored lands, except in hot houses and conservatories. Ylang-ylang blossoms add their fragrance to that of tube roses and orange flowers, producing a perfume which at night is almost intoxicating in its sweetness.

At Waikiki the last king, Kalakaua, had his summer home, and many of the wealthy residents of Honolulu, both native and of foreign birth, have summer cottages there. A "cottage" at Waikiki consists of some twenty or thirty rooms of great size, leading through long French windows on to wide *lanais*—an arrangement that makes it possible to transform

Sea bathing is one of the greatest delights of the native Hawaiian, and it is here at Waikiki that the sport can be had to perfection. In Queen Liliuokalani's reign the gardens of her summer home were always open to her people, and on the Queen's Beach even the poorest subject had a right to spend his days swimming and feasting.

It is on the Queen's Beach or in the Queen's Wood that native *luau*s are held. Often a hundred or two hundred people gather there, bringing their *poi* with them in small wooden bowls, but depending for the more substantial part of the banquet on the flying fish that are to be caught for the trying in the surf on the reef. The babies and children too young to be trusted so far from shore—children under three, perhaps—are piled in indiscriminate heaps on the beach. Then men,

women, and children of a larger growth plunge into the sea and swim to the outer reef.

There, perched on the coral rocks, they wait, and as the flying, shining creatures appear above the foam eager hands are

To be politely sociable at a native *luan* is a trial to a diplomatic foreigner; for raw fish is of all acquired tastes the most difficult, and *poi*, as the natives eat it, is impossible. It consists of a flour and water paste, the flour being made from



THE STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA, FIRST KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

stretched for their capture. The prize secured, the captor returns to the shore, this mode of fishing being resorted to simply for the purpose of satisfying the cravings of appetite, and not for pleasure in the sport or profit in the disposition of the spoils. When all are once more on the beach the banquet begins, the banqueters sitting on the ground with only a wooden board for table. The fish is consumed raw.

taru root; and to be acceptable to a Hawaiian epicure, it must have become sour. No spoons are furnished; it is eaten from the fingers, and it is an art in itself to learn the exact twist by which the liquid can be raised on the first and second fingers to the mouth.

It is at Waikiki also that the sport of "wave sliding" may be indulged in. This is a mild form of the old native *hee nalu*, or surf riding. A native paddler

and a light canoe furnished with outriggers are the requisites. The canoe is carried out through a passage in the outer reef where the incoming breakers begin to comb over. Selecting a high wave just on the point of breaking, the native lets it rise under the stern of his canoe, at the same time paddling vigorously to avoid being dropped behind, and balancing the canoe on the exact point in front of the breaker where it will be impelled forward at highest speed. A mad dash of half a mile is made in a minute, with the white foam of the wave overhanging the stern of the tiny boat. The imminent risk of being upset or plunged beneath the green monster adds the requisite amount of danger for perfect enjoyment, and the sport is deservedly popular.

THE ABODES OF PELE.

No description of these islands can seem complete without some allusion to the great Hawaiian volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa; yet no pen can give the faintest hint of their marvelous,

awe inspiring grandeur, no brush can depict their lurid flashing fires. All the superstitions of the islanders center around these craters. Pele, the goddess of fire, lives in Kilauea's depths, and



IN HILO ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII—"A BIT OF CATHAY, LYING UNDER A TROPIC SUN"—THE HOME OF AN ISLANDER.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.



A WATERFALL NEAR HILO, THE TOWN AT THE BASE OF THE VOLCANO KILAUEA, ISLAND OF HAWAII.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

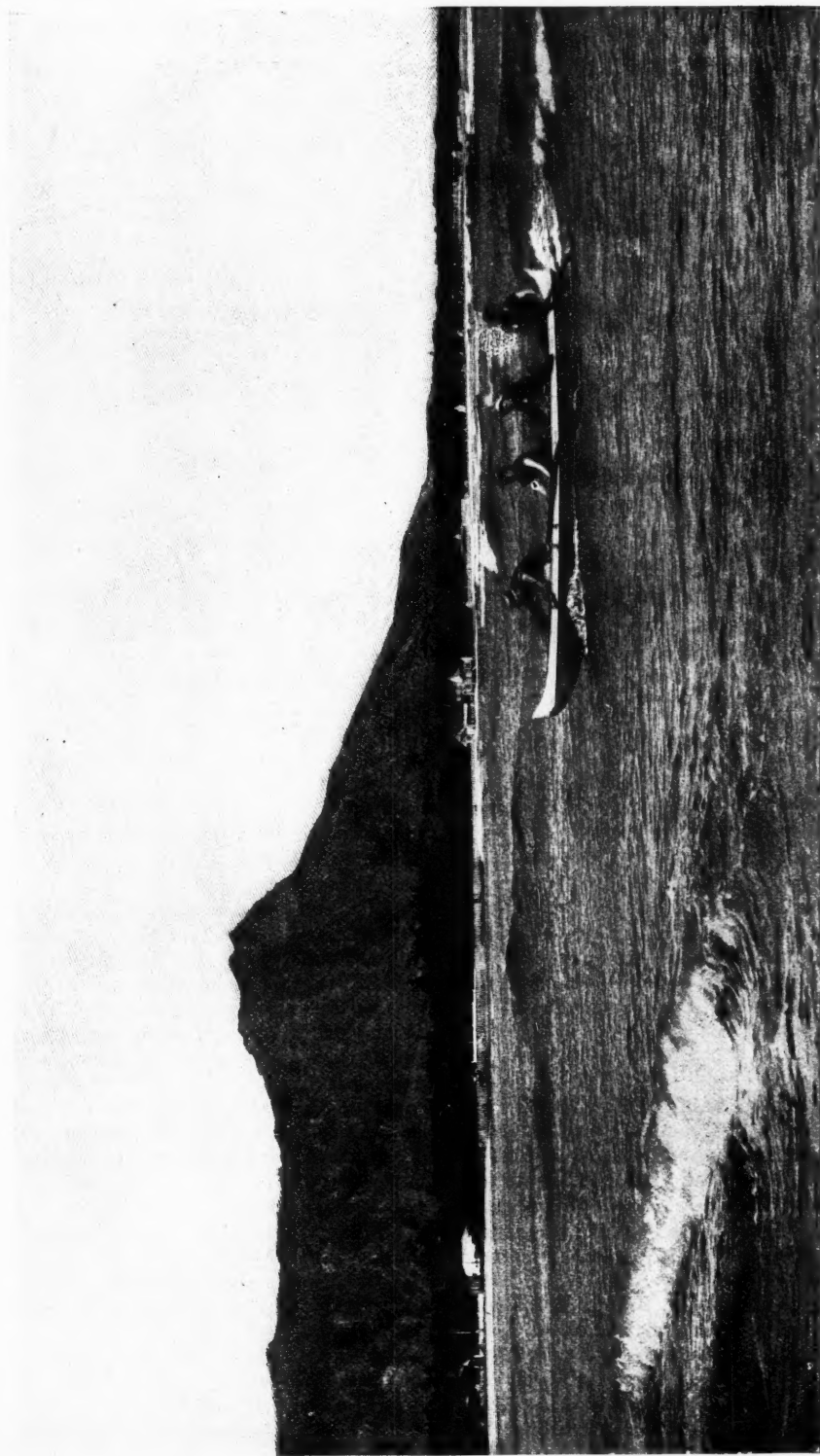


NATIVE HOUSES ON THE BEACH AT HILO.

Drawn by Walter Burridge.

when she descends from her home gray ruin follows in her footsteps. Constant offerings are laid on her shrine, incessant prayers float up to her flame encircled throne.

The trip to the volcanoes is comparatively easy now. Excellent steamers ply between Honolulu and Hilo, in Hawaii, the town at the base of the great mountain mass from which they rise. The voyage is through the island channels, and the steamer's course is so close to the coast that the shores can be readily seen; first a gleaming sandy beach, a little higher up, crowning the gray rocks, a luxuriant growth of palms, above that miles and miles of sugar cane, and further inland still the dark, rich green of the coffee plantations. It is a scene of great beauty and of quiet, peaceful industry. Clustered together at the foot of the hills are the small, grass thatched houses of the natives, and over these humble homes wave the same royal palms that shade the cottagers at Waikiki. Down the rocks little waterfalls tumble gleaming



RIDING THE SURF AT WAIKIKI—A SPORT THAT EMBODIES ALL THE JOYS OF TOBOGGANING, COASTING, AND SWIMMING. A SWIFT DASH IS MADE WITH THE FOAM OF A WAVE OVERHANGING THE STERN OF THE TINY BOAT.

From a photograph by William F. Seuser, St. Joseph, Michigan.



AN AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

in the sunshine, like bars of silver embedded in the blue gray lava.

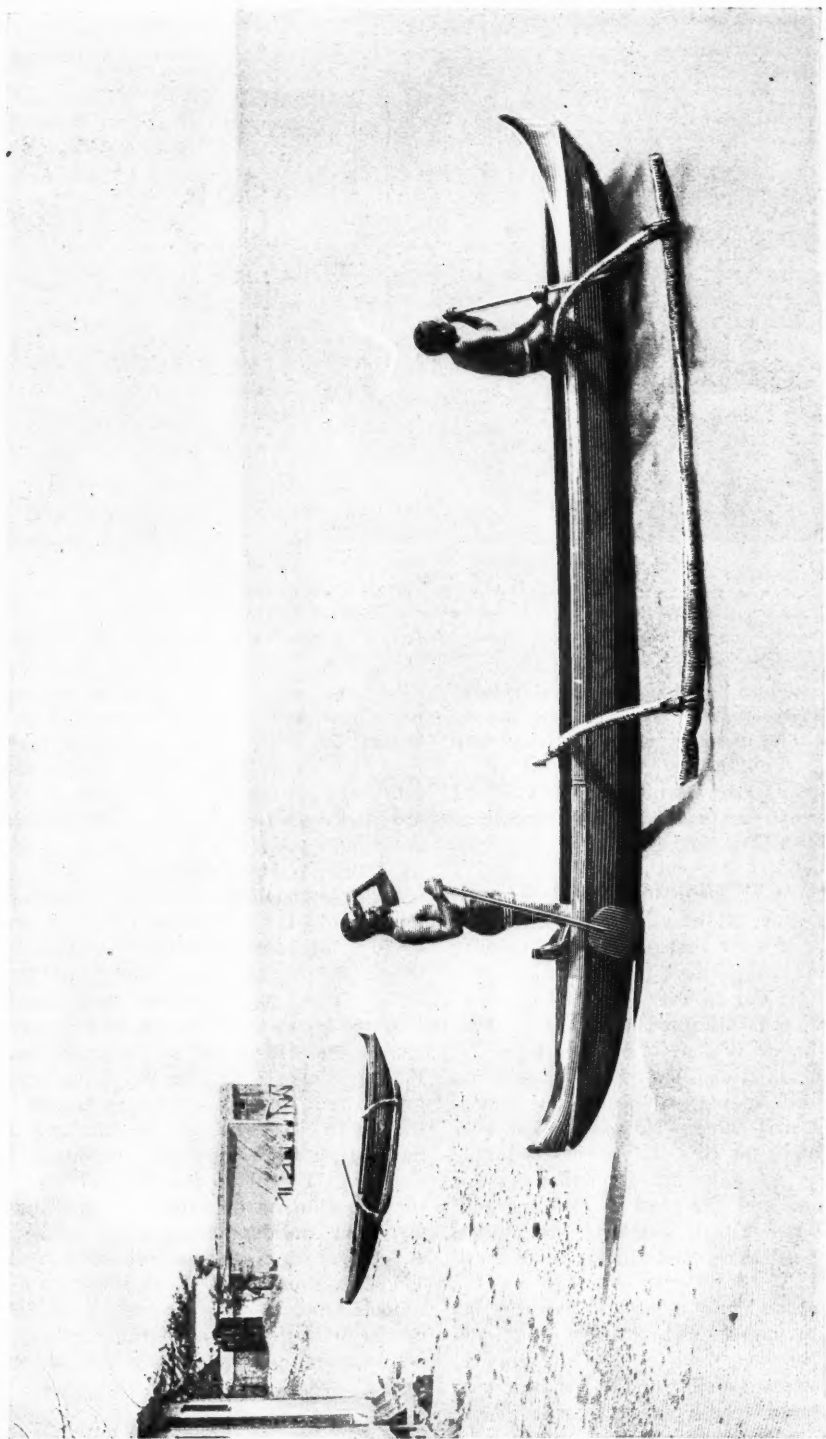
From Hilo an excellent road leads up the mountain. Here the tropical vegetation of the country is close at hand. Ferns and palms and trees gorgeous with their own blossoms, or brilliant with their orchid jewels, line the way up to the Volcano House. From there the visitor must make his way over the lava beds to peer down into the boiling, seething crater of this most active of all known volcanoes.

A PACIFIC PARADISE.

"The Paradise of the Pacific," Hawaii has been called, and a paradise Oahu assuredly seems, with possibly a hint of the inferno in the craters of its island neighbor, Hawaii. A land of music and flowers it is to the stranger sojourning there. The people are intensely musical, and on every hand, at all hours of the day and night, the tinkling sound of the native guitars may be heard. The language is musical, consisting solely of the vowel and liquid sounds with an occasional k or p. The native voice is soft and low, and harsh sounds are never heard.

The climate is almost perfect, warm enough to produce tropical fruits and blossoms, but so moderated by trade winds and ocean currents that the temperature is never uncomfortably high. On the hottest day of summer the thermometer rarely goes above eighty degrees, and in winter it never falls below sixty. Everywhere, in every garden, tropical verdure meets the eye. Royal palms shade every street and drive. Bananas form a large part of the native food, and banana palms grow everywhere, their clusters of red or yellow fruit hanging under their sheltering umbrellas of green. Begonias, pink, white, and scarlet, grow like field flowers, almost too commonly to be allowed in well kept gardens where lilies and orchids and chrysanthemums are tended.

Over every housetop, high or low, of rich and poor alike, clambers the purple bougainvillea, a mass of gorgeous color. It is this brilliant creeper that has given the dominant tone to Honolulu. Bougainvillea is everywhere. Just beyond the docks and warehouses, the public buildings begin, and they are covered with it; church spires raise their purple



A HAWAIIAN CANOE, WITH OUTRIGGER AND TWO NATIVE PADDLERS, ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI.
From a photograph by William F. Sisser, St Joseph, Michigan.



THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.

From a photograph by William F. Sesser, St. Joseph, Michigan.

flags to the purple skies above; streets end in walls overgrown with bougainvillea, and on beyond, between long lines of stately palms, are seen the purple hills. The memory of a traveler who stops for but a day at this mid ocean port on his Pacific trip cannot fail to hold forever, in connection with Honolulu, this royal, flaunting color.

THE DARK SHADOW ON MOLOKAI.

Yet over all this sunlit land there broods an ever present shadow, darkest and most oppressive over Molokai, but stretching out in every direction, wherever there is a human habitation. And this shadow is that most dreadful of all human afflictions, leprosy. There is no safeguard against it. Into any household it may come. No remedy has ever been found for this double curse—double because not only are its sufferings intolerable and its end a nightmare of horror, but it transforms its victims into objects of terror and dread to all mankind.

Absolute banishment and isolation is the fate meted out to those who fall beneath its ban, and in 1865 the government selected a site on the northern side of Molokai for a leper settlement. Here is sent, without thought of return, with no hope of ever again seeing family or

friend, every one who shows positive signs of the gruesome disease. There is a hospital near Honolulu to which suspects are sent to serve a term of probation, as it were, during which there may be a small hope of cure, or a possibility of error in diagnosis; but the hopes are nearly always doomed to disappointment, and sooner or later the dread trip to Molokai must be made.

This settlement, with its wretched inhabitants, is a subject as full of interest as it is of horror, but it is a place of which the outside world can know but little. There are at present some eleven hundred lepers there, twelve of whom are Europeans. It is not so long ago that Father Damien's pathetic death attracted great attention to this unhappy corner of the earth, but human nature cannot but shrink from long contemplation of such misery. The government makes these people its own charge, providing for their needs, ministering to their sufferings, supplying doctors and nurses. There are churches of all denominations, schools, and reading rooms, while life moves on with a certain grim regularity and conventionality in this city of the dying,

"On that pale, that white faced shore
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders."

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them of his love for Suzanne and that he means to make her his wife. When the two Englishmen arrive Jan Botmar and Ralph are away, and the cunning *vrouw* persuades them that the youth is not he whom they seek. Shortly after their departure, Swart Piet, a rich Boer who has Kaffir blood in his veins, visits the Botmar homestead. He has fallen in love with Suzanne, but she repulses his advances. A few days later, while riding some distance from her home, the young girl comes upon Swart Piet and some of his henchmen as they are about to hang a young native witch doctress known as Sihamba for alleged cattle stealing. Working on the girl's pity, Piet forces her to kiss him as the price of the woman's life, and, not content with that, he crushes her in his arms and covers her face with kisses. The girl finally escapes and reaches her home, where she tells her father and Ralph of the occurrence, first, however, exacting a promise from her lover that he will not try to kill the man. Sihamba, who is now destitute, has followed Suzanne home, where, at her earnest solicitation, she is permitted to remain.

On the following day Ralph seeks out Swart Piet and soundly thrashes him, and after an ineffectual attempt to murder the young Englishman, the Boer leaves that section of the country. With the aid of Zinti, a slave boy, Sihamba cleverly ascertains the location of Swart Piet's hidden kraal, and at the same time she discovers and frustrates his plot to carry off Suzanne and murder her parents and lover. As the day set for the wedding of Ralph and Suzanne approaches, Sihamba advises a postponement and that the ceremony take place in the neighboring dorp, but the *vrouw* insists on the original arrangements, despite the little witch doctress' ominous forebodings. Just before the ceremony Sihamba announces her intention of following the newly wedded couple.

XIV (Continued).

"HAVE you heard anything that makes you afraid, Sihamba?" I asked, stopping her as she turned to go.

"I have heard nothing," she replied; "still, I am afraid."

"Then you are a fool for your pains, to be afraid of nothing," I answered roughly; "but watch well, Sihamba."

"Fear not, I will watch till my knees are loosened and my eyes grow hollow." Then she went away, and that was the last I saw

of her for many a weary month. Ah, Suzanne, child, had it not been for the watching of little Sihamba, the walker by moonlight, you had not been sitting there to-day, looking as she used to look, the Suzanne of fifty years ago.

The marriage was to take place at noon, and though I had much to see to, never have I known a longer morning. Why it was I cannot say, but it seemed to me as though twelve o'clock would never come. Then, wherever I went there was Ralph in my way, wandering about in a senseless fashion with

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his best clothes on, while after him wandered Jan holding his new hat in his hand.

"In the name of heaven," I cried at length, as I blundered into both of them in the kitchen, "be off out of this. Why are you here?"

"*Allemachter!*" said Jan, "because we have nowhere else to go. They are making the sitting room ready for the service and the dinner after it; the predicant is in Ralph's room writing; Suzanne is in yours trying on her clothes, and the *stoep* and even the stables are full of Kaffirs. Where then shall we go?"

"Cannot you see to the wagon?" I asked.

"We have seen to it, mother," said Ralph; "it is packed, and the oxen are already tied to the yokes for fear lest they should stray."

"Then be off and sit in it and smoke till I come to call you," I replied, and away they walked, shamefacedly enough, Ralph first, and Jan following him.

At twelve o'clock I went for them, and found them both seated on the wagon chest smoking like chimneys, and saying nothing.

"Come, Ralph," I said, "it is quite time for you to be married;" and he came, looking very pale, and walking unsteadily as though he had been drinking, while after him, as usual, marched Jan, still pulling at the pipe, which he had forgotten to take out of his mouth.

Somehow I do not recollect much of the details of that marriage; they seem to have slipped my mind, or perhaps they are buried beneath the memories of all that followed hard upon it. I remember Suzanne standing before the little table, behind which was the predicant with his book. She wore a white dress that fitted her very well, but had no veil upon her head after the English fashion, which even Boer girls follow nowadays, only in her hand she carried a bunch of rare white flowers that Sihamba had gathered for her in a hidden kloof where they grew. Her face was somewhat pale, or looked so in the dim room, but her lips showed red like coral, and her dark eyes glowed and shone as she turned them upon the lover at her side, the fair haired, gray eyed, handsome English lad, whose noble blood told its tale in every feature and movement, yes, and even in his voice, the man whom she had saved from death to be her life mate.

A few whispered words, the changing of a ring, and one long kiss, and these two, Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne Botmar, were husband and wife in the eyes of God and man. Ah, me! I am glad to think of it, for in the end, of all the many marriages that I have known, this proved the happiest.

Now I thought that it was done with, for they had knelt down and the predicant had

blessed them; but not so, for the good man must have his word, and a long word it was. On and on he preached about the duties of husbands and wives, and many other matters, till at last, as I expected, he came to the children. Now I could bear it no longer.

"That is enough, reverend sir," I said, "for surely it is scarcely decent to talk of children to people who have not been married five minutes."

That pricked the bladder of his discourse, which soon came to an end, whereon I called to the Kaffirs to bring in dinner.

The food was good and plentiful, and the Hollands, or Squareface as they call it now, to say nothing of the Constantia and peach brandy, which had been sent to me many years before by a cousin who lived at Stellenbosch; and yet that meal was not as cheerful as it might have been. To begin with, the predicant was sulky because I had cut him short in his address, and a holy man in the sulks is a bad kind of animal to deal with. Then Jan tried to propose the health of the new married pair and could not do it. The words seemed to stick in his throat. In short, he made a fool of himself as usual, and I had to fill in the gaps in his head. Well, I talked nicely enough till in an evil moment I overdid it a little by speaking of Ralph as one whom Heaven had sent to us, and of whose birth and parents we knew nothing. Then Jan found his tongue and said: "Wife, that's a lie, and you know it," for doubtless the Hollands and the peach brandy had got the better of his reason and his manners. I did not answer him at the time, for I hate wrangling in public, but afterwards I spoke to him on the subject once and for all.

Then, to make matters worse, Suzanne must needs throw her arms round her father's neck and begin to cry—thanks be to my bringing up of her, she knew better than to throw them round mine. "Good Lord!" I said, losing my temper, "what is the girl at now? She has got the husband for whom she has been craving, and the first thing she does is to snivel. Well, if I had done that to my husband I should have expected him to box my ears, though Heaven knows that I should have had excuse for it!"

Here the predicant woke up, seeing his chance.

"Frau Botmar," he said, blinking at me like an owl, "it is my duty to reprove you, even at this festive board, for a word must be spoken both in and out of season. Frau Botmar, I fear that you do not remember the Third Commandment, therefore I will repeat it to you;" and he did so, speaking very slowly.

What I answered I cannot recollect, but I seem to see that predicant flying out of the door of the room holding his hands above his head. Well, for once he met his match, and I know that afterwards he always spoke of me with great respect.

After this again I remember little more till the pair started upon their journey. Suzanne asked for Sihamba to say good by to her, and when she was told that she was not to be found she seemed vexed, which shows that the little doctress did her injustice in supposing that just because she was married she thought no more of her. Then she kissed us all in farewell—ah, we little knew for how long that farewell was to be!—and went down to the wagon, to which the sixteen black oxen, a beautiful team, were inspanned, and standing there ready to start. But Ralph and Suzanne were not going to ride in the wagon, for they had horses to carry them. At the last moment, indeed, Jan, whose head was still buzzing with the peach brandy, insisted upon giving Ralph the great *schimmel*, that same stallion which Sihamba had ridden when she warned us of the ambush in the pass, galloping twenty miles in the hour.

So there was much kissing and many good bys; Ralph and Suzanne saying that they would soon be back, which indeed was the case with one of them, till at last they were off, Jan riding with them a little way towards their first outspan by the sea, fourteen miles distant, where they were to sleep the night.

When they had gone I went into my bedroom, and, sitting down, I cried, for I was sorry to lose Suzanne, even for a little and for her own good, and my heart was heavy. Also my quarrel with the predicant had put me out of temper. When I had got over this fit I set to work to tidy Suzanne's little sleeping place, and that I found a sad task. Then Jan returned from the wagon, having bid farewell to the young couple an hour's trek away, and his head being clear by now, we talked over the plans of the new house which was to be built for them to live in, and, going down to the site of it, set it out with sticks and a rule, which gave us occupation till towards sunset, when it was time for him to go to see to the cattle.

That night we went to bed early, for we were tired, and slept a heavy sleep, till at length, about one in the morning, we were awakened by the shoutings of the messengers who came bearing the terrible news.

XV.

RALPH and Suzanne reached the outspan place in safety a little before sunset. I know the spot well; it is where one of the

numerous wooded kloofs that scar the mountain slopes ends on a grassy plain of turf, short but very sweet. This plain is not much more than five hundred paces wide, for it is bordered by the cliff, which just here is not very high, against which the sea beats at full tide.

When the oxen had been turned loose to graze, and the voorlooper set to watch them, the driver of the wagon undid the cooking vessels and built a fire with dry wood collected from the kloof. Then Suzanne cooked their simple evening meal, of which they partook thankfully. After it was done the pair left the wagon and followed the banks of the little kloof stream, which wandered across the plain till it reached the cliff, whence it fell in a trickling waterfall into the sea. Here they sat down upon the edge of the cliff and, locked in each other's arms, watched the moon rise over the silver ocean, their young hearts filled with a joy that cannot be told.

"The sea is beautiful, is it not, husband?" whispered Suzanne into his ear.

"Tonight it is beautiful," he answered, "as our lives seem to be; yet I have seen it otherwise;" and he shuddered a little.

She nodded, for she knew of what he was thinking, and did not wish to speak of it. "Neither life nor ocean can be always calm," she said; "but, oh! I love that great water, for it brought you to me."

"I pray that it may never separate us," answered Ralph.

"Why do you say that, husband?" she asked. "Nothing can separate us now, for even if you journey far away to seek your own people, as sometimes I think you should, I shall accompany you. Nothing can separate us except death, and death shall but bind us more closely each to each forever and forever."

"I do not know why I said it, sweet," he answered uneasily, and just then a little cloud floated over the face of the moon, darkening the world, and a cold wind blew down the kloof, causing its trees to rustle and chilling them, so that they clung closer to each other for comfort.

The cloud and the wind passed away, leaving the night as beautiful as before, and they sat on for a while to watch it, listening to the music of the waterfall as it splashed into the deep sea pool below, and to the soft surge of the waves as they lapped gently against the narrow beach.

At length Ralph spoke in a low voice. "Sweet, it is time to sleep," he said, and kissed her.

At his words Suzanne trembled in his arms and blushed so red that even in this light he could see the color in her face.

"It is time," she whispered back; "but, husband, first let us kneel together here and pray to God to bless our married life and make us happy."

"That is a good thought," he answered, for in those days young men who had been brought up as Christians were not ashamed to say their prayers even in the presence of others.

So they knelt down side by side upon the edge of the cliff, with their faces set towards the open sea.

"Pray for us both aloud, Ralph," said Suzanne, "for though my heart is full enough I have no words."

So Ralph prayed very simply, saying: "O God, Who madest us, hear us, Thy son and daughter, and bless us. This night our married life begins; be Thou with us ever in it, and if it should please Thee that we should have children, let Thy blessing go with them all their days. O God, I thank Thee that Thou didst save me alive from the sea and lead the feet of the child who is now my wife to the place where I was starving, and Suzanne thanks Thee that through the whisperings of a dream her feet were led thus. O God, as I believe that Thou didst hear my prayer when as a lost child I knelt dying on the rock before Thee, so I believe that Thou dost hear this the first prayer of our wedded life. We know that all life is not made up of such joy as Thou hast given us this day, but that it has many dangers and troubles and losses, therefore we pray Thee to comfort us in the troubles, to protect us in the dangers, and to give us consolation in the losses; and most of all we pray Thee that we who love each other, and whom Thou hast joined together, may be allowed to live out our lives together, fearing nothing, however great our peril, since day and night we walk in the shadow of Thy strength, until we pass into its presence."

This was Ralph's prayer, for he told it to me, word by word, afterwards when he lay sick. At the time the answer to it seemed to be a strange one, an answer to shake the faith out of a man's heart, and yet it was lost or mocked at, for the true response came in its season. Nay, it came week by week and hour by hour, seeing that every day through those awful years the sword of the Strength they had implored protected those who prayed, holding them harmless through many a desperate peril, to reunite them at the last. The devil is very strong in this world of ours, or so it seems to me, who have known much of his ways, so strong that perhaps God must give place to him at times, for if He rules in Heaven, I think that Satan shares His rule on earth. But in the end it is God Who wins, and never, never, need

they fear who acknowledge Him and put their faith in Him, trying the while to live uprightly and conquer the evil of their hearts. Well, this is only an old woman's wisdom, though it should not be laughed at, since it has been taught to her by the experience of a long and eventful life. Such as it is, I hope that it may be of service to those who trust in themselves and not in their Maker.

As the last words of this prayer left Ralph's lips he heard a man laugh behind him. The two of them sprang to their feet at the sound, and faced about to see Swart Piet standing within five paces of them, and with eight or ten of his black ruffians, who looked upon him as their chief, and did his needs without question, however wicked they might be.

Now Suzanne uttered a low cry of fear and the blood froze about Ralph's heart, for he was unarmed and their case was hopeless. Black Piet saw their fear and laughed again, for like a cat that has caught a mouse for which it has watched long, he could not resist the joy of torture before he dealt the death blow.

"This is very lucky," he said; "and I am glad that I have to do with such pious people, since it enabled us to creep on you unawares; also I much prefer to have found you engaged in prayer, friend Englishman, rather than in taking the bloom off my peach with kisses, as I feared might be the case. That was a pretty prayer, too; I almost felt as though I were in church while I stood listening to it. How did it end? You prayed that you might be allowed to live together, fearing nothing, however great your peril, since you walked always in the shadow of God's strength. Well, I have come to answer your petition, and to tell you that your life together is ended before it is begun. For the rest, your peril is certainly great, and now let God's strength help you if it can. Come, God, show Your strength. He does not answer, you see, or perhaps He knows that Swart Piet is god here and is afraid."

"Cease your blasphemy," said Ralph, in a hoarse voice, "and tell me what you want with us."

"What do I want? I want her for whom I have been seeking this long time—Suzanne Botmar."

"She is my wife," said Ralph; "would you steal away my wife?"

"No, friend, for that would not be lawful. I will not take your wife, but I shall take your widow, as will be easy, seeing that you are armed with God's strength only."

Not understanding all this man's devilish purpose, Suzanne fell upon her knees before

him, imploring him with many piteous words. But knowing that death was at hand, Ralph's heart rose to it, as that of a high couraged man will do, and he bade her to cease her supplications and rise. Then in a loud, clear voice he spoke in the Kaffir tongue, so that those who were with Piet van Vooren should understand him.

"It seems, Piet van Vooren," he said, "that you have stolen upon us here to carry off my wife by violence after you have murdered me. These crimes you may do, though I know well that if you do them they will be revenged upon you amply, and upon your men also who take part in them. And now I will not plead to you for mercy, but I ask one thing which you cannot refuse, because those with you, Kaffirs though they be, will not suffer it—five short minutes of time in which to bid farewell to my new wed wife."

"Not an instant," said Swart Piet, but at the words the black men who were with him, and whose wicked hearts were touched with pity, began to murmur so loudly that he hesitated.

"At your bidding, Bull Head," said one of them, "we have come to kill this man and to carry away the white woman, and we will do it, for you are our chief and we must obey you. But, if you will not give him the little space for which he asks, wherein to bid farewell to his wife before she becomes your wife, then we will have nothing more to do with the matter. I say that our hearts are sick at it already, and, Bull Head, you kill a man, not a dog, and that by murder, not in fair fight."

"As you will, fool," said Swart Piet. "Englishman, I give you five minutes;" and he drew a large silver watch from his pocket and held it in his hand.

"Get out of my hearing, then, murderer," said Ralph, "for I have no breath left to waste on you;" and Piet, obeying him, fell back a little and stood gnawing his nails and staring at the pair.

"Suzanne, wife Suzanne," whispered Ralph, "we are about to part since, as you see, I must die, and your fate lies in the Hand of God; you are made a widow before you are a wife, and Suzanne—ah! that is the worst of it—another takes you, even my murderer."

Now Suzanne, who till this moment had been as one stupefied, seemed to gather up her strength and answered him, saying:

"Truly, husband, things appear to be as you say, though what we have done that they should be so, I cannot tell. Still, comfort yourself, for death comes to all of us soon or late, and whether it comes soon or late makes little difference in the end, seeing that come it must."

"No, not death, it is your fate that makes the difference. How can I bear to die and leave you the prey of that devil? Oh, my God! my God! how can I bear to die!"

"Have no fear, husband," went on Suzanne, in the same clear, indifferent voice, "for you do not leave me to be his prey. Say, now; if we walk backwards swiftly we might fall together before they could catch us into the pit of the sea beneath."

"Nay, wife, let our deaths lie upon their heads and not upon ours, for self murder is a crime."

"As you will, Ralph; but I tell you, and through you I tell Him Who made me, that it is a crime which I shall dare if need be. Have no fear, Ralph; as I leave your arms pure, so shall I return to them pure, whether it be in heaven or upon earth. That man thinks he has power over me, but I say that he has none, seeing that at last God will protect me, with His hand or with my own."

"I cannot blame you, Suzanne, for there are some things which are not to be borne. Do, therefore, as your conscience teaches you, if you have the means."

"I have the means, Ralph. Hidden about me is a little knife which I have carried since I was a child; and if that fails me there are other ways."

"Time is done," said Swart Piet, replacing the watch in his pocket.

"Farewell, sweet," whispered Ralph.

"Farewell, husband," she answered bravely, "until we meet again, whether it be here on earth or above in heaven; farewell until we meet again;" and she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

For a moment he clung to her, muttering some blessing above her bowed head; then he unloosed her clasping arms, letting her fall gently upon the ground and saying: "Lie thus, shutting your ears and hiding your eyes, till all is done. Afterwards you must act as seems best to you. Escape to your father if you can; if not—tell me, do you understand?"

"I understand," she murmured, and hid her face in a tuft of thick grass, placing her hands upon her ears.

Ralph bowed his head for an instant in prayer. Then he lifted it and there was no fear upon his face.

"Come on, murderer," he said, addressing Swart Piet, "and do your butcher's work. Why do you delay? You cannot often find the joy of slaughtering a defenseless man in the presence of his new made wife. Come on, then, and win the everlasting curse of God."

Now Swart Piet glanced at him out of the corners of his round eyes; then he ordered

one of the Kaffirs to go up to him and shoot him.

The man went up and lifted his gun, but presently he put it down again and walked away, saying that he could not do this deed. Thrice did Van Vooren issue his command, and to three separate men, the vilest of his flock, but with each of them it was the same; they came up lifting their guns, looked into Ralph's gray eyes, and slunk away muttering. Then, cursing and swearing in his mad fury, Swart Piet drew a pistol from his belt and, rushing towards Ralph, fired it into him so that he fell. He stood over him and looked at him, the smoking pistol in his hand, but the wide gray eyes remained open and the strong mouth still smiled.

"The dog lives yet," raved Swart Piet. "Cast him into the sea, and let the sea finish him."

But no man stirred; all stood silent as though they had been cut in stone, and there, a little nearer the cliff edge, lay the silent form of Suzanne.

Then Van Vooren seized Ralph and dragged him by the shoulders to the brink of the precipice. His hair brushed the hair of Suzanne as his body was trailed along the ground, and as he passed he whispered one word, "Remember," into her ear, and she raised her head to look at him and answered, "Now and always." Then she let her head fall again.

Stooping down, Swart Piet lifted Ralph in his great arms, and, crying aloud, "Return into the sea out of which you came," he hurled him over the edge of the cliff. Two seconds later the sound of a heavy splash echoed up its sides, then, save for the murmur of the waterfall and the surge of the surf upon the beach, all was still again.

XVI.

For a few moments Swart Piet and his black ruffians stood staring, now at each other and now over the edge of the cliff into the deep sea hole. There, however, they could see nothing, for the moonbeams did not reach its surface, and the only sound they heard was that of the dripping of the little waterfall, which came to their ears like the tinkle of distant sheep bells. Then Swart Piet laughed aloud, a laugh that had more of fear than of merriment in it.

"The Englishman called down the everlasting curse of God on me," he cried. "Well, I have waited for it, and it does not come, so now for man's reward;" and going to where Suzanne lay, he set his arms beneath her and turned her over upon her back. "She has swooned," he said; "perhaps it is as well;" and he stood looking at

her, for thus in her faint she seemed wonderfully fair with the moonbeams playing upon her deathlike face.

"He had good taste, that Englishman," went on Swart Piet. "Well, now our account is squared; he has sown and I shall harvest. Follow me, you black fellows, for we had best be off;" and, stooping down, he lifted Suzanne in his arms and walked away with her as though she were a child. For a while they followed the windings of the stream, keeping under cover of the reeds and bushes that grew upon its banks. Then they struck out to the right, taking advantage of a cloud which dimmed the face of the moon for a time, for they wished to reach the kloof without being seen from the wagon. Nor, indeed, were they seen, for the driver and voorlooper were seated by the cooking fire on its further side, smoking and dozing as they smoked. Only the great thoroughbred horse winded them and snorted, pulling at the rein with which he was tied to the hind wheel of the wagon.

"Something has frightened the *schimmel*," said the driver, waking up.

"It is nothing," answered the other boy drowsily; "he is not used to the veldt, he who always sleeps in the house like a man; or perhaps he smells a hyena in the kloof."

"I thought I heard a sound like that of a gun a while ago down yonder by the sea," said the driver again. "Say, brother, shall we go and find what made it?"

"By no means," answered the voorlooper, who did not like walking about at night, fearing lest he should meet spooks. "I have been wide awake and listening all this time, and I heard no gun; nor, indeed, do people go out shooting at night. Also it is our business to watch here by the wagon till our master and mistress return."

"Where can they have gone?" said the driver, who felt frightened, he knew not why. "It is strange that they should be so long away when it is time for them to sleep."

"Who can account for the ways of white people?" answered the other, shrugging his shoulders. "Very often they sit up all night. Doubtless these two will return when they are tired, or perhaps they desire to sleep in the veldt. At any rate, it is not our duty to interfere with them, seeing that they can come to no harm here where there are neither men nor tigers."

"So be it," said the driver, and they both dozed off again till the messenger of ill came to rouse them.

Now Black Piet and his men crept up the kloof carrying Suzanne with them, till they came to a little patch of rocky ground at the head of it where they had left their horses.

"That was very well managed," said Piet, as they loosed them and tightened their girths, "and none will ever know that we have made this journey. Tomorrow the bride and bridegroom will be missed, but the sea has the one and I have the other, and hunt as they may they will never find her, nor guess where she has gone. No, it will be remembered that they walked down to the sea, and folk will think that by chance they fell from the cliff into the deep water and vanished there. Yes, it was well managed, and none can guess the truth."

Now, the man to whom he spoke, that same man with whom the boy Zinti had heard him plot our murder in the Tiger Kloof, shrugged his shoulders and answered:

"I think there is one who will guess."

"Who is that, fool?"

"She about whose neck once I set a rope at your bidding, Bull Head, and whose life was bought by those lips"—and he pointed to Suzanne—"Sihamba Ngenyanga."

"Why should she guess?" asked Piet angrily.

"Has she not done so before? Think of the great *schimmel* and its rider in Tiger Kloof. Moreover, what does her name mean? Does it not mean 'Wanderer by Moonlight,' and was not this great deed of yours, a deed at the telling of which all who hear of it shall grow sick and silent, done in the moonlight, Bull Head?"

Now, as we learned afterwards from a man whom Jan took prisoner, Piet made no answer to this saying, but turned to busy himself with his saddle, for he was always afraid of Sihamba, and would never mention her name unless he was obliged. Soon the horses, most of which were small and of the Basuto breed, were ready to start. On one of the best of them was a soft pad of sheepskins, such as girls used to ride on when I was young, before we knew anything about these new fangled English saddles with leather hooks to hold the rider in her place. On this pad, which had been prepared for her, they set Suzanne, having first tied her feet together loosely with a riem so that she might not slip to the ground and attempt to escape by running. Moreover, as she was still in a swoon, they supported her, Black Piet walking upon one side and a Kafir upon the other. In this fashion they traveled for half an hour or more, until they were deep in among the mountains, indeed, when suddenly, with a little sigh, Suzanne awoke, and glanced about her with wide, frightened eyes. Then memory came back to her, and she understood, and, opening her lips, she uttered one shriek so piercing and dreadful that the rocks of the hills multiplied and

echoed it, and the blood went cold even in the hearts of those savage men.

"Suzanne," said Swart Piet, in a low, hoarse voice, "I have dared much to win you, and I wish to treat you kindly, but if you cry out again, for my own safety's sake and that of those with me, we must gag you."

She made no answer to him, nor did she speak at all except one word, and that word "Murderer!" Then she closed her eyes as though to shut out the sight of his face, and sat silent, saying nothing and doing nothing, even when Piet and the other man who supported her had mounted and pushed their horses to a gallop, leading that on which she rode by a riem.

* * * *

Now it might be thought that after receiving a pistol bullet fired into him at a distance of four paces, and being cast down through fifty feet of space into a pool of the sea, that there was an end of Ralph Kenzie forever on this earth. But, thanks to the mercy of God, this was not so, for the ball had but shattered his left shoulder, touching no vital part, and the water into which he fell was deep, so that, striking against no rock, he rose presently to the surface and, the pool being but narrow, was able to swim to one side of it where the beach shelved. Up that beach he could not climb, however, for he was faint with loss of blood and shock. Indeed, his senses left him while he was in the water, but it chanced that he fell forward and not backward, so that his head rested upon the shelving of the pool, all the rest of his body being beneath its surface. Lying thus, had the tide been rising, he would speedily have drowned, but it had turned, and so, the water being warm, he took no further harm.

Now, Sihamba had not left the stead till some hours after Ralph and his bride had trekked away. She knew where they would outspan, and as she did not wish that they should see her yet, or until they were too far upon their journey to send her back, it was her plan to reach the spot, or rather a hiding place in the kloof within a stone's throw of it, after they had gone to rest. So it came about that at the time when Ralph and Suzanne were surprised by Swart Piet, Sihamba was riding along quietly upon the horse which Jan had given her, accompanied by the lad Zinti, perched upon the strong, brown mule in the midst of cooking pots, bags of meal and biltong, and rolls of blankets. Already, half a mile off or more, she could see the cap of the wagon gleaming white in the moonlight, when suddenly, away to the left, she heard the sound of a pistol shot.

"Now, who shoots in this lonely place at night?" said Sihamba to Zinti. "Had the sound come from the wagon yonder I should think that some one had fired to scare a hungry jackal, but all is quiet at the wagon, and the servants of Swallow are there—for, look, the fire burns."

"I know not, lady," answered Zinti, for Sihamba was given the title of "chieftainness" among the natives who knew something of her birth, "but I am sure that the sound was made by powder."

"Let us go and see," said Sihamba, turning her horse.

For a while they rode on towards the place whence they had heard the shot, till suddenly, when they were near the cliff and in a little fold of ground beyond the ridge of which ran the stream, Sihamba stopped and whispered, "Be silent; I hear voices." Then she slipped from her horse and crept like a snake up the slope of the rise until she reached its crest, where at this spot stood two tufts of last season's grass, for no fires had swept the veldt. From between these tufts, so well hidden herself that unless he had stepped upon her body none could have discovered her, she saw a strange sight.

There, beneath her, within a few paces, indeed, for the ground sloped steeply to the stream, men were passing. The first of these was white, and he carried a white woman in his arms; the rest were Kaffirs, some of whom wore karosses or cotton blankets, and some tattered soldiers' coats and trousers, while all were well armed with "roers" or other guns, and all had powder flasks hung about their necks. Sihamba knew at once that the white man was Swart Piet, and the woman in his arms her mistress, Suzanne. She could have told it from her shape alone, but as it happened, her lead hung down, and the moonlight shone upon her face so brightly that she could see its every feature. Her blood boiled within her as she looked, for now she understood that her fears were just, and that the Swallow, whom she loved above everything in the world, had fallen into the power of the man she hated. At first she was minded to follow and, if might be, to rescue her. Then she remembered the pistol shot, and remembered also that this new made wife would have been with her husband and no other. Where, then, was he now? Without doubt, murdered by Bull Head. If so, it was little use to look for him, and yet something in her heart told her to look.

At that moment she might not help Suzanne, for what could one woman and a Kaffir youth do against so many men? Moreover, she knew whither Van Vooren would take her, and could follow there; but

first she must learn for certain what had been the fate of her husband. So Sihamba lay still beneath the two tufts of grass until the last of the men had passed in silence, glancing about them sullenly as though they feared vengeance for a crime. Then, having noted that they were heading for the kloof, she went back to where Zinti stood in the hollow, holding the horse with one hand and the mule with the other, and beckoned him to follow her.

Very soon, tracing the spoor backwards, they reached the edge of the cliff just where the waterfall fell over it into the sea pool. Here she searched about, noting this thing and that, till at last all grew clear to her. Here Suzanne had lain, for the impress of her shape could still be seen upon the grass. And there a man had been stretched out, for his blood stained the ground. More, he had been dragged to the edge of the cliff, for this was the track of his body and the spoor of his murderer's feet. Look how his heels had sunk into the turf as he took the weight of the corpse in his arms to hurl it over the edge.

"Tie the horse and the mule together, Zinti," she said, "and let us find a path down this precipice."

The lad obeyed wondering, though he too guessed something of what had happened, and after a little search they found a place by which they could descend. Now Sihamba ran to the pool and stood upon its brink scanning the surface with her eyes, till at length she glanced downwards, and there, almost at her feet, three parts of his body yet hidden in the water, lay the man she sought.

Swiftly she sprang to him, and, aided by Zinti, dragged him to dry ground.

"Alas! lady," said the lad, "it is of no use; the baas is dead. Look, he has been shot."

Taking no heed of the words, Sihamba opened Ralph's garments, placing first her hand, then her ear, upon his heart. Presently she lifted her head, a strange light shining in her eyes, and said:

"Nay, he lives, and we have found him in time. Moreover, his wound is not to death. Now help me, for between us we must bear him up the cliff."

So Zinti took him by the middle, while Sihamba supported his legs, and thus between them, with great toil, for the way was very steep, they carried him by a sloping buck's path to the top of the precipice, and laid him upon the mule.

"Which way now?" gasped Zinti, for, being strong, he had borne the weight.

"To the wagon, if they have left it," said Sihamba, and thither they went.

When they were near she crept forward, searching for Swart Piet and his gang, but there were no signs of them, only she saw the driver and his companion nodding by the fire. She walked up to them.

"Do you, then, sleep, servants of Kenzie," she said, "while the Swallow is borne away to the hawk's nest, and the husband of Swallow, your master, is cast by Bull Head back into the sea whence he came?"

Now the men woke up and knew her. "Look, it is Sihamba!" stammered one of them to the other, for he was frightened. "What evil thing has happened, Lady Sihamba?"

"I have told you, but your ears are shut. Come, then, and see with your eyes," and she led them to where Ralph lay in his blood, the water yet dripping from his hair and clothes.

"Alas! he is dead," they groaned, and wrung their hands.

"He is not dead, he will live, for while you slept I found him," she answered. "Swift, now, bring me the wagon box that is full of clothes, and the blankets off the cartel."

They obeyed her, and very quickly and gently—for of all doctors Sihamba was the best—with their help she drew off his wet garments, and, having dried him and dressed his wound with strips of linen, she put a flannel shirt upon him and wrapped him in blankets. Then she poured brandy into his mouth, but, although the spirit brought a little color into his pale face, it did not awaken him, for his swoon was deep.

"Lay him on the cartel in the wagon," she said, and, lifting him, they placed him upon the *rimpi* bed. Then she ordered them to inspan the wagon, and this was done quickly, for the oxen lay tied to the trek tow. When all was ready she spoke to the two men, telling them what had happened so far as she knew it, and adding these words:

"Trek back to the stead as swiftly as you may, one of you sitting in the wagon to watch the Baas Kenzie and to comfort him should he wake out of his swoon. Say to the father and mother of Swallow that I have taken the horses to follow Swart Piet and to rescue her by cunning if so I can, for, as will be plain to them, this is a business that must not wait; also that I have taken with me Zinti, since he alone knows the path to Bull Head's secret hiding place in the mountains. Of that road Zinti will tell you all he can, and you will tell it to the Baas Botmar, who must gather together such men as he is able, and start tomorrow to seek it and rescue us, remembering what sort of peril it is in which his daughter stands. If by any means I can free the Swallow, we will come

to meet him; if not, who knows? Then he must act according to his judgment and to what he learns. But let him be sure of this, and let her husband be sure also, that while I have life in me I will not cease from my efforts to save her, and that if she dies—for I know her spirit, and no worse harm than death will overtake her—then, if may be, I will die with her or to avenge her, and I have many ways of vengeance. Lastly, let them not believe that we are dead until they have certain knowledge of it, for it may chance that we cannot return to the stead, but must lie hid in the mountains or among the Kaffirs. Now hear what Zinti has to say as to the path to Bull Head's den, and begone, forgetting no one of my words, for if you linger or forget, when I come again I will blind your eyes and shrivel your livers with a spell."

"We hear you," they answered, "and remember every word of your message. In three hours the baas shall know it."

Five minutes later they trekked away, and so swiftly did they drive and so good were the oxen that in less than the three hours we were awakened by one knocking on our door, and ran out to learn all the dreadful tidings, and to find Ralph, bleeding and still senseless, stretched upon that cartel where we thought him sleeping happily with his bride.

Oh, the terror and the agony of that hour, never may I forget them! Never may I forget the look that sprang into Ralph's eyes when at last he awoke and, turning them to seek Suzanne, remembered all.

"Why am I here and not dead?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sihamba saved you, and you have been brought back in the wagon," I answered.

"Where, then, is Suzanne?" he asked again.

"Sihamba has ridden to save her also, and Jan starts presently to follow her, and with him others."

"Sihamba!" he groaned. "What can one woman do against Piet van Vooren and his murderers? For the rest, they will be too late. Oh, my God, my God! what have we done that such a thing should fall upon us? Think of it, think of her in the hands of Piet van Vooren. Oh, my God, my God, I shall go mad!" Indeed, I, who watched him, believe that this would have been so, or else his brain had burst beneath its shock of sorrow, had not nature been kind to him and plunged him back into stupor. In this he lay long, until well on into the morrow indeed, or rather the day, for by now it was three o'clock, when the doctor came to take out the pistol ball and set his shattered bone. For, as it chanced, a doctor, and a clever one,

had been sent for from the dorp to visit the wife of a neighbor who lay sick not more than twenty miles away, and we were able to summon him. Indeed, but for this man's skill, the sleeping medicines he gave him to quiet his mind, and, above all, a certain special mercy which shall be told of in its place, I think that Ralph would have died. As it was, seven long weeks went by before he could sit upon a horse.

XVII.

BEFORE the wagon left her, Sihamba took from it Ralph's gun, a very good *roer*, together with powder and bullets. Also she took tinder, a bottle of peach brandy, a blanket, mealies in a small bag, wherewith to bait the horses in case of need, and some other things which she thought might be necessary. These she laded among her own goods upon the mule, that with her horse had been fetched by Zinti and hastily fed with corn. Now, at her bidding, Zinti set Suzanne's saddle upon the back of the *schimmel*, and Ralph's on that of Suzanne's gray mare, which he mounted that the mule might travel lighter. Then Sihamba got upon her own horse, a good and quiet beast which she rode with a sheepskin for a saddle, and they started, Sihamba leading the *schimmel* and Zinti the mule, which, as it chanced, although bad tempered, would follow well on a riem.

Riding up the kloof they soon reached the spot where Van Vooren's band had tethered their horses, and tracked the spoor of them with ease for so long as the ground was soft. Afterwards when they reached the open country, where the grass had been burned off and had only just begun to spring again, this became more difficult, and at length, in that light, impossible. Here they wasted a long time searching for the hoof marks by the rays of the waning moon, only to lose them again as soon as they were found.

"At this pace we shall take as long to reach Bull Head's kraal as did the cow you followed," said Sihamba presently. "Say now, can you find the way to it?"

"Without a doubt, lady; Zinti never forgets a road or a landmark."

"Then lead me there as fast as may be."

"Yes, lady; but Bull Head may have taken the Swallow somewhere else, and if we do not follow his spoor how shall we know where he has hidden her?"

"Fool, I have thought of that!" she answered angrily; "else should I have spent all this time looking for hoof marks in the dark? We must risk it, I say. To his house he has not taken her, for other white folk are living in it, and it is not likely he

would have a second or a better hiding place than that you saw. I say that we must be bold and risk it, since we have no time to lose."

"As you will, mistress," answered Zinti. "Who am I that I should question your wisdom?" and, turning his horse's head, he rode forward across the gloomy veldt as certainly as a homing rock dove wings its flight.

So they traveled till the sun rose behind a range of distant hills. Then Zinti halted and pointed to them.

"Look, lady," he said. "Do you see that peak among the mountains that has a point like a spear, the one that seems as though it were on fire? Well, behind it lies Bull Head's kraal."

"It is far, Zinti, but we must be there by night."

"That may be done, lady, but if so we must spare our horses."

"Good," she answered. "Here is a spring; let us offsaddle a while."

So they offsaddled and ate of the food which they had brought, while the horses filled themselves with the sweet green grass, the *schimmel* being tied to the gray mare, for he would not bear a knee halter.

All that day they rode, not so very fast, but steadily, till towards sunset they offsaddled again beneath the shadow of the spear pointed peak. There was no water at this spot, but seeing a green place upon the slope of a hill close by, Zinti walked to it, leading the thirsty beasts. Presently he threw up his hand and whistled, whereupon Sihamba set out to join him, knowing that he had found a spring. So it proved to be, and now they learned that Sihamba had been wise in heading straight for Swart Piet's hiding place, since round about this spring was the spoor of many horses and of men. Among these was the print of a foot that she knew well, the little foot of Suzanne.

"How long is it since they left here?" asked Sihamba, not as one who does not know, but rather as though she desired to be certified in her judgment.

"When the sun stood there," answered Zinti, pointing to a certain height in the heavens.

"Yes," she answered; "three hours. Bull Head has traveled quicker than I thought."

"No," said Zinti; "but I think that he knew a path through the big vlei, whereas we rode round it, two hours' ride, fearing lest we should be bogged. Here by this spring they stayed till sunset, for it was needful that the horses should feed and rest, since they would save their strength in them."

"Lady," went on Zinti presently, "beyond the neck of the hill yonder lies the secret

kraal of Bull Head. Say now, what is your plan when you reach it?"

"I do not know," she answered; "but tell me again of the hidden krantz where the women built the hut, and of the way to it?"

He told her and she listened, saying nothing.

"Good," she said when he had done. "Now lead me to this place, and then perhaps I will tell my plan, if I have one."

So they started on again, but just as they reached the crest of the neck a heavy thunder storm came up, together with clouds and rain, hiding everything from them.

"Now I suppose that we must stay here till the light comes," said Sihamba.

"Not so, lady," answered Zinti; "I have been up the path once and I can go again in storm or shine;" and he pressed forward, with the lightning flashes for a candle.

Well was that storm for them, indeed, since otherwise they would have been seen, for already Swart Piet had set his scouts about the kraal.

At length Sihamba felt that they were riding among trees, for water dripped from them upon her and their branches brushed her face.

"Here is the wood where the women cut poles for the new hut," whispered Zinti in her ear.

"Then, let us halt," she answered, and dismounting, they tied the three horses and the mule to as many small trees close together.

Now Sihamba took a piece of biltong from a saddle bag and began to eat it, for she knew that she would need all her cleverness and strength. "Take the bag of mealies," she said, "and divide it among the horses and the mule, giving a double share to the *schimmel*."

Zinti obeyed her, and presently all four of the beasts were eating well, for though they had traveled far their loads were light, nor had the pace been pressed.

Sihamba turned and, holding out her hands towards the horses, muttered something rapidly.

"What are you doing, mistress?" asked Zinti.

"I am throwing a charm upon these animals, that they may neither neigh nor whinny till we come again, for if they do so we are lost. Now let us go, and—stay, bring the gun with you, for you know how to shoot."

So they started, slipping through the wet woods like shadows. For ten minutes or more they crept on thus towards the dark line of cliff, Zinti going first and feeling the way with his fingers, till presently he halted.

"Hist!" he whispered. "I smell people."

As he spoke, they heard a sound like to that of some one sliding down rocks. Then a man challenged, saying, "Who passes from the krantz?" and a woman's voice answered, "It is I, Asika, the wife of Bull Head."

"I hear you," answered the man. "Now tell me, Asika, what happens yonder."

"What happens? How do I know what happens?" she answered crossly. "About sunset Bull Head brought home his new wife, a white chieftainess, for whom we built the hut yonder; but the fashions of marriage among these white people must be strange indeed, for this one came to her husband, her feet bound, and with a face like to the face of a dead woman, the eyes set wide and the lips parted. Yes, and they blindfolded her in the wood there and carried her through this hole in the rock down to the hut, where she is shut in."

"I know something of this matter," answered the man; "the white lady is no willing wife to Bull Head, for he killed her husband and took her by force. Yes, yes, I know, for my uncle was one of those with him when the deed was done, and he told me something of it just now."

"An evil deed," said Asika, "and one that will bring bad luck upon all of us; but then, Bull Head, our chief, is an evil man. Oh, I know it who am of the number of his Kafir wives! Say, friend," she went on, "will you walk a little way with me, as far as the first huts of the kraal, for there are ghosts in the wood, and I fear to pass it alone at night."

"I dare not, Asika," he answered, "for I am set here on guard."

"Have no fear, friend, the chief is within seeing to the comfort of his new wife."

"Well, I will come with you a little way if you wish it, but I must be back immediately," he said, and the listeners heard them walk off together.

"Now, Zinti," whispered Sihamba, "lead me through the hole in the rock."

He took her by the hand and felt along the face of the cliff till he found the bush which covered the entrance. To this he climbed, dragging her after him, and presently they were in the secret krantz.

"We have found our way into the spider's nest," muttered Zinti, who grew afraid; "but say, lady, how shall we find our way out of it?"

"Lead on and leave that to me," she answered. "Where I, a woman, can go, surely you who are a man can go also."

"I trust to your magic to protect us—therefore I come," said Zinti, "though if we are seen our death is sure."

On they crept across the glen, till pre-

sently they heard the sound of the small waterfall and saw it glimmering faintly through the gloom and drizzling rain. To their left ran the stream, and on the banks of it stood something large and round.

"There stands the new hut where Swallow is," whispered Zinti.

Now Sihamba thought for a moment and said:

"Zinti, I must find out what passes in that hut. Listen: do you lie hid among the reeds under the bank of the stream, and if you hear me hoot like an owl, then come to me, but not before."

"I obey," answered Zinti, and crept down among the reeds, where he crouched for a long time up to his knees in water, shivering with cold and fear.

XVIII.

GOING on her hands and knees, Sihamba crawled towards the hut. Now she was within ten paces of it and could see that a man stood on guard at its doorway. "I must creep round to the back," she thought, and began to do so, heading for some shrubs which grew to the right. Already she had almost reached them, when of a sudden, and for an instant only, the moon shone out between two thick clouds, revealing her, though indistinctly, to the eyes of the guard. Now, Sihamba was wearing a fur cape made of wild dog's hide, and, crouched as she was upon her hands and knees, half hidden, moreover, by a tuft of grass, the man took her to be a wild dog or a jackal, and the hair which stood out round her head for the ruff upon the animal's neck.

"Take that, you four legged night thief!" he said aloud, and hurled the assagai in his hand straight at her. The aim was good; indeed, had she been a dog it would have transfixed her. As it was, the spear passed just beneath her body, pinning the hanging edge of the cape and remaining fixed in the tough leather. Now, had Sihamba's wit left her, as would have happened with most, she was lost, but not for nothing had she been a witch doctress from her childhood, skilled in every artifice and accustomed to face death. From his words she guessed that the man had mistaken her for a wild beast, so instead of springing to her feet she played the part of one, and uttering a howl of pain scrambled away among the bushes. She heard the man start to follow her, then the moonlight went out, and he returned to his post grumbling over the lost assagai and saying that he would find it in the jackal's body on the morrow. Sihamba, listening not far away, knew his voice; it was that of the man who had set the noose about her neck at

Swart Piet's bidding, and who was to have done the murder in the pass.

"Now, friend, you are unarmed," she thought to herself, "for you have no gun with you, and perhaps we shall settle our accounts before you go to seek that dead jackal by tomorrow's light." Then drawing the assagai from the cloak and keeping it in her hand, she crept on till she came to the back of the hut in safety. Still, she was not much nearer to her end, for the hut was new and very well built, and she could find no crack to look through, though when she placed her ear against its side she thought that she could hear the sound of a man's voice. In her perplexity Sihamba cast her eyes upwards and saw that a fine line of light shone from the smoke hole at the very top of the hut, which was hive shaped.

"If I can climb up there," she said to herself, "I can look down through the smoke hole and see and hear what passes in the hut. Only then if the moon comes out again I may be seen lying on the thatch; well, that I must chance with the rest." So, very slowly and silently, by the help of the *rimpis* which bound the straw, she climbed the dome of the hut, laughing to herself to think that this was the worst of omens for its owner, till at length she reached the smoke hole at the top and looked down.

This was what she saw: Half seated, half lying, upon a rough bedstead spread with blankets, was Suzanne. Her hair had come undone and hung about her, her feet were still loosely bound together, and, as the Kaffir Asika had said, her face was like the face of a dead woman, and her eyes were set in a fixed, unnatural stare. Before her was a table cut by natives out of a single block of wood, on which were two candles of sheep fat set in bottles, and beyond the table stood Swart Piet, who was addressing her.

"Suzanne," he said, "listen to me. I have always loved you, Suzanne; yes, from the time when I was but a boy. We used to meet now and again, you know, when you were out riding with the Englishman, who is dead"—here Suzanne's face changed, then resumed its deathlike mask—"and always I worshiped you, and always I hated the Englishman, whom you favored. Well, as you grew older you began to understand and dislike me, and Kenzie began to understand and insult me, and from that seed of slight and insult grew all that is bad in me. Yes, Suzanne, you will say that I am wicked, and I am wicked. I have done things of which I should not like to tell you. I have done such things as you saw last night, I have mixed myself up with Kaffir wizardries and cruelties, I have be-

come the owner of Kafir women—there are some of them round here, as you may see—I have forgotten God and the Saviour; nay, daily I blaspheme Them by word and deed; I have murdered, I have stolen, I have borne false witness, and so far from honoring my own father, why, I killed the dog when he was drunk and dared me to it. Well, I owed him nothing less for begetting me into such a world as this. And now, standing before you as I do here, with your husband's blood upon my hands, and seeking your love over his grave, you will look at me and say, 'This man is a devil, an inhuman monster, a madman, one who should be cast from the earth and stamped deep, deep into hell.' Yes, all these things I am, and let the weight of them rest upon your head, for you made me them, Suzanne. I am mad, I know that I am mad, as my father and grandfather were before me, but I am mad with knowledge, for in me runs the blood of the old Pondo witch doctress, my grandmother, she who knew many things that are not given to white men. When I saw you and loved you I became half mad—before that I was sane—and when the Englishman, Kenzie, struck me with the whip after our fight at the sheep kraal, ah! then I went wholly mad, and see how wisely, for you are the first fruits of my madness, you and the body that tonight rolls to and fro in the ocean. Now, look you, Suzanne: I have won you by craft and blood, and by craft and blood I will keep you. Here you are in my power, here God Himself could not save you from me, in Bull Head's secret krantz that none know of but some few natives. Choose, therefore, forget the sins that I have committed to win you, and become mine willingly, and no woman shall ever find a better husband, for then the fire and the tempest will leave my brain and it will grow calm as it was before I saw you. Have you no answer? Well I will not hurry you. See, I must go—do you know what for? To set scouts lest by chance your father or other fools should have found my hiding place, though I think that they can never find it except it be through the wisdom of Sihamba, which they will not seek. Still, I go, and in an hour I will return for your answer, Suzanne, since, whether you desire it or desire it not, fortune has given you to me. Have you no word for me before I go?"

Now, during all this long, half insane harangue, Suzanne had sat quite silent, making no answer at all, not even seeming to see the demon, for such he was, whose wicked talk defiled her ears; but when he asked her whether she had nothing to say to him before he went, still looking not at him but beyond him, she gave him his answer

in one word, the same that she had used when she awoke from her swoon:

"Murderer!"

Something in the tone in which she spoke, or perhaps in the substance of that short speech, seemed to cow him; at least, he turned and left the hut, and presently Sihamba heard him talking to the sentry without, bidding him to keep close watch till he came back within an hour.

When Piet went out he left the door board of the hut open, so that Sihamba dared neither act nor speak, fearing lest the guard should hear or see her. Therefore she still lay upon the top of the hut, and watched through the smoke hole. For a while Suzanne sat quiet upon the bed, then of a sudden she rose from it and, shuffling across the hut as well as her bound feet would allow her, closed the opening with the door board, and secured it by its wooden bar. Next she returned to the bed, and, seated upon it, clasped her hands and began to pray, muttering aloud and mixing with her prayer the name of her husband Ralph. Ceasing presently, she thrust her hand into her bosom and drew from it a knife, not large, but strong and very sharp. Opening this knife she cut the thong that bound her ankles, and made it into a noose. Then she looked earnestly first at the noose, next at the knife, and thirdly at the candles, and Sihamba understood that she meant to do herself to death, and was choosing between steel and rope and fire.

Now, all this while, although she dared not so much as whisper, Sihamba had not been idle, for with the blade of the assagai she was working gently at the thatch of the smoke hole, and cutting the *rimpis* that bound it, till at last, and not too soon, she thought that it was wide enough to allow of the passage of her small body. Then, watching until the guard leaned against the hut, so that the bulge of it would cut her off from his sight during the instant that her figure was outlined against the sky, she stood up, and, thrusting her feet through the hole, forced her body to follow them, and then dropped lightly as a cat to the floor beneath. But now there was another danger to be faced, and a great one, namely, that Suzanne might cry out in fear, which doubtless she would have done had not the sudden appearance of some living creature in the hut where she thought herself alone so startled her that for a moment she lost her breath. Before she could find it again Sihamba was whispering in her ear saying:

"Keep silence for your life's sake, Swallow. It is I, Sihamba, who am come to save you."

Suzanne stared at her, and light came back

into the empty eyes; then they grew dark again as she answered below her breath:

"Of what use is my life? Ralph is dead, and I was about to take it that I may save myself from shame and go to seek him, for surely God will forgive the sin."

Sihamba looked at her and said:

"Swallow, prepare yourself for a great joy, and, above all, do not cry out. Your husband is not dead, he was but wounded, and I drew him living from the sea. He lies safe at the stead in your mother's care."

Suzanne heard her, and, notwithstanding her caution, she would have cried aloud in the madness of her joy had not Sihamba, seeing her lips opened, thrust her hands upon her mouth and held them there till the danger was past.

"You do not lie to me?" she gasped at length.

"Nay, I speak truth; I swear it. But this is no time to talk. Yonder stand food and milk; eat while I think."

As Sihamba guessed, nothing but a little water had passed Suzanne's lips since that meal which she and her husband took together beside the wagon, nor one minute before could she have swallowed anything had her life been the price of it. But now it was different, for despair had left her and hope shone in her heart again, and behold! of a sudden she was hungry, and ate and drank with gladness, while Sihamba thought.

Presently the little woman looked up and whispered:

"A plan comes into my head; it is a strange one, but I can find no other, and it may serve our turn, for I think that good luck goes with us. Swallow, give me that noose of hide which you made from the riem that bound your feet."

Suzanne obeyed her, wondering, whereon she placed the noose about her neck, then bade Suzanne stand upon the bed and thrust the end of the riem loosely into the thatch of the hut as high up as she could reach, so that it looked as though it were made fast there. Next, Sihamba slipped off her fur cloak, leaving herself naked except for the *moocha* around her middle, and, clasping her hands behind her back with the assagai between them, she drew the riem taut and leaned against the wall of the hut, after the fashion of one who is about to be pulled from the ground and strangled.

"Now, mistress, listen to me," she said earnestly. "You have seen me like this before, have you not, when I was about to be hanged, and you bought my life at a price? Well, as it chanced, that man who guards the hut is he who took me at Bull Head's bidding, and set the rope round my neck, whereon I said some words to him

which made him afraid. Now if he sees me again thus in a hut where he knows you to be alone, he will think that I am a ghost and his heart will turn to ice, and the strength of his hands to water, and then before he can find his strength again I will make an end of him with the spear, as I know well how to do, although I am so small, and we will fly."

"Is there no other way?" murmured Suzanne, aghast.

"None, Swallow. For you the choice lies between witnessing this deed and—Swart Piet. Nay, you need not witness it, even, if you will do as I tell you. Presently, when I give the word, loosen the bar of the door board, then crouch by the hole and utter a low cry of fear, calling to the man on guard for help. He will enter and see me, whereon you can creep through the door hole and wait without, leaving me to deal with him. If I succeed, I will be with you at once; if I fail, run to the stream and hoot like an owl, when Zinti, who is hidden there, will join you. Then you must get out of the krantz as best you can. Only one man watches the entrance, and, if needful, Zinti can shoot him. The *schimmel* and other horses are hidden in the wood, and he will lead you to them. Mount and ride for home, or anywhere away from this accursed place, and at times, when you talk of the manner of your escape with your husband, think kindly of Sihamba Ngenyanga. Nay, do not answer, for there is little time to lose. Quick, now, to the door hole, and do as I bade you."

So, like one in a dream, Suzanne loosened the bar, and, crouching by the entrance to the hut, uttered a low wail of terror, saying, "Help me, soldier, help me swiftly," in the Kaffir tongue. The man without heard and, pushing down the board, crept in at once, saying, "Who harms you, lady?" as he rose to his feet. Then suddenly, in this hut where there was but one woman, a white woman, whom he himself had carried into it, he beheld another woman—Sihamba; and his hair stood up on his head and his eyes grew round with terror. Yes, it was Sihamba herself, for the light of the candles shone full upon her, or, rather, her ghost, and she was hanging to the roof, the tips of her toes just touching the ground, as once he had seen her hang before.

For some seconds he stared in his terror, and while he stared Suzanne slipped from the hut. Then muttering, "It is the spirit of the witch Sihamba, her spirit that haunts me," he dropped to his knees and, trembling like a leaf, turned to creep from the hut. Next second he was dead, dead without a sound, for Sihamba was a doctress and knew well where to thrust with the spear.

Of all this Suzanne heard nothing and saw nothing, till presently Sihamba stood by her side holding the skin cape in one hand and the spear in the other.

"Now one danger is done with," she said quietly, as she put on the cape, "but many still remain. Follow me, Swallow;" and going to the edge of the stream, she hooted like an owl, whereupon Zinti came out of the reeds, looking very cold and frightened.

"Be swift," whispered Sihamba, and they started along the krantz at a run. Before they were half way across it the storm clouds, which had been thinning gradually, broke up altogether, and the moon shone out with a bright light, showing them as plainly as though it were day; but, as it chanced, they met nobody and were seen of none.

At length they reached the cleft in the rock that led to the plain below. "Stay here," said Sihamba, "while I look;" and she crept to the entrance. Presently she returned and said:

"A man watches there, and it is not possible to slip past him because of the moonlight. Now, I know of only one thing that we can do; and you, Zinti, must do it. Slip down the rock and cover the man with your gun, saying to him that if he stirs a hand or speaks a word you will shoot him dead. Hold him thus till we are past you on our way to the wood, then follow us as best you can, but do not fire except to save your life or ours."

Now, the gifts of Zinti lay rather in tracking and remembering paths and directions than in fighting men, so that when he heard this order he was afraid and hesitated. But when she saw it Sihamba turned upon him so fiercely that he feared her more than the watchman, and went at once, so that this man, who was half asleep, suddenly saw the muzzle of a *roer* within three paces of his head and heard a voice command him to stand still and silent or die. Thus he stood, indeed, until he perceived that the new wife of his chief was escaping, and then, remembering what would be his fate at the hands of Bull Head, he determined to take his chance of being shot, and turning suddenly, sped towards the kraal shouting as he ran,

whereon Zinti fired at him, but the shot went wide. A cannon could scarcely have made more noise than did the great *roer* in the silence of the night as the report of it echoed to and fro among the hills.

"Oh, fool to fire, and yet greater fool to miss!" said Sihamba. "To the horses! Swift! swift!"

They ran as the wind runs, and now they were in the wood, and now they had found the beasts.

"Praise to the Snake of my house!" said Sihamba, "they are safe, all four of them;" and very quickly they untied the riems by which they had fastened the horses.

"Mount, Swallow!" said Sihamba, holding the head of the great *schimmel*.

Suzanne set her foot upon the shoulder of Zinti, who knelt to receive it, and sprang into the saddle; then, having lifted Sihamba on to the gray mare, he mounted the other horse, holding the mule by a leading rein.

"Which way, mistress?" he asked.

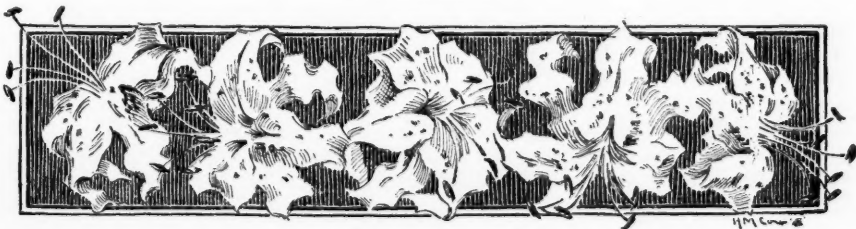
"Homewards," she answered, and they cantered forward through the wood.

On the further side of this wood was a little sloping plain not more than three hundred paces wide, and beyond it lay the seaward *nek* through which they must pass on their journey to the stead. Already they were out of the wood and upon the plain, when from their right a body of horsemen swooped towards them, seven in all, of whom one, the leader, was Swart Piet himself, cutting them off from the *nek*. They halted their horses as though to a word of command, and speaking rapidly, Sihamba asked of Zinti: "Is there any other pass through yonder range, for this one is barred to us?"

"None that I know of," he answered; "but I have seen that the ground behind us is flat and open as far as the great peak which you saw rising on the plain away beyond the sky line."

"Good," said Sihamba. "Let us head for the peak, since we have nowhere else to go, and if we are separated, let us agree to meet upon its southern slope. Now, Zinti, loose the mule, for we have our lives to save, and ride on, remembering that death is close behind you."

(To be continued.)



ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

"THE UGLY SNOW MAN."

A peculiar and rather amusing chapter in the annals of contemporary art is furnished by the adventures of the statue of Balzac recently designed by the celebrated Parisian sculptor, Rodin. Incidentally, it shows that New York is not the only city in which a difference of artistic opinion sometimes generates what is termed in the vernacular a "row."

It began when the Society of Men of Letters, of which Zola was president at the time, decided that the great French novelist should have a statue erected to his honor, and commissioned Rodin to model one. The result astonished everybody. Some called it a work of immense power; others declared that it was a shapeless, grotesque mass, with no resemblance to Balzac and little to humanity. The Men of Letters took the latter view, and refused to accept the statue. The sculptor threatened a lawsuit. The municipal council was appealed to, but it hesitated to authorize the erection of so peculiar an object. Then an admirer of Rodin bought the statue, paying twenty thousand francs for it, and announcing his intention of setting it up in his private garden. Thereupon other admirers started a movement to purchase it from him, and to secure a place for it in some Parisian park or square. Here the matter stood at the latest advices, the present owner of the statue having declared his willingness to turn it over to the public at the price he paid for it. It is said that the city of Brussels has also offered to buy and erect it.

"The first impression," writes an English critic, who does not take sides in the controversy, "is that of an extraordinary grotesque, a something monstrous and superhuman. Under an old dressing gown, with empty sleeves, the man stands with his hands held together in front of him and head thrown back. . . . There is something uncanny in the head; the jaws are so large that they seem to fall on the great chest and form a part of it; and then the cavernous hollows

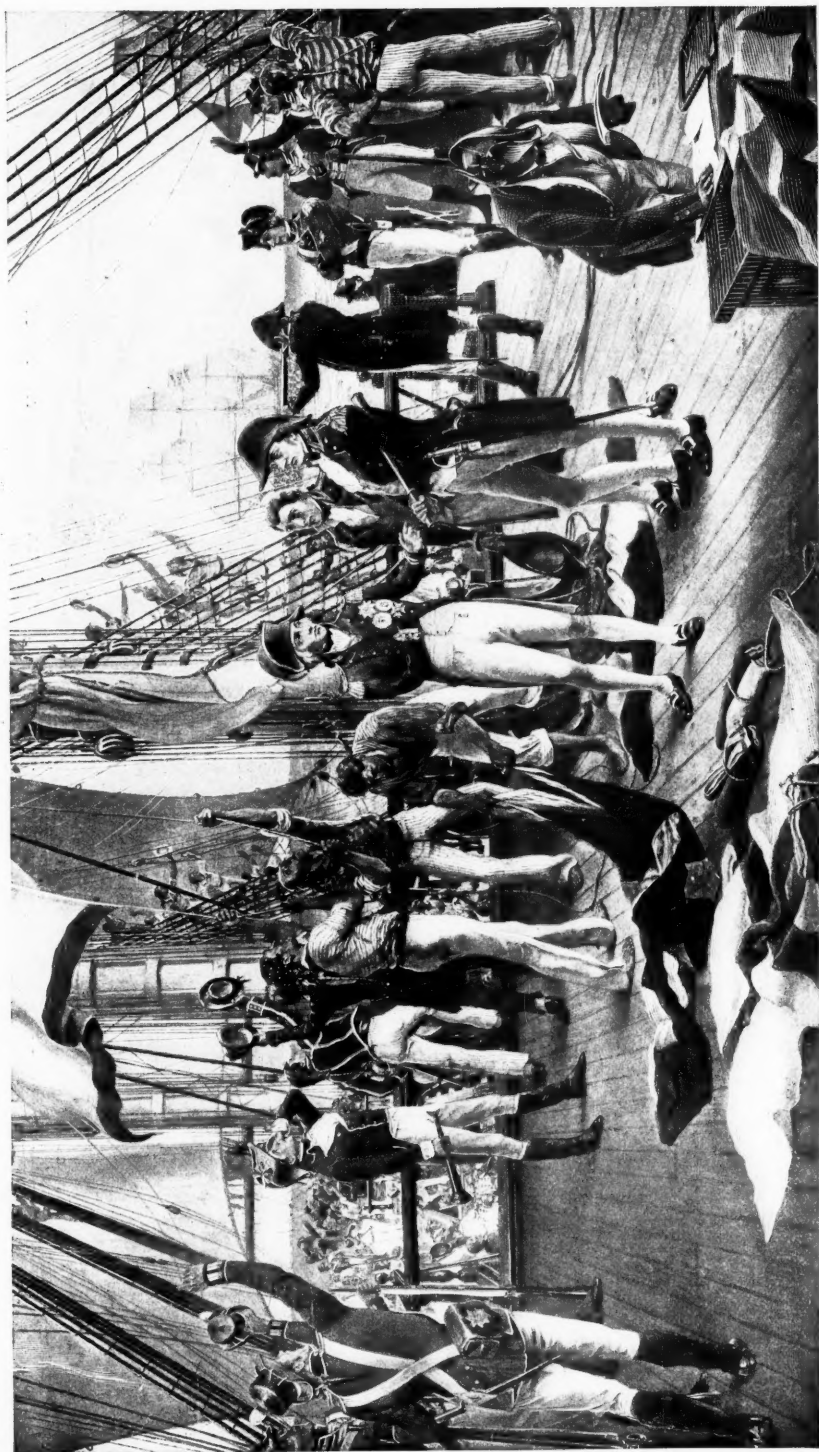
of the eyes, without eyeballs or sight! There is something demoniac in the thing that thrills the blood."

"For my own part," says M. Rodin himself, "I feel that I have realized my conception absolutely. I wished to show the great worker haunted at night with an idea, and rising to transcribe it at his writing desk."

Painting, we know, represents night scenes without color; Rodin seems to have had the idea that sculpture should represent one almost without form—truly a bold and interesting experiment.

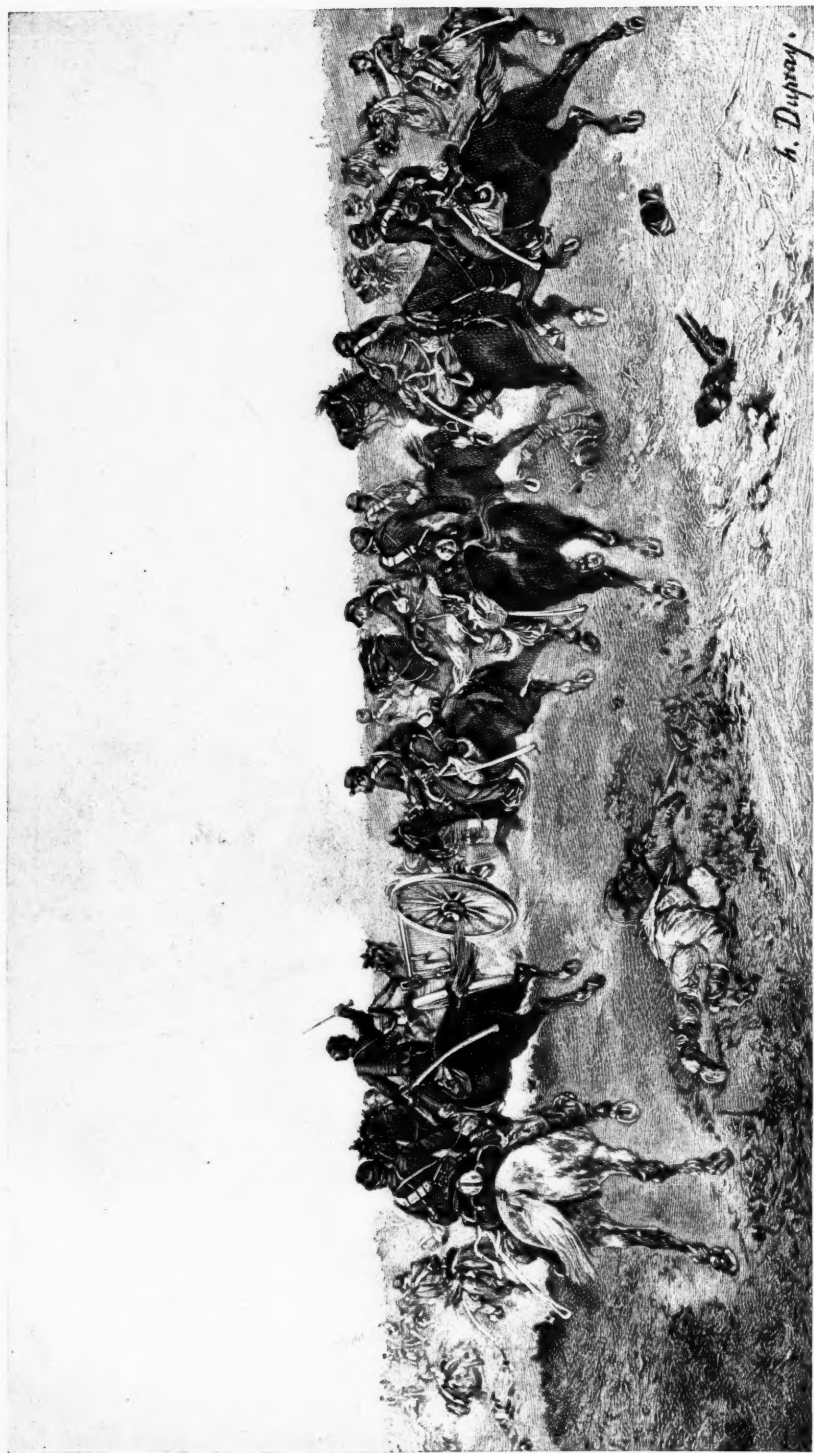
NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

Davidson's "Nelson's Last Signal," reproduced on page 877, is a careful historical study as well as a fine picture. It is a very accurate rendering of the scene on board the famous old Victory—which is still afloat in Portsmouth harbor, a memento of the picturesque days of seventy four gun ships of the line—as it at least may have been at half past eleven o'clock on the eventful morning of October 21, 1805. Nelson, his right sleeve empty of the arm he lost at Teneriffe, his breast covered with orders, is talking with Captain Hardy of the Victory (who has a telescope under his arm) and Captain Blackwood, of the frigate Euryalus. The admiral's secretary, Mr. Scott, who is bending over a chest at the right, had urged Nelson not to go into battle with the decorations on his coat, representing that it would be almost certain death in an action that was to be fought muzzle to muzzle, the French and Spaniards having a practice—the American troops at Santiago may remember something of the same sort—of posting sharpshooters in their tops to pick off the enemy's officers. Nelson declined to lay aside his admiral's insignia, but agreed to the request of Blackwood and Hardy that two other ships, the Leviathan and Temeraire, should be ordered to press ahead of the Victory. As, however, he refused to allow sail shortened to permit them to pass, the execution of the order was im-



NELSON'S LAST SIGNAL AT TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

From the painting by Thomas Davidson—Copyright, 1897, by the British Art Publishers' Union, New York.



A BATTERY OF FRENCH LIGHT ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION IN THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE, AUGUST 18, 1870.

From a photographure by Jean Bussard, Manzi, Joyant & Co., after the painting by Dupray.



WELLINGTON AT BADAJOZ—THE SCENE ON THE SHATTERED WALLS OF THE GREAT SPANISH FORTRESS STORMED AND CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH APRIL 6, 1812. WELLINGTON IS SAID TO HAVE WEPT WHEN HE SAW HOW FRIGHTFUL HAD BEEN THE SLAUGHTER OF HIS MEN, 3500 OF WHOM FELL IN THE ASSAULT.

From the painting by R. Caton Woodville—Copyright, 1897, by the British Art Publishers' Union.



"FLOREAT ETONA!"—AN INCIDENT OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY THE BRITISH UPON THE BOERS AT LAING'S NECK, JANUARY 28, 1881—FROM THE PAINTING BY LADY BUTLER.

"Poor Elwes fell among the Fifty Eighth. He shouted to another Eton boy, adjutant of the Fifty Eighth, whose horse had been shot: 'Come along, Monck! Floreat Etona! We must be in the front rank!' and he was shot immediately."

possible, and he led the way into action, steering the Victory straight at the biggest vessel in Villeneuve's fleet, the Spanish Santissima Trinidad, which carried a hundred and thirty six guns.

At ten minutes to twelve the allies opened fire, and Nelson ordered the commander of the Euryalus to his frigate, bidding him pass final instructions down the British line that if any captain could not understand his signals, or could not carry out his sailing orders, he might take any course that would bring him quickly and closely alongside of an enemy's ship.

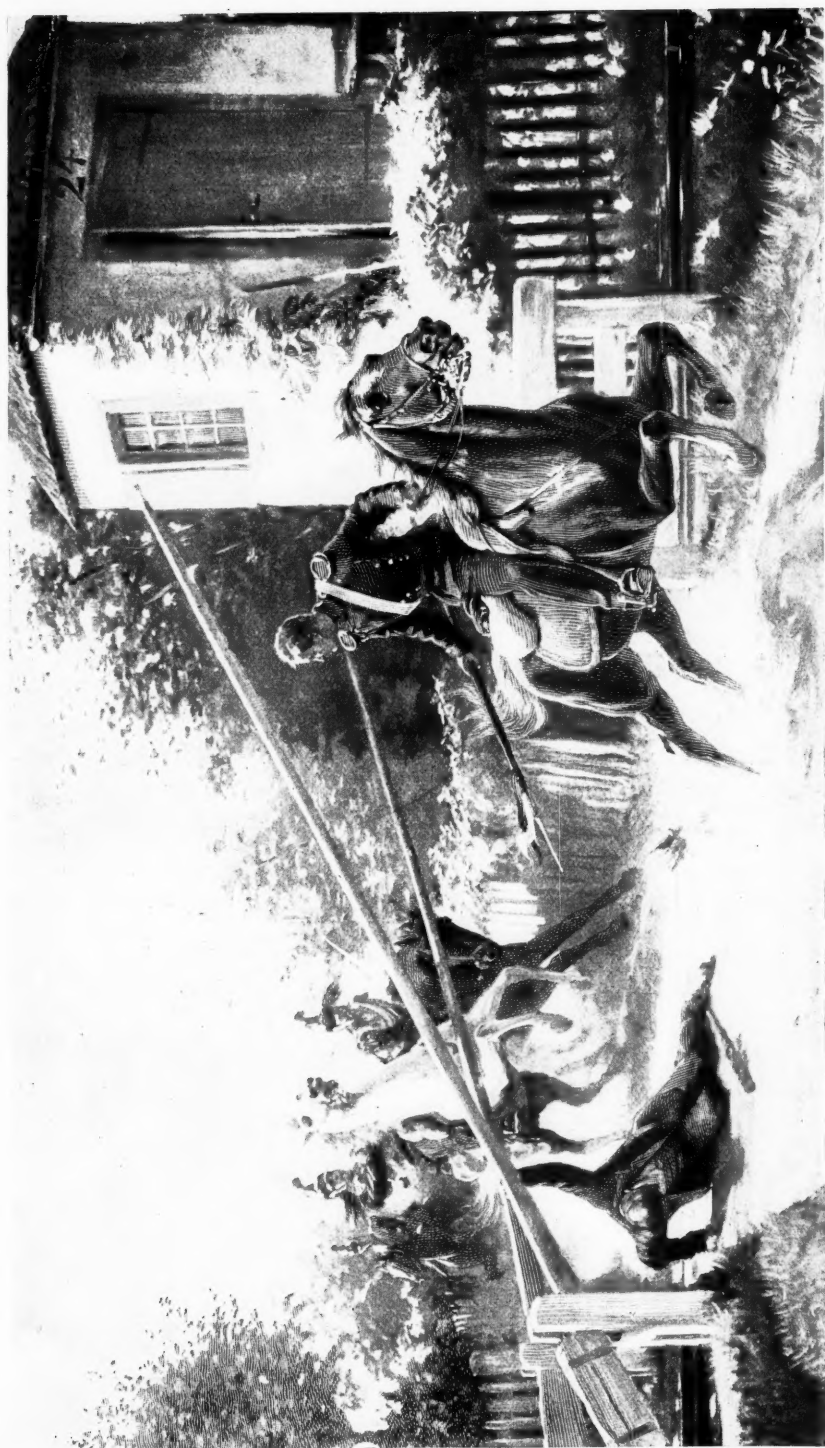
One of the first to fall on the Victory was Mr. Scott, struck by a solid shot from the Trinidad; and it was not long before a bullet from the mizzen top of the Redoubtable, a French vessel which lay on the other side of Nelson's flagship,

stretched the admiral, mortally wounded, on the spot where the deck was wet with his secretary's blood.

A REMBRANDT EXHIBITION.

Every art lover would wish to be in Amsterdam this month. The old Dutch city is to have a great exhibition of the works of Rembrandt, who died in Amsterdam, and painted many of his best pictures there. It will probably be the finest collection of the canvases of the great master of light and shade that has ever been brought together. Several continental galleries will contribute, and a number of paintings will be loaned by English owners, among whom are Queen Victoria and the Dukes of Westminster and Devonshire.

There are some fine Rembrandts in



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"THROUGH!"—A UHLMAN'S RACE FOR LIFE, PURSUED BY FRENCH CUIRASSIERS.

From the painting by A. von Roessler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.



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"AT WATERLOO"—NAPOLEON'S GUARDS SALUTE THE EMPEROR AS THEY MARCH FORWARD TO MAKE THEIR LAST DESPERATE ASSAULT ON WELLINGTON'S "THIN RED LINE."

From the painting by E. Crofts—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.



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"PARTING."

From the painting by Rudlf Eichstaedt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.



"AN EASTERN PRINCESS."

From the painting by A. Enault.

America, but none of these, so far as we are aware, will go to Amsterdam.

* * * *

A painting by Sir John Millais, which sold for \$8,500 last year, brought just

half that sum when put up at auction in London early in July. It is freely predicted that the extraordinary popularity that Millais enjoyed in England during his life will not last after his death.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR.

Charles Herbert Allen, the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy, does not furnish as much "copy" for the newspaper writers as did his predecessor, Colonel Roosevelt, but he has already proved himself the right man in the right place. He is a rapid and effective worker, and fair and generous in his dealings with his subordinates.

Mr. Allen's last public service, before his recent appointment, was as member of the House from the Lowell district of Massachusetts. He was not especially conspicuous then, but he was regarded as a man of ability, and was a general favorite in the House and in the press gallery.

He is an excellent amateur photographer, and took keen delight, while in

Congress, in surprising his colleagues in grotesque attitudes with a snap shot camera. One day he received a letter from a constituent, a soldier's widow in Lowell, saying that her husband was buried somewhere at Arlington, and that she longed above all things to know how his grave was marked. She was poor, and a journey to Washington was out of the question. Congressman Allen took his camera in a buggy, drove out to Arlington one sweltering day in August, hunted up the grave, and photographed it. Then he developed the picture, had it framed, and sent it with a pleasant note to the waiting widow at home.

And this was only one of many kindly acts laid to Mr. Allen's credit while in Congress. He has hundreds of well wishers in Washington who rejoice in his



CHARLES H. ALLEN, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO SUCCEEDED THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From a photograph by Westcott, Lowell.



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO IS NOW IN ARCTIC WATERS, ENDEAVORING TO WIN FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG THE "FARTHEST NORTH" RECORD, NOW HELD BY DR. NANSEN.

From a photograph by Murceau, San Francisco.

recent promotion and predict great things for him.

A SOLDIER SENATOR.

A recent article in MUNSEY'S gave a series of sketches of prominent Confederate veterans, but the necessary limits of space made it impossible to include all the survivors of those who led the armies of the South. Perhaps the most important

figure omitted was that of General Bate, the soldier Senator from Tennessee.

Senator Bate's first military service dates back to the war with Mexico, in which he was a private. In 1861 he shouldered his musket again for the Confederacy, and won his way up to a major generalship. Like not a few other veterans, he has found his good record as a soldier a stepping stone to high place in

political life, having been twice elected Governor, and twice to the Senate.

lit a cigar since a certain war time afternoon, when he was riding with his brother



MRS. ROBERT E. PEARY, WIFE OF THE WELL KNOWN AMERICAN EXPLORER.

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.

Senator Bate is one of the few public men who do not smoke. He has never through the Tennessee mountains, at a point where the hostile armies lay within

striking distance of each other. He had struck a match to light his cigar, but the wind blew it out. As he struck another, he heard the song of a shell that passed very close to him, but he paid no attention to it till a moment later, when he looked round to see the horse beside him riderless

father's lifelong friend, James N. Buffum, who was in the lumber business in Boston. Afterwards he spent many years as a bank teller and cashier, but since 1883 he has been established in the New England metropolis as a dealer in investment securities.



WILLIAM B. BATE, FORMERLY A CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL, AND NOW UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

and quivering, and his brother a shapeless corpse at his feet. The Senator has told this story, and added that if he lit another cigar it would bring back the terrible scene of his brother's death.

THE GREAT ABOLITIONIST'S SON.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, is the son and namesake of the famous abolitionist orator, and is himself an interesting personality. The publisher of the *Liberator* was not a rich man, and young Garrison had nothing more than a public school education when he went to work for a living with his

Mr. Garrison's prominence is in the intellectual side of Boston life. He is a student of public affairs who has never sought political promotion. Some years ago he publicly announced his belief in the doctrines of the late Henry George. In the last Presidential campaign, however, he refused to follow the single tax leader into the Bryan camp, and threw his efforts to the side of honest money. His speeches are models of English. He almost invariably reads them from manuscript, but his delivery has much of his father's magnetism, and his elocution is so perfect that one soon forgets what in



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, OF BOSTON, SON AND NAMESAKE OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ORATOR AND ABOLITIONIST.

From a photograph by Allen & Rowell, Boston.

other platform orators it would not be so easy to pardon.

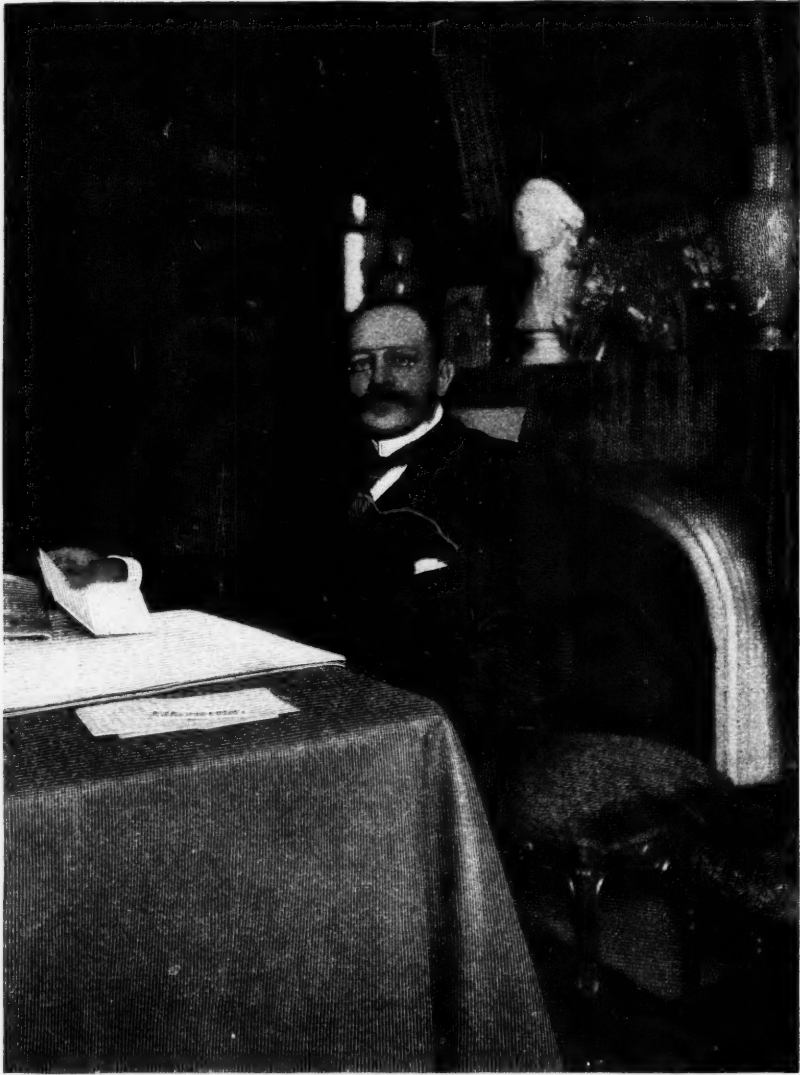
THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

In sending Jules Cambon as ambassador to Washington, the French government showed its appreciation of the importance of the post, for M. Cambon, though he was scarcely known in this country before he came here, is one of the very best and ablest of France's public servants. He is a politician who has stood aloof from the feverish strife of parties, and who holds a place comparable to that of Lord Dufferin in England.

He won his reputation as governor general of Algeria, where he spent the seven years previous to his appointment to the American embassy. France has had a difficult problem in her great African dependency. In the past, and in other parts of the world, she has recorded a long list of failures as a governing and colonizing power, but in Algeria it looks as if she was to be credited with a success; and no small share in this result is

due to M. Cambon. His administration effected a great change in the condition of the province that was once the stronghold of Arab pirates and Kabyle fanatics, and that has now become a land of vineyards and orange groves, a new and beautiful playground for the civilized world. He found it a military proconsulate, where the Mahometans were held as a conquered race, subject to the constant rigors of martial law. He gave it complete religious freedom, and did so much for the natives that for the first time since the French conquest of sixty years ago they are thoroughly contented and loyal to the existing régime.

Before he went to Algiers M. Cambon was successively prefect of two important departments in France and secretary general to the prefecture of Parisian police. As a young man he fought in the war with Germany, with the rank of captain of the Garde Mobile, and is said to have made his mark for gallantry in the field. He is a blue eyed, gray haired man of middle height, who carries his



M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

fifty years lightly, and has the step and bearing of a soldier. He left his family in Paris, where his children are being educated; but they may come to Washington later on.

THE MAKER OF THE GATLING.

Richard Jordan Gatling, with the prefix "Dr." added to his name to show that he once studied medicine, though he never practised it, is one of the remark-

able men of the century. He was born near Murfreesboro, North Carolina, September 12, 1818, and thus is nearly eighty years of age. Yet his mental and physical activity is undiminished. Today he has completed a task which promises to be the crowning work of his inventive genius—a gun twenty four feet long, weighing fifteen tons, and with an eight inch caliber—the largest high power gun ever cast in one piece.

In 1861 he invented the great revolving battery gun which bears his name. Its appearance marked the beginning of the development of rapid firing artillery, which during the lifetime of the present

trades, to none of which he had been apprenticed, was extraordinary. Yet he was a man of considerable culture for those old North Carolina days. From this father the R. J. Gatling of today in-



RICHARD JORDAN GATLING, INVENTOR OF THE GATLING GUN, WHO CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY THIS MONTH.

From a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.

generation has revolutionized the methods of warfare.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Gatling's first inventions were more peaceful in their purpose. A steam plow and a cotton seed sowing machine were among his earlier devices, and from the latter, invented before he had attained his majority, he reaped at one time quite an income.

Dr. Gatling's father was a remarkable man. His knowledge of mechanical

herits his inventive faculties, and those qualities of temperance and thrift which at four score have left him in possession of all the powers of his mind, and much of the physical energy of youth.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.

When William J. Bryan said the other day that "the Governor of Nebraska not only occupies the executive chair, but fills it," he voiced the sentiment of a very

large number of the citizens of the State beyond the Missouri. Governor Holcomb's political and financial views do not precisely coincide with those that find most favor in the Eastern States. He is an earnest populist and an outspoken advocate of free silver coinage, and has said many severe things about the iniquities supposed to be practised by the railroad

By profession he is a lawyer, and before his first election to his present post he was a district judge. It is quite possible that next year may see him in the United States Senate.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

A bishop is generally regarded as a personage hedged about by a certain sort of



SILAS A. HOLCOMB, GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN WESTERN POLITICS.

From a photograph by Hayden, Lincoln.

corporations who cannot make their rates low enough to suit the grangers of his State; but even his political opponents—and political antagonisms are somewhat heated in Nebraska—concede his honesty of purpose.

Governor Holcomb's last administration has been particularly stormy. It opened with the discovery of a serious deficit in the accounts of the outgoing State treasurer; it is drawing toward a close with the guilty official in the penitentiary, and with most of the shortage recovered from his bondsmen.

The governor is an Indianian by birth, a Nebraskan by twenty years' residence.

majesty—especially in England, where he is a part of the state establishment, and sits at Westminster with the peers of the realm. Yet never was there a more frank and democratic interview than a recent one between Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of London, and an English journalist. This is the way in which the outspoken prelate discussed the duties and difficulties of his office:

"There could not possibly be anything more ghastly, from a human point of view, than being a bishop. When I was offered Peterborough"—Dr. Creighton was Bishop of Peterborough before going to the more important see of London—"I

consulted an old friend. He said: 'You are strong and wiry; you'll make a good bishop. Take it.' I went to the dear old Bishop of Oxford. 'You are good at organization,' he said, 'and will make a good bishop. Take it.'

"I think England the most extraordinary country in the world, and its clergy the most extraordinary people in it. They do an immense amount of good work, but they are the most self centered, undisciplined, and difficult people I ever came across. I am very fond of them; it is one of the functions of a bishop to love his clergy; but with your true British spirit, each man thinks that the entire organization of the diocese is central around his particular parish. Each thinks that the bishop exists chiefly for the purpose of preaching in his church; that his own special grievance must be settled so as to give him as little inconvenience as possible; that his particular form of ceremonial is the only one the church has ever used; and that he 'knows something of canon law,' whereas, as a matter of fact, hardly any one understands what canon law is."

A RISING GERMAN STATESMAN.

Baron von Thielmann, who is remembered here as German minister at Washington, and who is now secretary of the imperial treasury in Berlin, is one of the rising men in the Kaiser's official family. He is credited with an ambition to succeed Hohenlohe in the chancellorship, and it is by no means impossible that he may reach the goal, for the emperor likes him, his ability is unquestioned, and the Thielmanns have a reputation for getting what they want.

The family comes from Saxony. The baron's grandfather was with the Prussian commissioners who went to Napoleon's headquarters to sue for peace after the disastrous campaign of Jena. The Corsican conqueror, with his marvelously quick judgment of men, recognized in Thielmann a person who might be of use to him. He asked him a question or two regarding his sovereign, the King of Saxony. The captain of hussars understood, and a few days later Saxony renounced her alliance with Prussia, and became a willing vassal to the man who

nearly succeeded in destroying the national life of Germany. Captain Thielmann was soon a major general, distinguished himself at Friedland, and was appointed censor of the German press. During Napoleon's Russian campaign he commanded a brigade of cavalry with such brilliance that he was made a baron, and decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. Escaping alive from the snows of that terrible winter, he was put in command of the Saxon fortress of Torgau. Judging that the time had come to desert the waning fortunes of the French emperor, he turned the place over to the Russians. Napoleon set a price upon the traitor's head, but the Czar Alexander gave him a brigade, and at Waterloo he helped to seal his old chief's doom as commander of a Prussian corps.

This many-colored soldier and diplomatist died in 1824, leaving behind him a reputation for rare adaptability and a large fortune, the gift of the various monarchs whom he had served. His grandson, the present Baron von Thielmann, is said to inherit his ancestor's skill in adapting himself to circumstances. He first attracted attention by his literary work. He has been a great traveler, and has written entertainingly of both the eastern world and the western. His last book was a detailed account of a journey through the Caucasus, Syria, and Persia.

In politics, or in any of the professions, the progress of the young man is likely to be slow in England; but of the great fortunes reaped from more or less speculative enterprises, in recent years, most have been made by men of less than thirty five. Cecil Rhodes gained huge possessions before he reached that age. Woolf Joel, Barnato's associate, who was murdered by a blackmailer not long ago, was a rich man, solely by his own exertions, at twenty, and at thirty he was a millionaire. The precise age of Mr. Beit, Mr. Robinson, and other South African magnates, is not generally known, but they must have amassed a very tidy fortune while still reckoned as young men.

Among the most successful men of the world of business in England are two London publishers, Sir George Newnes and Mr. Harmsworth. Sir George Newnes

was in Parliament at thirty four, and Mr. Harmsworth is only thirty three now.

* * * *

In these days of much talk about the kinship of Britain and America, the election of Edwin A. Abbey to the honor of membership in the Royal Academy is timely. Though he has lived in England for twenty years, we still claim Mr. Abbey as an American—as indeed we also claim his distinguished colleague, Mr. Sargent, whose home has always been across the Atlantic. A third compatriot of ours, James J. Shannon, is an associate of the historic organization that rules the world of British art.

* * * *

Aimé Morot, the French military painter, whose dashing "Prisoner!" was reproduced in our July number, has been elected to succeed Gustav Moreau in the Académie des Beaux Arts. Among the unsuccessful competitors for the vacant seat were such well known artists as Cormon, Flameng, and Dagnan-Bouveret.

* * * *

Gerald Massey's is scarcely one of the famous and popular names of contemporary literature, but he has warm admirers—more of them in America than in his native England. He recently celebrated his seventieth birthday at his home in Norwood, one of the southern suburbs of London, where he lives in complete seclusion, seldom leaving his house.

It was more than forty years ago that Massey, the friend of Kingsley and Maurice, and a leading member of the group of "Christian socialists," made his first literary reputation with a volume of lyrics. Ten years before he had come up to London with a few shillings in his pocket to find work as an errand boy.

* * * *

Leo XIII was eighty eight last March, and there are persistent reports that in spite of his wonderful vitality his health is failing. It is inevitable that there should be speculations as to his successor in the chair of Peter; and the three cardinals now most often mentioned as probable candidates are Parocchi, the Pope's vicar, Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, and Rampolla, the papal secretary of state. The last named, it is said, would be Leo's

personal choice. He is very intimate with the pope, and is one of the three executors of his holiness' will, the other two being Cardinals Satolli, lately ablegate to America, and Ledochowski.

* * * *

Justin McCarthy, the Irish novelist, historian, and politician, recently confessed that his "favorite amusement" is "a trip to America." Now that we seem to be so popular with our British cousins more of them may follow Mr. McCarthy's example. It may be our fault, or it may be theirs, that for ten Americans who go to England scarcely one English traveler comes to America. More transatlantic visitors would be welcome here, and they might find the trip instructive as well as amusing.

* * * *

A fondness for public life seems to run in Lord Salisbury's family. The British premier has two sons and three nephews in the House of Commons. Two of the latter are Messrs. Arthur and Gerald Balfour, who are important members of the present ministry. His eldest son and heir, Lord Cranborne, and a younger son, Lord Hugh Cecil, rank among the most promising of the younger debaters of their party; and a third nephew, Mr. Evelyn Cecil, was recently elected from the constituency of Durham.

* * * *

Pancho Aguinaldo, the native dictator of the Philippines, seems to be a picturesque personality. The story is told that Augustin, the Spanish governor general, once offered \$20,000 for the head of the insurgent chief. In a few days he received a note from Aguinaldo, saying: "I need \$20,000, and will deliver the head myself." True to his word, the rebel, disguised as a priest, found an opportunity of slipping into Augustin's private office, where the captain general sat alone at his desk.

"I have brought the head of Aguinaldo," he said, dropping his cloak, and displaying a long Malay knife. "I claim the reward! Hasten, or I shall have to expedite the matter."

Augustin had to open his desk and produce a bag of Spanish gold. Aguinaldo took it, turned, and dashed out of the door just ahead of a pistol bullet.

THE DUFFER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

How the duffer of the Glen Ellyn golf links surprised the hero of the Grand Cañon and blocked the veteran of La Salle Street.

I.

WHEN they drove up past the lodge the rambling gables of the long club house hung somber and heavy among the pines on the slope of the hill; but the scene was a pretty one, for behind it the moon was rising full and into a cloudless sky. From the window openings light shot in bright patches across the broad verandas; the blaze and the shadow revealed, partly by suggestion, the lively groups through which slender, white capped maids picked their way.

Supper parties chatted and laughed around the porch tables, and young men in smart ties and peaked caps hung around the big porch columns, pulling gravely at briar pipes, or wandered in and out of the open doors.

Young women well up in diplomacy, and girls but peeping from their shells, strolled arm in arm across the lawn.

The scarlet coats of the men and the white of the women's skirts dashed the foreground sharply with color; laughter lightened the heavy gloom of the pines, and from under the oaks music came like incense. Dancers already wove changing silhouettes against the canvas walls of the pavilion.

They were so many. To watch the young people disappearing around shadowy corners wakened envy; their voices, echoing, brought a regret; so vast a happiness—and passing unshared.

Good natured banter and lively sallies; pretentious wit and irreverent retorts; tales cut by the clink of china; questions answered by the jingle of glass; through and over all the heavy hum of voices, fresh yet with enthusiasm, but already tempered by repression. It was Saturday night on the golf links at Glen Ellyn.

"Very, very attractive. I feared last night it could not possibly stand the test of sunrise. Daylight is such a cruel test," sighed Mrs. Van Der Hyde. "Does General Florence spend much time here. Bob?"

"He's been here 'most all the time since Blanche Bryson began playing."

"Isn't that Blanche over there now?" asked Mrs. Van Der Hyde, as she raised her lorgnette. "Yes; who's that with her?"

"That's Garrett Byrnham, the English crack. Say, auntie, he's a marvel; you should see him drive," young Capelle went on enthusiastically. "He gets his back right into the ball——"

"What sort of a game does Blanche play?"

"She's only just learning; Byrnham's coaching her."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Why?"

"I was wondering whether he might not pull off the heiress, don't you know?"

"But everybody says she's going to marry General Florence."

Mrs. Van Der Hyde started; possibly it was a rheumatic twinge.

"Is he so devoted?"

"After her continually. There he goes now, the minute she gets away from Byrnham. See?"

On the lawn General Florence was just presenting his nephew.

"Most assuredly," Miss Bryson was saying; "it was the year of the World's Fair. I remember you well."

She spoke with a gratifying cordiality, recalling Jim Macalester by the fact that he was so stupid the evening he sat next her at dinner.

"Of course you play, Mr. Macalester?"

"Frankly, I never heard of the game until yesterday."

"Marvelous!"

"He's just out of the Black Hills," explained the general. "By the bye, do you know we have a round this morning? I give you three holes."

"Only three?" complained Miss Bryson; but she was not really thinking about the handicap. She was trying to recollect whether this weather beaten fellow had ever told her how he got the dreadful scar across his nose.

"If you're just from the Black Hills, you must tell me all about them," she added.

"You know they're really not black at all——"

"Oh, but I don't know! Pray don't assume I know anything. Did General Florence tell me you were a civil engineer?"

"I did," interposed the general. "And I tell you now that if we don't get off, we'll not be back for luncheon."

Miss Bryson smiled resignedly, and after they drove off Jim strolled back to the porch.

Luncheon was being served under the trees when the general brought Blanche in; but the activity which marked her approach was an incense. Not alone General Florence and Garrett Byrnham—George Fowler, Markham, the Maxwell boys, even Fred Bordele, all seemed galvanized together.

With a smile for every one, and especially for the mothers and the chaperons of the other girls, Miss Bryson nodded here and questioned there. She permitted Markham to supply a chair while General Florence brought a fan, and then she turned to hear George Fowler's latest golf story while Byrnham took away her cleekie for a little truing.

As he walked away, Miss Bryson told her nearest girl friends how much one round with Mr. Byrnham would do for them—knowing that they sorely envied her a distinction which was rarely accorded to them—and in the same breath she contrived to thank Fred Bordele for an apollinaris lemonade, and Bud Maxwell for an imported putter which she had just used for the first time—all with that delicate sense of proportion which left her creditors debtors still.

Her growing admiration for Byrnham disquieted General Florence.

"Jim, I've got to be on La Salle Street most of the time for the next few weeks," he said to his nephew one night, "and I just wish you'd use your kind offices while you're out here to keep that squirt Byrnham away from Blanche Bryson. We're not exactly engaged, you know, but we expect to be—see? I can't run a campaign in grangers and watch things here at the same time. Just see they don't sell me out, Jim, will you?"

"She seems to like Byrnham."

"Hanged if I can see anything much to the fellow!"

"Suppose you let me run the stock deal, and then you can look after this end of your business yourself."

"I can't—yet," declared the general. "Things don't look just right. This cussed Cuban business, Jim," he added moodily. "I've half a mind to go short on Missouri Pacific—just for a flier."

Anything like anxiety concerning Byrn-

ham was directly reflected in the general's estimate of the business situation. He manifested periodically an insane impulse to go short on something; it didn't matter much what.

"Don't sell anything short this year, uncle."

"Confound it, Jim, don't call me uncle," protested the general tartly.

"I beg your pardon."

"See for yourself I'm getting bald."

"Nonsense! You look younger than I do this minute."

"Don't call me uncle, anyhow."

"And don't you go short on M. P."

II.

AFTER many failures, Jim caught Miss Bryson early one morning on the porch.

"Go round with me?" repeated Blanche, touched by his persistence after many rebuffs. "Why, of course. But I thought you didn't play."

"I'm trying to pick up something of the game."

"In that case a round with Mr. Byrnham——"

"But I don't know him."

"Impossible! Why, I'll present you now. Oh, Mr. Byrnham!" she called, as the man in question came from the breakfast room.

"Miss Bryson, do you want to get rid of me?" Jim blurted in desperation.

"Mr. Macalester! The idea! Mr. Byrnham, my friend, Mr. Macalester. I want you to help him some time, will you? I'm just going to take him around."

"You couldn't be in better hands, sir," said Byrnham, bowing and smiling. "Be glad to take you out any time, Mr. MacIntosh."

"Thank you," said Jim, as Byrnham passed on. "I was afraid you were going to shake me," he continued, turning to Miss Bryson with a grateful air.

"Impossible!"

"I'd hate to have him laugh at me while I'm blundering," Jim went on, ignoring her fling.

"Oh, is that it? You shouldn't try golf if you mind being laughed at. I shall laugh at you all I please."

"I don't mind you."

"Don't you, indeed?"

"I mean, I don't mind your laughing."

"It would make no difference if you did."

Jim very soon saw that it would not. When they reached the pond she was bordering on a helpless condition.

"We'll never get around," she exclaimed, sitting down on a velvety slope to rest. "Send the caddies back, do. You are quite

hopeless. Sit down here, and tell me about the West. Do you know, I get so stupid meeting the same people all the time, with the same stories and the same airs! I'm starving for something new."

"You once told me you wanted to hear something about the Black Hills."

"The Black Hills? Oh, yes!"

"Well, what was it?"

"Mercy! I don't remember. What *did* I want to hear? Why, anything at all that's exciting, I suppose."

Jim looked rather at a loss. "I hardly know," he began—

"But what did you do out there?"

"Engineering."

"Was there anything at all maddening about that?"

"Why, no; not to speak of."

"What about Indians? You *must* have seen Indians, you know."

"On the contrary, they were total strangers to me."

She looked at him as if she thought that presumptuous.

"I heard you were shockingly wounded in an Indian fight," she next declared, looking audaciously at his battered nose.

"No; I never had a word with an Indian in my life. Who told you that?"

"I don't remember. Getting warm, isn't it?" smiled Miss Bryson resignedly. "Let's go back."

He had bored her, and to pay him she gave him a shot as they walked along.

"Mr. Byrnham's so interesting! He's been everywhere—all over the West. The other day he was telling me of a most dreadful adventure in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. It's a perfectly hideous place."

"So I've heard."

"Mr. Byrnham is the only white man who ever got through the Grand Cañon."

"Is he, indeed?"

"I am told so," she replied, with a shade of annoyance at his tone. "Why, did you ever know of anybody who did?"

"Doubtless there was but one," he answered, after a pause. "If there were two—but that's unlikely. Still, it would be interesting if they should ever meet."

It was the only promising thing she had heard the man say. Unluckily, before she could follow up the clue, a madcap party of the very young set broke in on them. The next day General Florence arrived, and Mr. Macalester took his place on La Salle Street.

It was time. Byrnham was playing such golf as had never been seen on Glen Ellyn. The smart set was wild about him. The day he brought in seventy seven on medal play the excitement was unprecedented; and

while the golf world wondered Bob Capelle, reinforced by Mrs. Van Der Hyde's check book, announced a swell dinner in Byrnham's honor.

The affair was planned to eclipse all previous efforts of the club—and in important respects it did.

On the day of the function General Florence began wiring Jim, who was in town, to sell out his line; but his nephew, instead of obeying, ran out to the golf grounds to ascertain whether his uncle showed any additional signs of paresis. He not only braced the veteran up, but induced him to attend Capelle's dinner.

General Florence found himself next Mrs. Van Der Hyde; Jim was opposite, under the wing of Gertrude Servallis. Byrnham sat at Bob's right, and next him Miss Bryson glowed in her simple youth and her really adorable organdie.

"I'm ever so glad to see you back, Mr. Macalester," she exclaimed. "Do you know, there's something I've been wanting ever so long to ask you, and now I can't recall what it is. Isn't that stupid?" But Miss Bryson drawled the word "stupid" so deliciously that a man must have been crabbed indeed to dispute her. Laughing, she told Mr. Byrnham what a dear, conscientious "duffer" her friend Mr. Macalester was, and again asked the great golfer if he would not take him around some time—this, because the suggestion was plainly unpalatable to both.

As the courses were served, each table seemed jollier than the others; by the time the coffee was brought on men loved their worst enemies and women their best friends.

"Did you know, general," Mrs. Van Der Hyde said, "that Mr. Byrnham has been a great wanderer as well as a great student of golf? Yes, he's had the most remarkable adventures—and many of them in the West. I understand that he is really the only white man who has ever gotten through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. What? Oh, you are so skeptical!"

"Not about his ever getting through—only about his ever getting through talking about it."

"General Florence! Shocking! But wait, you shall hear;" and catching Byrnham's attention Mrs. Van insisted on the story.

"But really, Mrs. Van Der Hyde," protested Byrnham, "that's a gruesome sort of a story for a dinner, don't you know?"

"Oh, Mr. Byrnham," cried Miss Bryson, with sudden animation, as if something important had at that instant flashed over her, "you must tell it; you *must*. Tell us the Grand Cañon adventure." Then, with a

gratified smile, she looked quickly at Mr. Macalester.

"By all means," said Jim quietly, returning her look. Byrnham, perceiving that there was no escape, was already beginning.

"Possibly you remember, general," he said, "something of an attempt to run a railroad line down the Colorado River some ten years ago."

General Florence's response could scarcely be termed more than a grunt.

"It was a preliminary survey," went on Byrnham. "Seven of us started. Six of the poor fellows are down there yet. From the very beginning it was a hard luck story."

"I beg your pardon," said Jim, leaning forward; "but what party were you with, sir?"

"There never was but one party. Only one corps of engineers ever attempted the Grand Cañon."

"That was Bush's."

"Bush was a member," said Byrnham, looking patiently at his interrupter.

"Oh, tell us the exciting parts of it!" demanded Miss Bryson peremptorily. "We don't care whose party it was."

"It was all stirring," smiled Byrnham, unruffled; "but the wind up was really lively. There was a stretch there called the Apache Needles—rather a bad gorge for a couple of miles. The river's full of wells. Wells in a river? Most certainly; curious sort of holes scooped out of the rock bottom by the screw of the whirlpools. Odd, isn't it? Twenty feet deep. Gives one a fair idea of the absolutely terrific force of the water—the current, don't you know."

"We started with a tremendous outfit; but we lost a man in the water the first day. It was always a boat upset, or a bottom staved on the rocks, and a mixture of condensed milk and self registering thermometers and corned beef playing tag half a mile along the river. Positively we left enough scientific apparatus in that infernal cañon to equip a technological institute."

"Three of us reached the Needles alive—that was all. We had a sort of boat left—patched like a pair of caddie's breeches. Food? We'd been living on bullets and collar buttons for a week."

"But those Needles—they jut out of the water like shark's teeth, only thicker, and the water boils as if hellfire had a lick at it. Those Needles must be threaded or we must lie there till the buzzards gave us a lift up into the open—in instalments. There isn't a pass for fifty miles; the walls are sheer and seven thousand feet high."

"As I said, there were three of us. Oddly enough, one was the cook—he survived because his duties were so light, I guess. The

other fellow was a peaked Colorado boy we called Mac. I remember him because he got so thin he used to say he couldn't tell a stomach ache from a back ache."

"Well, after we'd starved there a couple of days, I told the fellows to sew up the canoe with what was left of our boots, and try the Needles. There was a better chance for two than three in the cockle—better for one than two. It meant starvation to stay, and I counted it salvation sure to go. But after dining on leather belts for a week, a man is not hard to persuade. They didn't seem to want to leave me. I didn't argue at all—thought the water route quicker than the buzzard route, you see, and not so infernally dry, either, don't you know? So off we pushed."

"I had the leg of a theodolite tripod to sort of jolly the Needles with. We shot out like water bugs, and swung around rocks like hornpipe dancers. Every once in a while we would slide into eddies; they played with us as you would a trout. Half the time the confounded boat was on top. Then suddenly up jumped the cook with a scream to make you think of a madhouse, and took a header plump into the water. Then we played leapfrog with rocks as sharp as razors. 'Twas only half the trick to keep out of the water; the other half was to keep out of the air. All at once up went the bow! Ever had a horse rear on you, Bob? Exactly; that's the feeling—if you can fancy him spinning round on his hind legs with you, like a teetotum. We had struck a well—and a corker—and down we went in the suck, stern first."

Byrnham paused and moistened his lips.

"I parted with the remains of the tripod at that particular spot. The boy? The last I saw of the boy he was standing on his head about a hundred feet up in the air."

"But how did you ever get out?" cried Gertrude Servallis.

"I hardly know. Those wells—they suck you down and down and down. Then they spew; and up, up, up you go. I have no idea how long I spun in it; but I remember shooting down the gorge like a sliver. Sink? You couldn't sink a bag of shot in those rapids. When I came to I was lying on a sand bar with an Apache squaw trying to coax this ring off my finger. Luckily I had one pistol left. I argued the point till she gave me a bite—that's all. It's a deuced wet story—but dry telling."

Bob Capelle spoke first. "Show them that pistol, Garrett."

Byrnham drew from his pocket a revolver. The handle was of dark wood curiously chased in silver.

"Observe the chasing, Miss Bryson," said

Byrnham. "There was only one other in the world just like it—and that's at the bottom of the Grand Cañon."

"Would you mind letting me see that?" said Jim Macalester, leaning forward.

With something of forbearance Byrnham passed the pistol over. It was hardly in Macalester's hands before he had it down. Part by part he devoured it; then he dexterously assembled the weapon and passed it back to Byrnham.

"So you lost the mate?" he asked.

"As I have related," replied Byrnham.

"By the way, Miss Bryson——"

"No," exclaimed Jim bluntly; "not as you have related. There's the mate." So saying he drew from his pocket the very double of the revolver by Byrnham's plate.

The face of the golfer set. The mildly sated diners stirred with curiosity. Byrnham put out his hand mechanically, as if to reach the pistol in front of Macalester; but Jim's fingers slipped over the handle like a glove.

"Let me see it," said Byrnham coolly.

"Not that end of it," replied Jim quietly, but his voice was hard. "You have implied that you are an Englishman," he continued. "I know something of Englishmen. I have slept and eaten and starved with them. You an Englishman?" he exclaimed, with rage struggling in his tone. "You are an impostor!"

Byrnham started.

"Jim!" cried General Florence in dismay.

"Sit down, sir," and General Florence did sit down. Blanche felt her flesh creeping. Her eyes flew from one to the other of the drawn faces before her. Guests at adjoining tables were hitching their chairs around.

"You said that was all. It is not all—nor half. What would these men and women say if they knew, as I know, that the cowardly cook who stole the boat while the engineer and the boy slept on the ledge also stole that pistol?" he cried, pointing to the one by Byrnham's plate. "The man who left his companions in the gorge to starve—and that you are that cook?"

Byrnham sprang to his feet, and reached for his pistol. Then he drew back his hand with an oath, for Macalester was quicker than he. "You're drunk, man," he said.

"You know me, do you?" cried Jim. "Yes, I'm the boy—I am Mac. Dead men do tell tales sometimes, Baxter—coward! thief! cannibal!"

Bob Capelle sprang up trembling. "I protest——" he began, but Macalester, leaning over the table, one bony finger stretched at Byrnham, took the words from his mouth.

"I protest," he cried sharply. "This

wretch has told his story; I shall tell mine. Keep back, sir. I want these men and these women to know who it is they have dined here tonight. I want them to know why I carry this scar across my face. You can tell them, Baxter. Show them the butcher knife you cut into Jack Blair with—the knife you stabbed me with because I struck you when you offered me his flesh. You an Englishman?" he stormed in fury. "You an engineer? You are an Australian convict. Show them your brand!"

"Take up your gun, you brute. If there's no law here for vermin like you, come into the open and take the law of the Grand Cañon on the thief and the cannibal!" he cried, pushing Baxter's weapon towards him. The women screamed as the adventurer seized it, and Capelle sprang in front of his friend.

"Let him come. Don't hold him; that's what he wants. Get back, will you?" cried Jim, starting around the table. General Florence darting forward, pinned his nephew's arms and besought him to stop, to listen.

"Get that man out!" he exclaimed wildly, as he felt Jim slipping from him. "Get him out, I say, and save bloodshed!"

But men shrank from him as though he were a leper. Perhaps the expression on the faces about him unnerved the adventurer even more than his danger; men waited breathless. Eying Macalester, Baxter moved rapidly toward the door.

"He'll shoot when he reaches the door," Jim said, struggling to free his pistol arm. "I know him, I tell you. Do you want him to murder me? Let me cover him, I say."

With a dexterous twist General Florence got in front of his infuriated nephew and at that instant Baxter slipped out. Clubmen crowded around and stared at Jim's parchment-like face. He spoke in a low tone to Bob Capelle, and watched him leave the room on General Florence's arm. Awestricken groups of women discussed in whispers the shocking developments.

Blanche, listening to it all, caught nothing of its meaning, yet stood, looking and listening. She only knew that she had heard the voice of a man, and it rang in her ears; that she had seen a man's eyes, and saw them still. Under her drooping lids she saw them yet—and, shivering deliciously, looked again.

III.

MISS BRYSON was sitting on the porch, breathing the sweetness of the morning. Jim, leaning against a column at her side, was stammering an apology.

She interrupted him. "You need not apologize to me, Mr. Macalester. I know you would not hurt me. Tell me, how did you escape? How could you?"

"I crept from ledge to ledge of the cañon walls till my knees wore to the bone. I clung to roots with my teeth and dug into rock with the stumps of my fingers—my hands are not very pretty, are they? I crawled where lizards slipped and spiders hung by threads. Up and up and up! God! what won't a man do to live? You couldn't stand it, Miss Bryson, if I told you the whole story. A starving man will eat anything—anything but— When I recognized that brute—he's a beast, if he is clever—I was wild. To steal our miserable boat, our precious cartridges—one of our pistols—"

"Is he here now?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"No."

"You fought with him in the cañon?"

He answered evasively.

"You are going away?"

"Yes."

"Then you are going after him."

He looked directly at her, but she met his eyes steadily.

"Wouldn't you go after such a cur?"

"No, I shouldn't; not for worlds. You needn't laugh, Mr. Macalester."

"I don't doubt your sincerity."

"Promise me something."

"Gladly."

"Not to follow that man."

"I can't—to be frank."

"Why not?"

"Because I promised poor Stiles that if God ever allowed me to get out of that hole alive I'd kill him."

"Promise me not to leave here for a week. Promise me that, won't you?"

"Don't think I am absolutely bloodthirsty, Miss Bryson. I'd hate to have you hold that opinion of me. I suppose if I stay," he added haltingly, "you'll take me round—once in a while—won't you?"

She rose to her feet, and there was a triumphant ring in her laugh; a conscious queenliness in her stature as she drew herself up—straight and symmetrical as only an American girl can grow. He stole a hungry look at her delicate nostrils and her parted lips.

"Get the clubs this minute," she cried. "But I shall insist on having a handicap, you know!"

The week flew fast and the very last night found her baffled; he would go.

They were sitting in the pavilion watching the dancers.

"You are going, then, tomorrow?" she asked.

"I must. My work is waiting in the Black Hills. But—you don't believe me?"

"How do you read my mind?"

"How do you read mine?"

Neither answered; answers sometimes carry too much.

When he spoke again it was in a lighter vein. When he paused, she repeated, as if the subject were quite new:

"So you are going tomorrow?"

"My work is waiting."

"You are getting a tolerable form."

"And I have my living to earn."

"Couldn't you just as well begin earning your living a week from tomorrow? I mean—would it be very dreadful if you didn't?"

He made no answer. With a flash of audacity she spoke again. "Is that the only reason?" she said.

If she had seen the scar, she would have been frightened, for it was white now.

"Frankly, it is not," he answered.

"I knew it."

"Don't misunderstand me."

"I wish I could."

"Oh, but you do, Miss Bryson."

"Stay another week; then I'll believe that you have given up following him."

"On my honor, I dare not."

"Honor won't comfort you when it's too late."

"God help me, then; nothing else will. Let us get out of here. It is very close."

She looked at her chatelaine. "Yes," she said, "I must go in."

As they walked toward the club house the moon was peering over the pines. The porches rang with the confusion of gaiety. Everything brought back the first night he had ridden into this fairyland.

"I wonder if every poor devil is given an hour in paradise in order to make hell more realistic," he said grimly.

"I don't know. I'm not a philosopher—only a woman."

They were at the porch steps. A caddie handed Jim a telegram. Blanche would have passed on, but, putting his hand under her arm, he walked up with her. The mere contact intoxicated them.

At the foot of the stairs he bowed low, and with a smile and a nod she said good night.

The office was deserted. Throwing himself into a chair, Jim tried to read the despatch. While the words swam around, Mrs. Van Der Hyde bobbed in.

"Oh, Mr. Macalester! Alone?"

He rose.

"You look shockingly forlorn. Going tomorrow? Are you really? Well, what on earth's the matter? Have you proposed?"

"No," he snapped fiercely.

"Where's Blanche?"

"Gone to bed."

"Bed? And it's not one o'clock. Did you have supper?"

He shook his head.

"You are a veritable duffer! Stay here a minute."

"But, Mrs. Van Der Hyde——"

"Stay there, will you?" she said sharply, half way up stairs.

Presently he heard her voice and Blanche's above. "I'm not going to supper alone, so you might as well stop talking," Mrs. Van was declaring. "Why, there's Mr. Macalester," she added naively at the office door. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Macalester?"

Before he could fairly pull himself together, they were in the grill room and Mrs. Van was ordering.

"I don't feel very hungry. I think I'll just take an ice," Jim said feebly to the waiter.

"An ice?" echoed Mrs. Van, with a fine scorn. "An ice? A frost! Bring him a broiled lobster and a claret glass of sherry," she said peremptorily. "Ice fiddlesticks! Child," she said gently to Blanche, "suppose we have ours à la Newburgh—with that special tabasco?"

Her fire was contagious; it thawed a circle, melting care into playfulness and restraint into gaiety. Jim began telling stories—and with a spirit never yet dreamed of. He developed a marvelous dash.

Just how or when the supper ended he never knew. He remembered getting hungry after the lobster, and ordering a rum omelet for himself. In a lucid interval he noted a blue flame leaping from a salver of kirsch peaches in front of Miss Bryson; but Mrs. Van seemed to have disappeared.

"By gad, I like her anyhow," he declared with tremendous emphasis, as he and Blanche strolled out on the lawn. "Has her husband been dead very long, Miss Bryson?"

"Yes, a long time—a very long time," repeated Blanche blandly; "but she only buried him last year."

Already they were beyond the arc lights, and the shadows in front of them were deep.

"Where are you taking me?" she said.

"Where I've been so long myself, Blanche—in the dark. If I dared say that I love you, Blanche, would there be any light for me?"

As they walked slowly on she clung to his arm, but was silent. For an awful instant Jim felt that perhaps it would have been better for him if he had slipped—slipped and fallen headlong among the Apache Needles.

"Mercy!" she cried suddenly, shrinking against him.

"What is it?"

"I stepped on something."

"Perhaps it's my heart," he said gravely, stooping to see what it was.

She restrained him with a lovely petulance. "Don't pick it up!"

"Why?"

"Because—don't you know?—that's where I want it—at my feet."

IV.

It was past midnight again. On the porch stood a group just out of the supper room. There were two men and two women.

"It was all my fault, uncle," murmured the younger of the women. The older man snorted. "It was all my fault," she purred again. "You must forgive us, mustn't he, Mrs. Van Der Hyde?"

Then she pinched Jim to say something; but the instant Jim tried to, the veteran trumpeted like a war horse.

"It's the damnedest——"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Rascalliest——"

"We are such young things," murmured Blanche, cuddling under the angry arm.

"Most outrageous——"

"I haven't any papa at all," sighed Blanche.

"So you must need make an ass of me," snorted the general.

"No; only of your nephew."

"I see the duffer has me blocked, Mrs. Van," growled the general. "I'm stymie!"

"Maybe a little English, general," suggested Mrs. Van laughingly.

General Florence shook his head.

"No, Mrs. Van; I fancy a little Dutch—patrician, I mean—is my only salvation now."

"Well, you needn't expect to make that sort of a play on a gobbler," declared the little lady with spirit. It tickled the general immensely.

"Come, uncle," urged Blanche, seizing the propitious moment, "you must do something, you know. Are you going to embrace us—that is, jointly? Or what are you going to do?"

General Florence hesitated.

"Hanged if I know exactly what to do!" admitted the veteran with some chagrin. "But I'll be everlastingly whipsawed," he exclaimed with a decision which alarmed the duffer until he heard the finish, "if I don't sell Missouri Pacific short tomorrow, any way. I mean—just for a flier. What do you think, Mrs. Van Der Hyde?"

STORIETTES

WHAT IS DEATH?

A MOTHER who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called upon a famous artist, who was a friend of the family, to reproduce the boy's face and form. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward.

When the painting arrived, it represented a glade in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages—but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen year old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand.

The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

Anna Leach.

MR. PRESTON'S DINNER.

PRESTON (dragging his feet up the steps of his house): "Well, I'll get to bed on time *this* night! I am hungry and cold and dead tired."

The door is opened hastily, and Mrs. Preston, young and pretty, steps back out of street range and greets him with rapture.

Mrs. Preston: "So good of you to hurry home, dear! But *aren't* you cold? Come, sit by the fire, and let me rub your poor hands. But is that dreadful business any better?"

Preston: "It's finished, thank heaven! but I am as tired as a dog. How long before dinner?"

Mrs. Preston: "You are hungry? That's good. James, tell them to hurry dinner; Mr. Preston is hungry—and tell them not to forget—" (Pantomime.)

Preston: "A surprise?"

Mrs. Preston (her head coquettishly on one side and smiling): "Em-heh?"

Preston: "Well, what is it?"

Mrs. Preston (in pretended disgust): "That's like a man. He always wants to brush the bloom off his surprise. Suppose I don't tell you?"

Preston: "I can stand it, I guess. Lord! but I'm tired."

Mrs. Preston: "It's a delightful terrapin. Now am I good?"

Preston: "Terrapin! You are angelic!" (Kisses her cheek as she rests her elbow on the arm of his chair, and says under his breath: "I wonder what's up.") Aloud: "Been busy today?"

Mrs. Preston: "At home sewing all day."

Preston: "Nobody in?"

Mrs. Preston: "Mamma and Lucy Snead. She's been having an awful lot of trouble with her servants. Thank heaven, I can manage a house!"

Preston (thinking of many other things—dreamily): "Yes, dear."

Mrs. Preston: "And, oh, yes! Mrs. Lacy was here for a minute."

Preston: "Poor old thing! Was her rouge on straight?"

Mrs. Preston: "Now you are mean! She thinks you are the most delightful man in New York. And she said Mr. Lacy thought you the best lawyer."

Preston (dryly): "I don't know how he discovered it."

Mrs. Preston: "You are so cross. Now I am afraid to tell you what I was going to." (She puts her head against his shoulder.)

Preston: "Afraid? Am I a Spaniard?"

Mrs. Preston: "I am not afraid of Spaniards; besides, dinner's ready—and there is your terrapin—and there's a duck, too. I'm not going to tell you—and, besides, I said you were too worn out to go."

Preston: "What have I ever done to that woman! I knew she'd ring us in for that evening of hers. I knew she wouldn't let us off."

Mrs. Preston (reproachfully): "And she thinks she is giving her friends pleasure! And she says such beautiful things of you. She says, 'It's an honor to have so distinguished a man as Mr. Preston for a guest.'"

Preston (brazenly): "That's right; it is."

Mrs. Preston: "You know they belong to the best set in New York, and have taken an opera box. But come to dinner. I got father to let me have a bottle of his old Jockey Club Madeira. I don't care about the Lacys, but all the serious men in New York go there, and you ought to meet them more."

Preston: "When is this blowout of the Lacys?"

Mrs. Preston: "Isn't this terrapin good? What did you say?"

Preston: "The Lacys' card party?"

Mrs. Preston: "It isn't a card party, I believe. I think it's—a dance—a ball. Oh!

it's this evening. I wasn't thinking about it."

Preston: "This evening? A woman can't ask you to a big ball the day she gives it. I thought you were talking about our going there some night to play cards."

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, she sent cards two weeks ago! I forgot to tell you. You were so busy."

Preston: "You forgot?"

Mrs. Preston: "Well, what was the use? You would just have sent regrets. But it's all done now. Let's not talk of it. I never go out, and I should hardly know how to behave if I did. Wasn't father good to send you this Madeira?"

Preston (holding up the magic glass): "It was the act of a righteous man. It warms the cockles of the heart. Remember that man from Chicago that the old Charleston Jockey Club entertained with this priceless nectar, and he slapped it down his throat as though it had been beer? The president asked him if he knew what he was drinking. He said, 'Well—I know that it's either sherry—or Madeira.' Ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Preston: "Ha! ha! ha! You always tell such funny stories!"

Preston: "Well—about the Lacys?" (He is lighting a cigar, full of content.)

Mrs. Preston: "The Lacys? What about them?" (with astonishment).

Preston: "Their ball. Have you a dress?"

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, I had forgotten all about them! I have a new party dress—a rather pretty thing. You know, mamma thought of giving a little party, and then she gave it up."

Preston: "And the carriage and the hairdresser?" (with gravity).

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, no! But I can telephone for a carriage. And Mrs. Lacy was so determined I should come that she said she was going to stop and tell the hairdresser to come in. She wouldn't listen to my no. But he can be sent away again. I know you are tired, and we can have a quiet evening at home, and you can read that speech of Uncle William's on 'Doctrinal Factions' aloud to me."

Preston: "Since the hairdresser is coming and you have a new gown we might look in a minute on the Lacys—on condition that you get out my evening clothes and tie my necktie."

Mrs. Preston (jumping at him): "Dick, you are a dear, and a blessed darling! But I won't see you sacrifice yourself in this fashion. I don't care at all about balls, as you know. But really, you ought to go out more. But I don't care about it. Really, I'd just as soon stay at home."

Preston: "I'll go out and smoke my cigar; and at ten I'll be back. You will be dressed. And it will take me about two minutes to jump into my things."

At a trifle past ten Preston returns. He has had an hour and a half to kill. The exhilaration of the most famous Madeira wears off in that time. He strolls over by the park where it is cold and desolate. And then it begins to rain. Every bone aches.

A carriage is before the door. In his wife's room every gas jet is lighted. Maids are running about, and the room overflows with clothes. The toilet table is a mass of cosmetics. A big bouquet is half unwrapped from an expensive florist's box down town—and Mrs. Preston is walking the floor in fury.

Mrs. Preston (excitedly): "Did you ever hear anything so impertinent? Francois promised me to be here at nine precisely. It's ten."

Preston (mildly): "Well, my dear, are you ready?"

Mrs. Preston: "Ready? You can see. I've been waiting for that man an hour!"

Preston: "Mrs. Lacy must have forgotten."

Mrs. Preston: "That's right! Joke about it!"

The Maid: "Here he is."

Mrs. Preston: "Francois, this is too bad. You told me you would be here at nine."

Francois: "Sorry, madame—but your order was mislaid last Saturday, and I did not have it on my books. It was not until your message this evening that I remembered. I gave up Mrs. Vandertilt to come to you." To Preston: "May I ask you to move, sir; I want to put a table here." To Mrs. Preston: "Let me see your gown. I think you said it was flounced à la 1830."

Mrs. Preston: "Oh, Dick, go away. You are crushing everything. You aren't dressed."

Preston: "Where are my things?"

Mrs. Preston: "How should I know? I am not your valet. For pity's sake, get dressed, and don't worry me. My nerves are all on edge."

An hour later, Preston in coat and hat tramps up and down the hall. His shoes hurt his feet, he has failed on his tie, and broken his enameled links; but he waits with the monumental patience of the American husband. Mrs. Preston comes down in a cloud of lace, and gets in the carriage all sweetness and light. Preston gives the Lacys' number.

As they approach the street there appears to be some excitement. There are whistles and cries and a crowd. Preston puts his head out of the window.

"I think it is a fire, sir," the coachman says. Just then a policeman stops them with: "Were you going to the Lacys'? The whole inside of their house is burned out, and we are sending people back—by orders."

Mrs. Preston: "That miserable, troublesome woman! To put people to all this trouble for nothing!"

Preston (inside his collar): "Well, I had terrapin and a bottle of the judge's old Madeira, any way."

A. S. Duane.

A CASE OF HERO WORSHIP.

I DID not need any photograph to tell me which was Paul Bragdon. I had no definite picture of him in my mind, but I felt I should recognize him the moment I saw him.

His face had been built up for me line by line out of the wonderful essays that had been my literary bible for three years. I knew the mouth of the man who could write "A Prophecy Concerning Love," and the eyes that had seen "The Dark Side of the Moon," and the marks that must bear witness to the journey "Through Dolor and Dread." Cicely had promised faithfully that I should have a talk with him, and I waited in a corner as inconspicuously as possible, dreading lest she should see me alone and bring up some one else to fill the interim. As if one needed small talk at the door of the temple! I wanted nothing but silent preparation. For three years I had been dreaming the things I wanted to say to this man, and that I wanted him to say to me. And now the chance was coming. I tried to scold my nerves steady, but my hands shook in my face. The suspense was like a physical illness. If you knew what that man had been to me!

I sat where I could stare at every arrival. There was a thin, sandy man, very tall, then a small man sketched glaringly in black and white, then a bearded celebrity who created a gentle stir, then another block of women. I leaned back impatiently till they should have finished their chattering and scattered through the rooms.

"Yes, that's Bragdon. What was it he wrote, any way?" said a silly little voice near me. My heart gave a quick clutch, and it was half a moment before I dared look.

The man in the doorway was tall and grave, younger than I had expected, and more robust; but the features I had unconsciously been modeling took living shape before my eyes as I looked at him.

"This is Paul Bragdon," I said to myself. I had incautiously leaned forward from my retreat. The next moment it dawned

on me that Cicely had brought a man up and was introducing him.

I dragged my eyes reluctantly from my hero and gave a resentful glance at the intruder, who had seated himself beside me. It was one I had seen enter. A small man who looked as if he had been done in charcoal on very white paper. I did not want to talk to him or to any one but Paul Bragdon, and, not being trained to docility by a social career, I showed it by turning away my face and keeping an uninviting silence. A moment later I quite forgot him in the misery of seeing my hero walked off to another room by Cicely herself—the traitor. I sighed impatiently.

"Did I interrupt an invisible tête-à-tête?" The other occupant of the window seat was leaning back in the corner with his arms folded, watching me with amused eyes.

"No; a prospective one," I said bluntly. I don't suppose a girl who knew anything about society would have said that, for he looked at me as if I were a new and curious specimen.

"I'll do whatever you wish," he said. "I'd like to stay, but if you want me to go—"

"Oh, no; not just yet," I said by way of a polite lie. I thought I had made a noble concession to etiquette, but when I glanced at him I saw that he was looking more amused than ever. I didn't see anything funny, and showed it in my attitude.

"I beg your pardon. But, really, I have never been quite so brutally handled in my life," he said. "You don't know what an interesting experience it is."

"I suppose I have been rude," I said unwillingly. "People always tell me I am when I say what is in my mind. I do wish I could go and live on a planet where every one was absolutely direct and genuine."

"Did you ever know a human being that was?"

I looked longingly across the crowd to the group that surrounded Paul Bragdon.

"There is one," I said.

"You can speak to him right from your impulse, without allowing for his vanity or the conventions or for possible misconstructions?"

"I never have spoken to him yet. But I know I could."

"I wish you'd tell me by what sign you know him. I should like to find him, too."

"By faith and works—especially his works."

"Oh, I see; a pet author."

"Don't!" I exclaimed. "I can't bear to have it belittled. It's no schoolgirl adoration, but an honest conviction that here at last is the one who knows. I wish the idea of meeting him didn't overwhelm me so."

"Why should it?"

"Oh, it's terrible to meet people who mean so much to you, when you mean absolutely nothing to them. What can I do—to—"

"Make an impression?"

"I suppose so. I couldn't bear to be just one of a crowd to him. I have been planning talks with him for years; and I suppose I'll entertain him with incoherent remarks about the weather or the war."

"Oh, no! You will tell him you have always wanted to meet him because you have read his delightful books and you do so love talent!"

"I might as well. I can't possibly say what I mean to him, any way."

"Why, you seem rather good at that. I can't imagine you saying anything else."

He was laughing at me, but I was too much in earnest to care.

"You don't understand," I protested. "It is just that I mean so much, there are no words for it. All the adjectives have had the force used out of them; and it needs big, strong words to express what I feel about his work. It is dreadful to mean so much and only to be able to say, 'It is good!'"

"You might try 'damn good,'" he suggested.

"That is quite as cheap and hackneyed as 'perfectly lovely.' No, there are no phrases left. I can only look it."

"I should think that ought to satisfy him," he said, so gravely that I did not know whether he was making fun of me or not; and did not care, for my hero had just come in sight again, and Cicely was making her way towards him.

"I don't know which of you two I envy most," my companion was saying. "It must be wonderful to find you have struck the keynote in another being—a being that counted. And yet, to discover a man in this whole souled way—I wish any one could mean to me what he does to you."

Cicely smiled significantly at me as she spoke to Mr. Bragdon. I shut my eyes and waited.

"You have shown me something that makes me feel out in the cold," he went on. "I want it, too."

I felt that they were drawing near, and only smiled at him vaguely.

"What is it? Am I to go now?" he asked.

I looked around, and a sudden dismay fell on me. Cicely and my hero had moved towards the door, and he was shaking her hand. Even as I looked, he turned and went out. I sat staring at her in blank disappointment as she came serenely across to me, with a smile at my companion.

"Well, how did you get on with Mr. Bragdon?" she began.

"Mr. Bragdon! You know very well—" I broke off short, for I was on the verge of weeping.

"She has a most abnormal admiration for your work, Mr. Bragdon. Has she told you about it?" Cicely went on. I turned to him, too stunned to do anything but grow red and stare. Even then I saw in his face the look I had been watching for, the look that expressed Paul Bragdon far more definitely than the other's regular features could ever have done. He, too, had grown suddenly red.

"Oh, dear! Have I let out cats? I thought she would have told you," Cicely went on. "Ask her about it, Mr. Bragdon. I know she sleeps with your essays under her pillow."

I sat dumb as she turned away, remembering with sickening accuracy all that had been said since I had first overheard some one pointing out Paul Bragdon and had leaped to conclusions in my usual headlong fashion.

"Well?" said Mr. Bragdon gravely. "Is it to be the weather or the war?"

And then we both broke into a laugh that seemed to put five years of solid friendship behind us.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

STILL WATERS AND BABBLING BROOKS.

"HAVE you got a shovel handy?" asked Margaret Leslie, dropping down on the hard ground. "I'd like to brush up my spinal cord; it's been so thrilled to smithereens. I haven't any backbone left. You know, Conny, they drill on Van Ness Avenue right in front of our house. Will power can keep you from the window, but they've been giving their orders by bugle, and the very sound simply makes me want to howl!"

"I know," chimed in Constance Brice, waving a gold headed cane to which had been fastened a very spick and span silk flag; "there's a squad down near us, too."

"The other day," went on Margaret, "I had such an experience. As I was coming home the soldiers were lying flat in the middle of Van Ness Avenue, firing at the enemy over an embankment. It was perfectly—stupendous! Of course, there wasn't really any firing, or embankment, or enemy, but seeing them gave me the war fever, I can tell you! Oh, if I were only a man I wouldn't be sittin' here; or standing with my hands in my pockets either" (a withering glance at their thus employed escort). "I'd

—goodness, Tom Scott, look at that *thing* right down there in front of us. I am going to run this minute."

"What is it?" cried Constance.

"A great big, horrid old cannon!"

"Oh, hurry, Madge! Of course they'll fire a salute. Let's go home and watch the transports from our back porch."

"Haven't you had an object lesson in cannon at *your* kindergarten yet?" asked Tom serenely; then turning to Margaret: "Baby's little dog of war is muzzled; doggie can't bark at the little durls;" and he reassuringly pointed out the cap upon it.

"To change the subject," said Margaret, with a little cough, "did you ever see such an uninteresting looking mortal as that woman sitting by herself over there? Her face is absolutely expressionless. I'd just like to stick a pin in her to see if she'd take interest enough to squeal."

"Your hat pin with its army button end," suggested Constance. "I don't believe she has any patriotism, for she hasn't a ghost of a badge or button."

"I don't see what she came for. If she wants to read magazines such a day as this she'd better stay at home."

"The leaves turn over pretty fast. She's probably only looking at the pictures—don't care for reading, you know. How long have we been here now?"

"One hour and forty minutes," answered Tom, then added encouragingly: "It's my opinion the transports won't go till night, then steal out quietly."

They went on chatting of trivialities. Then, towards five o'clock—they had come to Block Point at two—they began telling stories.

"I heard such a romantic one, yesterday," said Margaret. "There was a girl of Spanish descent called Anita—Anita—oh, I can't remember her last name."

"Jones," suggested Tom.

"Her parents both came to this country when they were mere babies. They have never been back. They have made all their money here. The father, naturalized, has voted right along. And their children have been educated in our public schools. But, when this war broke out, the one touch of Spanish blood in their veins made them akin to their unknown brothers in their unknown fatherland. Anita, a belle of Santa Clara County, was engaged to a promising young Californian. The parental smile had had all the bless you my children serenity until the young man enlisted, then he was forbidden the house and all intercourse with the granddaughter of Spain. Well, as you can easily guess, Cupid managed a private correspondence, but one sad day a telltale

feather dropped from his wing, and the Spanish temper, that hadn't been naturalized when papa got out his papers, flew into a rage that bade Anita choose once and forever between home ties and heart ties. It didn't take long. With only enough money to last a month, she pluckily came to San Francisco to earn her own living. As soon as her son of Mars heard it, he insisted upon an immediate marriage. The wedding took place exactly a week ago, and today he goes to Manila."

"The poor little thing!" exclaimed Constance. "I expect she is just crying her eyes out now."

"Listen!" cried Margaret.

There was a far away whistle; a bell; a spontaneous burst of many whistles; the deep toned applause of a cannon. The transports had started.

The patriotic city of San Francisco was giving its cheer to the departing vessels. Then, amid the universal thrill of brave, hopeful excitement, came the intruding possibility of death and disaster, and the siren moaned its low, irrepressible sob. The crowd at Black Point eagerly pressed forward to catch the first glimpse of the fleet.

Finally, around an obtruding point of land came the Peking, majestic, beautiful, awful. Hugging her side, in parting embrace, steamed the Ukiah, chartered to accompany the ships to the Heads for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. At a short interval followed the large flagship, the City of Australia; then, at a greater distance, and more slowly, glided the smaller City of Sidney—and around about them all, the group of friends to see them off, all sorts and conditions of craft from the frivolous small fry of a tug to the dignified old stern wheeler.

Suddenly there was a lurid flash, a terrific blast, a tottering of the ground under their feet—a cannon unseen by the girls, directly around the corner from them, had wished the Peking Godspeed.

As each of the transports passed the Point, the cannon saluted, while, the military island of Alcatraz bestowed her blessing in one long series of thirteen guns. Slowly, but too surely, our dear first fleet, with its priceless cargo of precious souls, passed from us out of the Golden Gate. But long after our poor earthly tatters of waving flags were lost to their view there rested about them the radiant glory of a glowing sun, ethereal clouds of soft fog, the deep, intense azure of the sky—the heavens had unfurled their red, white, and blue.

* * * *

The tears fell unchecked down Constance's face. Margaret shivered with a nervous chill.

"Now is your hat pin chance," whispered the sacrilegious Tom, pointing to a solitary figure right in front of them.

It was the "uninteresting mortal." She stood motionless, looking out at sea. Then, a moment later, she turned her expressionless face upon their agitated ones.

"You have friends on board?" she asked, in a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"No," sniffed back Constance. "Have you?"

"One," fell the soft answer—"my husband."

"Your husband?" repeated Margaret, for now that she saw her close the woman was remarkably young and girlish in appearance.

The weary, motionless face awoke into its natural beauty. An exquisite flush vivified the dull, olive cheeks. The heavy brown eyes flashed with pride and joy and love. "Yes, my husband," she repeated rapturously; "we have been married just a week today."

Katherine S. Brown.

HIS GREAT AUNT DEBORAH.

THE house rang with gay young voices; up stairs and down stairs the echoes were awakened by merry peals of laughter and a chorus of admiration and excitement. Elizabeth Burr was entertaining a house party, all the members of which were preparing for a dance to be given at the neighboring casino. Frederick Burr, suffering from a refinement of sensibilities gained by a six years' sojourn at Harvard and a three years' dwelling abroad, had withdrawn as far as possible from the gaiety, and was sitting alone in the semi darkness of the little used reception room. He had refused to accompany his sisters and cousins to the ball, had, in fact, not even met the members of the house party, having arrived at home unexpectedly.

"But it will look so queer if you don't come to dinner," Elizabeth had remonstrated. "They're only your own cousins, any way."

"Well, that's just why I won't come. Can't you understand, Bess? Just listen to that. Ugh, it makes me shudder, even at this distance."

"That" was a peal of laughter from a remote room. Elizabeth had not answered her brother, but had withdrawn from his presence, informing herself that she had an opinion of a man who was too fine to associate with his old playmates just because he had had advantages and they had not.

Over in the corner of Burr's retreat stood Aunt Deborah's sedan chair resplendent in Vernis Martin and gilded wood. This bit

of gentility, handed down from generation to generation as a symbol of old time quality, had always had an immense attraction for Frederick Burr, possibly because his Great Aunt Deborah had been a radiant star in colonial days. She was not his great aunt at all, but his very great, his great great great aunt. "My Great Aunt Deborah, Mme. Pryor, you know," was a phrase often on his lips. Now his eyes rested on the dainty vehicle, and in his mind, in contrast with the robust voices and laughter that reached his ears, was a picture of the dainty little maid who had been carried therein. A portrait of Mistress Deborah Burr in her loveliest days hung over the sedan chair, and it required little imagination to fancy her dainty face peering through the polished window, her diminutive figure stepping out from the opened door. But suddenly something stronger than imagination was called into play, for the door of the sedan opened, and down from its rose silk cushions stepped Great Aunt Deborah herself. Frederick Burr was transfixed with amazement; no words escaped his lips, but when Miss Deborah saw him she started visibly.

"My goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, "what are *you* doing here, I should like to know?"

Now this was manifestly unjust, for the house and all that it contained was his, and where should he be if not there? But Miss Deborah waited for no answer. Instead, she disappeared, possibly between the portières into the library, presumably into the floor.

Burr rubbed his eyes, but, aside from a delicious perfume of faded rose leaves and dried iris root, the spirit had left no token of her presence. Her great great great nephew pulled himself together and walked over to the chair. The door was closed but not locked, and within, emanating from the silken wraps and cushions, was the dried iris perfume of which Miss Deborah had been so fond. Had not the whole county known that she was corresponding with the young scapegoat, Captain Pryor, merely because Mme. Pryor, the captain's mother, had discovered the scent of iris about the captain's waistcoat pocket, the left hand upper pocket? Now the same perfume that had greeted Mme. Pryor's nostrils floated out to Frederick Burr. And while the inhabitants of dreamland do not habitually carry perfume about with them, there was no sign of human presence, and Frederick Burr was obliged to admit that only in a dream could this vision of Great Aunt Deborah have appeared to him. Dream forms, he reasoned, are often modeled by more tenuous substan-

ces than the sweet odor that floated through the partly open door. He was gone the next morning before the house party awoke, so he did not see even Elizabeth to tell her of his dream.

Days passed and weeks passed, and Aunt Deborah's reappearance was not often remembered by her nephew. The household had settled into its wonted routine, and a decorous silence prevailed in all the rooms. One morning, just as the young master of the establishment was stepping into the dog cart to be driven to the train, Elizabeth appeared in the doorway.

"Don't forget golf this afternoon, Fred," she called, "and be sure to come on an early train, and oh! if you do come on the slow train, look out for Cousin Polly at Iselin. She is coming over to play and to stay all night."

"I'll be sure to come on the *fast* train then," he answered, for Cousin Polly was one of the objectionable country cousins who had formed the house party on that night sacred to Aunt Deborah in Burr's memory. "I can't see why Elizabeth can't leave those girls alone," he muttered to himself.

Unfortunately he missed the fast train, and as the slow train neared Iselin he looked languidly out for the freckled face and flaxen hair of the little girl whom he remembered from pre college days as Cousin Polly. She was not on the platform, and with a sigh of relief Burr resumed the reading of his newspaper. Over the top of the printed sheet, he saw, if that is the right word for such a vision, his Great Aunt Deborah, not in powder and paint and dainty brocade this time, but in a cotton frock, her roguish face and laughing eyes framed in a blue checked sunbonnet. Her eyes flashed a message to his, but his dull wits could not interpret it, and then she went on through the car into the next or into space, he could not tell which. Burr was trying to remember among the family relics a dainty bonnet of blue homespun. Had that been Miss Deborah's, too?

In his reverie he almost went past his own station, but he sprang from the starting car just in time to see his vision walking across the platform. She moved slowly toward his own trap, the family trap with its tiny coat of arms on the panel, and then, to his amazement, he saw Thomas, the footman, touching his hat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Polly," the man said. "Miss Elizabeth did not come, because she thought Mr. Burr would be on this train."

The sunbonneted head was not turned, but as the little figure got into the trap it did not seat itself on the driver's side, but moved

its skirts quite out of the way, making room for a large sized man.

"You can get up behind, Thomas; Mr. Burr is on the train."

The voice was quite as soft and low as Great Aunt Deborah's should have been, and it took Burr but one instant to appreciate that possibly he was not the only one of Miss Deborah's descendants who might be worthy of note.

The greetings on both sides were perfunctory, and the drive began in silence. After a few moments Miss Polly said with a certain hurried defiance in her voice:

"I didn't know that the dance was to be fancy dress; and Elizabeth herself suggested Aunt Deborah's gown. After all, you know, she was my Aunt Deborah quite as much as she was yours, and, besides, Elizabeth had said that you were in Canada or Florida, or somewhere, and how could I have known that you would be there?"

"How could I have known that you would be there?" Burr echoed lamely, but with double meaning in his voice.

The round blue eyes looked out from their gingham veiled depths. "But Elizabeth told you that we were all there."

"Yes, she did say that Cousin Polly was there," assented Burr; "but not—not Great Aunt Deborah."

This in itself was a compliment, for Deborah Burr had been a reigning toast and belle. Polly Burr rewarded it with a dazzling smile and a dainty blush.

"Yes," she agreed naïvely, "I thought I looked rather like her that night. I just ran down to verify the resemblance by looking at her picture, and then I couldn't resist the temptation to see how it would feel to sit in that blessed old chair, and then——"

The trap had stopped at the foot of the steps leading to the Burr mansion. Thomas stood at the horses' heads.

"Good heavens, Polly Burr!" broke in Elizabeth's voice. "You don't mean to say that you wore that thing on the cars?"

Then—but love stories are awfully out of date; people rarely confess them even when they have them of their very own, as children say, and no possible interest attaches to the love affair of some one else. Suffice it to say that in this case the relationship was not so very close; Polly was a cousin many times removed, as our English cousins have it, and the change from "Great Aunt Deborah" to Cousin Polly was not much quicker than the transformation of Cousin Polly into sweetheart Polly; after that only the intervention of Church and State was necessary to make the final alteration into Mrs. Frederick Burr.

Kathryn Jarboe.

THE ROMANOFFS OF TODAY.

The imperial house whose head is the sovereign of the greatest of modern military empires—
The young Czar's family life, his brothers and sisters, his mother, wife, and daughters.

WHEN the Princess Maria Dagmar of Denmark was very young, she was solemnly betrothed to the young and accomplished Czarevitch Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II of Russia. Prince Nicholas was not only the idol of his country, the young man who was expected to deliver Russia when she came into his strong, wise hands, but he was the admiration of Europe. He inherited, with the brains of his father, the handsome features of his mother, the Czarina

Maria, a princess of Hesse. He had been educated almost entirely by foreigners, and in foreign countries. He was a polished, elegant cosmopolite, a man who influenced other men entirely by his tact and graciousness and knowledge. He was an ideal lover, and the Princess Dagmar was very much in love with him. His brother Alexander had none of his beauty, had had the education of a soldier, and was a typical rough, bluff Russian guardsman.



AN IMPERIAL FAMILY GROUP—THE DOWAGER CZARINA. ON THE LEFT, HOLDS HER GRANDDAUGHTER, THE LITTLE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA ; NEXT TO HER SITS THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, SISTER OF THE CZAR, AND ON THE RIGHT THE CZARINA. BEHIND THEM STAND THE CZAR AND HIS ELDEST SISTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS XENIA, WITH HER INFANT SON.

From a photograph by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.



ALEXANDRA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA (FORMERLY PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE).

From her latest photograph by Thomson, London.

One day the two brothers, who were very fond of each other, were sparring together for exercise or amusement, and Alexander, who was much the more powerful, struck Nicholas a blow which sent him fainting to the floor. The iron fingers which were afterward able to crush a heavy silver goblet, made a formidable hammer. The Czarevitch appeared to recover, but his general health gradually failed, and in a few weeks he was dying on the Riviera. His brother was constantly with him to the last. The "sea king's daughter," as the Russian poets called Dagmar, was sent for, and over the death bed of her lover she met, for the first time, the young man

she was destined to marry in less than a twelvemonth.

When the Russian court, and the royal family generally, realized that Alexander was to be the next Czar, there was something almost like consternation. He was respected for his honesty and his soldierly qualities, but he had had no training for great responsibilities. It was thought well to begin by giving him his brother's wife as well as his brother's place—just as was done in England with Princess May of Teck when the Prince of Wales' eldest son died.

The marriage made under these rather unpromising circumstances was extraordinarily happy, and when Alexander II

died, and his son and namesake came to the throne, it was the new Czar's wife who was his constant counselor and close confidante. The intimacy between them was so great that while they were tenderly devoted to their children, they left the little princes and princesses out of much of their lives. Before the death of Alexander III he realized the mistake he had

mined to make the best of existing circumstances. Believing that if Nicholas had an adviser like his own mother his mistakes would not be serious, the father set about finding a clever wife for his son.

When the choice fell upon the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, everybody was pleased except the princess herself. Al-



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE CZAR'S YOUNGEST BROTHER.

From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

made in this direction. His eldest son, Nicholas, named for that dead elder brother, was a shy boy who never received any especial attention from his father. The natural place which would have been his, as his father's companion, was taken by the Czarina. When the Czar was told by his physicians that he was dying, he suddenly turned to his heir to discover that the young man was almost as unfit for the coming position as he himself had been.

There were rumors for a time that the Czarevitch was to be passed over, and that the crown was to go to the second son, the Grand Duke George, who was a mere boy at the time, but these were mere conjectures. The Czar had deter-

though four years younger than the Czarevitch, Princess Alix was in many ways his senior. She was twenty two when the subject was broached to her, in 1894, but she was already a serious woman with a beautiful, grave, mature face. For one thing, she was a Lutheran, and the Czarina must be of the Greek faith. For another, the Czarevitch had none of the qualities she admired. She is said to have spoken of him as "a sulky boy." But an enormous pressure was brought to bear upon her on every side. It meant closer relations with both Germany and England. A woman of royal blood has not always the power of choosing for herself, or of living unmarried. Teachers were sent from Russia to instruct



GEORGE, DUKE OF YORK, AND NICHOLAS, CZAR OF RUSSIA, TWO ROYAL FIRST COUSINS
WITH A STRIKING MUTUAL RESEMBLANCE.

From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

her in the Greek faith, and at last she consented to marry the coming Czar.

They say that the marriage has proved a happy one, but the young Czarina has not lost the look of settled melancholy that came into her face before her wedding day. She has taken up the duties of her place with even a stronger sense of duty than her predecessor, the Czarina Dagmar, and is bending every effort toward the ultimate civilization of Russia, while Nicholas is working to make it the most powerful country in the world in a military and political sense. Her influence upon her husband has undoubtedly done much for him. Alexander III was right in his selection of a wife for his son. The "sulky boy," who is said to have been so overcome at the realization of his enormous responsibilities that he wept with nervousness at his first ceremonial, has become a strong, steady monarch, who selects his ministers with

wisdom, and is guiding Russia to great things.

The family of the late Czar, the Dowager Czarina and her younger children, have taken something like a holiday of late years. They spend much of their time in England, the Riviera, Germany, and Denmark. The Czarina Dagmar is the sister of the Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and the Duchess of Cumberland, and her second daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, is her constant companion. This young princess has been brought up in the most catholic fashion so far as her religious beliefs are concerned. It is expected that she will marry out of Russia, and no particular attempt has been made to ground her in the beliefs of the Greek faith.

The Czar's eldest brother, the Grand Duke George, is a young man of many accomplishments, and possesses much of the manner but none of the beauty of his



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE CZAR'S YOUNGEST SISTER.

From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

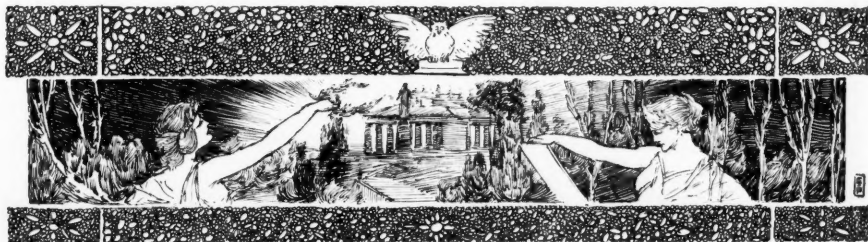
Uncle Nicholas. Like that prince's, too, his education has been almost altogether foreign. For years his health was supposed to be so delicate that his death was constantly expected, but he has grown to manhood with a vitality which will probably take him into old age. He is still the heir to the throne, for the present Czar's children are girls. The Russian people have selected the elder of them, the little Grand Duchess Olga, as the object of their affection, and the photograph of the Czar, the Czarina, and their baby is in many a Russian house.

The Grand Duke Michael, the late Czar's third son, is a young soldier of nineteen. He is completing his educa-

tion, and the world has heard little of him as yet.

It seems difficult to consider Russia and England as enemies when we know the close ties not only of blood but of affection which hold together the royal families of the two countries. Between the Duke of York and the Czar, whose mothers are sisters, there is not only a very close resemblance but also a brotherly friendship; and still more important, perhaps, in its political bearing, is the fact that the Czarina—who, like her husband, is a first cousin to the future English king—is the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

George Holme.



A CALIFORNIA SCULPTOR.

The striking and original series of statues and figure pieces designed by Douglas Tilden, of San Francisco, and the appreciation his work has found in his native State.

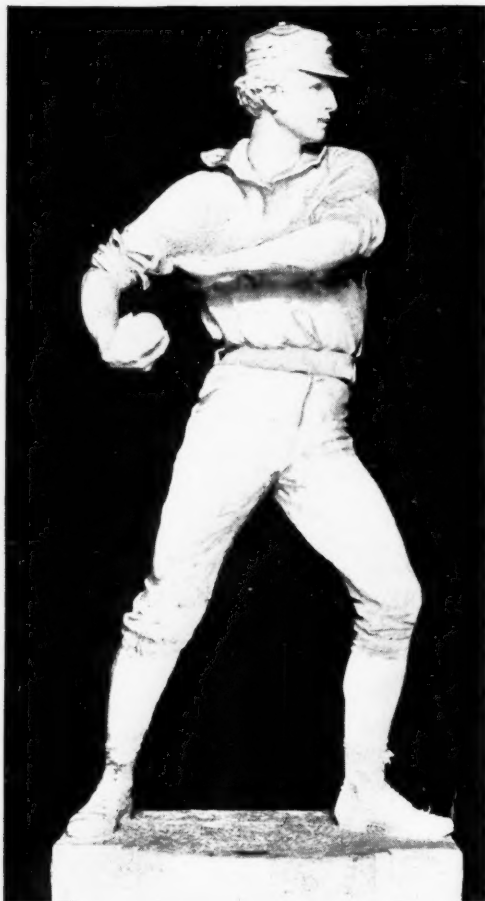
IN the face of all the general assertions to the contrary, it is pleasant to find an enthusiastic appreciation of home talent, such as Douglas Tilden, the California sculptor, enjoys in his native State. The twelve statues which represent his finished works of art are all owned in

California, and the work which he is now doing is destined for the adornment of San Francisco.

Douglas Tilden was born in Chico, California, in 1860. When he was five years old, he became deaf and dumb from the effects of scarlet fever, and was sent to the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylum at Berkeley to be educated. He entered the State University in the class of '83, but left before he had finished his course to become an instructor at the asylum.

Strange to say, although he had always been fond of drawing, it was not until he was twenty three or four that he discovered the especial line in which his talent lay. He was spending his vacation at home in Chico when he happened to see a plaster copy of a statue which his twelve year old brother had modeled. This was the first time that he had ever consciously thought about the art of sculpture. He was so impressed with his brother's work that he resolved to study the subject himself. He took one month's lessons from his brother's teacher, and then went back to Berkeley, where he worked at modeling by himself in his leisure moments for the remaining four years that he spent there.

In 1885 he produced what he considered his first work, a small statuette called "The Tired Wrestler." This showed so much promise of future achievement that the trustees of the asylum resolved to apply a fund established for the help of talented students to send him away for further study. He first went to New York, where he spent seven months at the National Academy of Design, and then set



"OUR NATIONAL GAME," OR "THE BASEBALL PLAYER,"
THE FIRST STATUE EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS
SALON BY DOUGLAS TILDEN.

out for Paris. Here, instead of entering a regular school, he became a private pupil of Paul Chopin, a gold medalist of the Salon, studied under him for five

Game" or "The Baseball Player," was accepted. This was followed by "The Tired Boxer," which received honorable mention in 1890. In the Salon of 1891



DOUGLAS TILDEN, THE CALIFORNIA SCULPTOR. MR. TILDEN, WHO IS DEAF AND DUMB, IS ONE OF THE MOST GIFTED AND ORIGINAL OF OUR YOUNGER CRAFTSMEN OF THE CHISEL.

months—making thirteen months of regular instruction, all told—and at the end of that time felt himself able to work independently.

He stayed several years in Paris, modeling without a teacher, but studying the work of other artists. The first work that he sent to the Salon, "Our National

he exhibited "The Young Acrobat," a plump little baby balancing himself on his father's hand, and in that of 1892 a more ambitious attempt, a large group called "The Bear Hunt." "The Football Players," a strong and beautiful piece of work, was exhibited the following year.



THE FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO BY THE SOCIETY OF NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST IN HONOR OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA AS A STATE.

Since Mr. Tilden's return to California he has modeled the large fountain erected by the Society of the Native Sons in honor of the admission of California as a State. His design was chosen out of twelve submitted to the committee of the Native Sons. He has two pieces of work on hand now, one of which is a fountain to be erected on the corner of Battery and Market Streets in memory of the late Peter Donahue, the pioneer railroad and ship builder. The fountain being intended to be symbolical of his profession, the design represents the punching of a boiler plate by a huge lever press. The attitudes of the men working the lever are as striking and pleasing as the design is original.

Mr. Tilden's latest undertaking is a monument of Balboa, to be erected in Golden Gate Park, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. It is the gift of Mayor Phelan to the city of San Francisco. The design is not yet completed. He is also at work upon models for several competitions in the Eastern States.

Strong and beautiful as Mr. Tilden's previous work has been, those with artistic knowledge enough to appreciate his progress in the handling of his material feel that he has not yet reached his limit, that his masterpiece is yet to be produced.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

THE PRAISE OF HOPE.

BELIEVE me, truly 'twas not I
Who sang that hope did ever seem
Like saddest singing in a dream—
Believe me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the song of hope
Is bright as harp tones of Apollo;
I hear it up life's laureled slope:
"Oh, follow, follow, follow!"

Believe me, truly 'twas not I
Who sang that hope did ever seem
Like faded flowers in a dream—
Believe me, truly 'twas not I,
Because for me the flower of hope
Blooms on each hill and down each
hollow,
And lured by fragrance up life's slope
I follow, follow, follow!

Clarence Urmey.

THE BETTER NEW YORK.

What makes a city truly greater?—How this important and interesting question is answered by Senator Platt, General Collis, Dr. Rainsford, General di Cesnola, and other well known men.

GREATER NEW YORK is drawing towards the close of its first year of existence as a united city, and is soon to hold its first election under the new municipal régime. At this point in its history, when we are beginning to compare fulfilment with promise, and when experience is verifying or disproving theory, it may be timely to present the opinions of men prominent in the social, religious, political, and business life of the metropolis, to whom MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE propounded this question: "In your estimation, what are the factors that tend to make a city truly greater—greater in the sense of better?"

Though chosen altogether from without the present circle of municipal control, all are men whose character and work have made them powerful influences in metropolitan life, all are men who, in one way or another, have made possible the expansion of the metropolis. One, William C. De Witt, was the framer of the Greater New York charter. Another, Jacob A. Riis, is the man who first told us "How the Other Half Lives," and then set us to work in the right direction to help that other half. He it was who made a way for sunlight and fresh air into the homes of the city's poor, who opened up the most congested section of the east side, and swept away blocks of dark tenements that children might have green grass to play upon. A third is General Charles H. T. Collis, late Commissioner of Public Works, the man who did so much to give the city good streets. Others, whose opinions will give weight to a symposium of this character, are the Rev. William S. Rainsford, the liberal, energetic, and influential rector of St. George's Church; E. L. Godkin, the editor of the *Evening Post*, whose editorial work against municipal corruption is constant, strong, and telling; General di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Henry Clews, a power in Wall Street, and Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose position in public life is too well known to need mention.

One opinion comes from beyond the limits of the greater city, that of James D. Phelan,

Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Phelan was asked to contribute to this article because, possibly more than any other young man in his position, he represents the power which slowly, though surely, is making of the material at hand today the better American city for tomorrow.

MIND ABOVE MATTER.

The author of the Greater New York charter believes in the supremacy of intellect as a power for betterment.

THE welcome supremacy of its best minds is the factor which makes a city truly great. "When the brains are out the man is dead," and about him are only the hideous actors in funeral pomp. But when men of living genius are in the lead, statesmen, poets, orators, artists, appear; and wise laws, a great literature, the arts and sciences, the true gospel, an elevated drama, and all the products of a happy and progressive people follow in the train.

I would rather have been the humblest scholar at the feet of Socrates in the days of Athenian genius, than the proudest subject of the degenerate Caesars when they ruled the world.

William C. De Witt.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE HOME.

Without the influence of the home no city, no nation, no people, becomes great.

THE truly great city, be its territory great or small, is the one that amid its thousand activities for the advancement of mankind enthrones the home. New York, with its forty thousand tenements, has been called "the homeless city." Until it no longer deserves the name, its strides in population and wealth are but so many steps toward final disaster, I fear. You know what the Frenchman said, that "without a decent home, there can be no family, no manhood, no patriotism"—no people, in the sense that makes cities and nations great. Upon the home the true greatness of a

people is built; for from the home proceeds character, and to character alone can you appeal with your plea for civic virtue.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE MODEL, GREAT CITY.

The Ex Commissioner of Public Works in New York asserts that the city possesses all the factors of true greatness.

You ask me what are the factors that make a city truly greater—greater in the sense of "better." If you asked me this in London, I should say: "Make everybody from the Tweed to Land's End come to London to do his banking and shopping." If you asked it in Paris, I should answer, "Make it the Mecca for the artist, savant, scientist, and pleasure seeker." In Berlin, "This is the home of royalty and the seat of government; keep this constantly in view."

Your question, I take it for granted, applies to the new New York. The consolidated city of New York is *sui generis*. There is nothing like it in the world, and I think I have seen nearly all of the world that is worth seeing.

New York as a harbor is Liverpool and San Francisco both. As a financial center, it is London, Frankfurt, and Paris. As a business mart it is Manchester, Leeds, Lyons, Birmingham, and Sheffield all combined. Its art galleries are creditable, its libraries far above mediocrity. Its places of worship accommodate every civilized religion or sect. Its places of amusement produce all the talent of the globe. Its public parks are unequaled, its hotels better than any on the planet. Only quite recently New York has been placed upon the list of the European tourist; he comes here with his family to look at the seething traffic on Broadway, and to watch the incessant activity of a new people as a child would watch the approaches to a nest of ants. He comes here because it only takes six days, and a few hours more to Niagara. He comes, knowing that he will miss nothing here which he enjoyed at home, save the *dolce far niente* of his monotonous existence.

I know of nothing needed in New York to make her greater or better which has not already been inaugurated. She is being made easy for commerce, attractive to strangers, and comfortable for her own people. These were the desiderata long looked for; they have arrived, and are making themselves felt. The river fronts afford dockage for everything afloat at reasonable port charges—yet these ought to be cheapened; improved smooth pavements reduce the wear and tear, and therefore lessen the cost of breaking bulk and transshipment;

security to life and property by good police and fire systems, is unexcelled; and every attraction of nature, art, religion, science, and music is within reach of the visitor.

New York will be made greater and better in proportion to our efforts:

First, to reduce port charges on merchandise to the minimum.

Second, to increase the facilities for local traffic to the maximum.

Third, to make the city comfortable to its own people, and attractive to visitors.

Charles H. T. Collis.

MEN OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

And the better the men, says Dr. Rainsford, the greater and better the city.

MEN make a city great, and better men make the greater city. Heartily believing this, I do what I can to foster and develop those influences which are most effective in the upbuilding of men.

Sound education makes the man, so I must do what I can to remove those crude misconceptions of what education is and should be, under which multitudes of well intentioned people still labor. To be in any wise great, a city must have great schools, and worthy, intelligent, and self sacrificing teachers.

Healthy surroundings and reasonable opportunities for leisure are the due of all honest men. Cheap transit to distant parts of the city, and some access to things of beauty and works of art, should be offered to our citizens. By such things men are helped to be men, to rise above the mere "scramble" idea of living.

As yet, when living in large communities, Americans have seldom developed much civic pride or public spirit—though there are some notable instances to the contrary. Though living nearer together in the cities than the country, rich men and poor men are in them much further apart. Some influence must be developed to draw them together before our big cities shall, in any sense, be our great cities.

The influence is here already, or rather the empty form of it is already here; but it avails little. The Christian churches are the proper uniting ground for all sorts and conditions of men. Within their walls men should seek courage and higher vision, to enable them to strive not for things only, but for life.

But the churches have failed—failed and broken down quite as completely as any other civic institution. They leave the poor and persistently follow the rich. Their governors and vestrymen are almost all rich men. They don't reach the poor, or the

working people, for they do not want them. They accentuate invidious and hurtful class distinctions.

The greater city can only gladden our race as soon as, and so far as, that principle of helpfulness, mutual forbearance, and brotherhood is infused into all sorts and conditions of men, and profoundly influences their dealings one with another. No great city can be founded and developed chiefly or entirely on the principle of competition.

W. S. Rainsford.

KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.

The factors of a great city well known, but rarely coupled with the power to realize them.

"TRULY this is the most hateful of all human sufferings to be full of knowledge, and at the same time to have no power over results." This familiar saying—from Herodotus, I think—is particularly applicable in this case. The intelligent men of every great center know well what is needed to make their city truly greater, but in few instances are they able to "do anything." Here in this new, greater city the condition of affairs is well understood. My opinion of them is not a secret, but of what avail is opinion, or knowledge, when it is impossible to get what we know is best?

It is no longer a matter of institutions. Our institutions are many and varied. We have all that could possibly be required to make the greatest of cities, but we are unable to place their control with intelligent and honest men. Greater New York is now in the worst possible hands. The power lies with ignorance and corruption. Intelligence and honesty have no influence here in the management of municipal affairs; and until these conditions can be overcome there is really little use in talking about the "better" city. At present, it seems as if the best we can look forward to is an improved boss.

E. L. Godkin.

TRUE GREATNESS EARNED,

When by reason of wealth, intelligence, and culture of its people, it helps the world.

THE greatness of a city is no more to be measured straightway by the number of its inhabitants and the extent of its territory than is the greatness of a man to be estimated by his size and weight. Both must be judged by their achievements, and by their permanent influence on the destiny of mankind.

Great cities are those which produce great men; and reciprocally, great men make cities great. Athens was small, yet the greatest

city of all history. Peking is big, but in no sense great. The title is earned when by reason of wealth, intelligence, and culture therein centered, a city contributes much to the elevation and genuine happiness of many people—first its own citizens, then their countrymen, and finally, but just as surely, their fellow beings throughout the globe.

L. P. di Cesnola.

HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND CHARITY.

Cultivate these factors, says the Mayor of San Francisco, and a city is made greater by being made better.

CITIES may be defined as the abiding places of numbers of people who cannot elect to live anywhere else. City life is considered by some an advantage; by others a disadvantage. The advantages arise from all the civilizing influences which naturally cluster about large populations, such as churches, schools, theaters, picture galleries, and museums. On the other hand, there are influences which are demoralizing and bad, and which should be eliminated as far as possible.

There is always danger to the health of people living in congested communities, and when the health of a people is affected by causes over which they exercise individually no control, the city authorities are responsible. Hence a city should be put in good sanitary condition. Rapid transit to the suburbs should be fostered, so that the people may live in an uncontaminated atmosphere, and yet be not too remote from their places of business and their workshops. As individual health is of first importance to right thinking and right living, a city can be made great by carefully studying these homely concerns.

At the same time the utility of beauty should not be overlooked. Streets and public places should be made to illustrate the best principles of art, so that our children as they grow up may be impressed by object lessons which will serve to raise their standard of taste, and influence them in their daily lives.

Thrown upon the streets of a great city are unfortunate defectives and delinquents, who are morally, physically, and intellectually inferior by reason of heredity or association; hence a large share of humanity ought to find expression in municipal establishments, so that those who are able, by reason of natural or acquired superiority, may in some systematic manner help to bear the burdens of the less fortunate and the weak. Thus by cultivating health, beauty, and charity, a city may be made great, in the sense of being made better.

A great city, it must be remembered, has great obligations.

James D. Phelan.

MEN AND MEANS.

*Great men the foundation stones of great cities,
and money the power that moves the
modern world.*

The truly great city is the city of great men, for that means great capacity in all directions. That city must be the truly greater city—greater in the sense of better—which possesses the best men. Where men are of the highest type of manhood, morally, intellectually, and physically, the institutions which they make and manage come most naturally to be the greatest of their kind, and the city of which they are a part is great because of them.

Next to men I should place means. All the men in the world could build neither a good nor a great city without money. It is the power for good or bad. In the hands of truly great men, of honest men, the results that may be obtained to the goodness and greatness of a modern city are almost beyond conception.

Because of the influence of money, the status of a city's financial institutions is of grave importance in estimating its claim to true greatness. The high standing of its banks, and the integrity of its trust companies, are not only important, they are absolutely necessary. The greatest financial institutions of a country center in the cities where money circulates most freely, and establish there the money markets of the world.

Perhaps the first feature that makes a city really great in the eyes of the world is its population. But numbers, however large, can never make a city truly great. The manner in which the people are governed is much more important; and great men are the true foundation stones of all great cities.

Through them come high religious ideals, and institutions of true learning and broad charity; and through them is good government obtained. The greater and better the men, the greater and better the city.

T. C. Platt.

PRACTICAL FACTORS OF CIVIC GROWTH.

*Good government and every possible opportunity
for material and intellectual development—
Rapid transit an important item.*

Great cities are undoubtedly great centers of influence and attraction, and have become potent factors in modern civilization. That city is potent for good, and is great in the fullest comprehension of the word, which is able to give to all classes of its citizens, first, the fullest opportunities for development that modern civilization affords—opportunities for education, for artistic and scientific achievement, for industrial and commercial expansion, for benevolent and philanthropic accomplishment; and second, an example through the public administrative and judicial servants of honesty, efficiency, justice, and responsibility in the conduct of its public affairs and in its relations to the private interests of its citizens.

As a necessary appendage to these achievements, traveling facilities should be of the most advanced character, both as regards speed and comfort. We want rapid transit embracing these characteristics which should excel any other city in the world. The want of it is one of the greatest drawbacks to our commercial prosperity. We should be able to move from the Battery to Harlem in fifteen minutes, and through a pneumatic tube system from the post office, letters should be transmitted to Harlem in five minutes. We want rapid transit both for travel and postage in order to bring the Greater New York abreast of the times.

Henry Clews.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

ENGLAND, what need of parchment whereupon

Our terms of covenant with thee are named?

As strong a bond between us God hath framed

As that which binds a mother and her son.

Some say thine ancient greatness hath begun

To fail with age—that thy proud spirit is tamed;

Thy foes are leagued to strike, it is proclaimed,

When thou art old, unfriended, and undone.

Should Cossack join with Frank to work thee seath,

And lift toward thee his hostile spear and dare

Do violence so much as to one hair,

Thy giant son, bone of thy very bone,

Incensed would come with vengeance, and in wrath

Would move the base of Europe's every throne!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

In the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 that was left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been prevented by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. Each signifies his intention of marrying the heiress, and the result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric suggests playing for her. To Mr. Pomeroy's disgust, the young nobleman wins, and the following morning he goes to the girl and offers her his heart and hand. Unaware of the real identity of her abductor, Julia has supposed him to be Soane, and moved by a desire to revenge herself on her recreant lover, she accepts Lord Almeric's offer. Later in the day Julia repents of her hasty decision and retracts her words, whereupon Mr. Pomeroy, while secretly delighted at the young lord's discomfiture, professes great indignation, and announces his intention of detaining the girl till she comes to her senses. Unknown to Lord Almeric, Mr. Thomasson reluctantly agrees to assist Pomeroy in a plot to force the girl to marry him, and that night, in pursuance of orders from his chief, he gets the girl out of the house, ostensibly to rescue her. When they reach the road a carriage lumbers up, and hailing it Mr. Thomasson thrusts the girl inside. As the chaise whirls away, another appears, passing in the same direction.

Meanwhile the pursuers reach Bristol, and while Sir George and Mr. Dunborough are fruitlessly searching for the girl's abductors, Mr. Fishwick makes a startling discovery. In the register of an old parish church he accidentally comes across an entry which apparently proves that the girl Julia is not a Soane after all.

XXXI.

THE road which passed the gates at Bastwick was not a highway, and Mr. Thomasson stared long after the carriage, wondering what chance brought a traveler that way at that hour. He reflected that one

of Mr. Pomeroy's neighbors might have dined abroad, have sat late over the wine, and be now returning; that the incident might admit of the most innocent explanation. Nevertheless, it left him uneasy. Until the last sound of the wheels died in the distance, he stood listening and thinking.

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Then he turned from the gate and, with a shiver, betook himself towards the house.

He had not left the highway ten paces behind him when a harsh cry rent the darkness, and he paused to listen. He caught the sound of running steps crossing the open ground on his right, and apparently approaching, and he raised his lantern in some alarm. The next moment a dark form vaulted the railings that fenced the avenue on that side, sprang on him, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

It was Mr. Pomeroy, beside himself with rage. "What have you done with her?" he cried. "You treacherous hound, speak! Answer, man, or, by God, I'll choke you!"

"Done—done with whom?" the tutor gasped, striving to free himself. "Mr. Pomeroy, I am not—what does this—"

"With her—with the girl?"

"She is—I have put her in the carriage! I swear I have! Oh!" he shrieked, as Mr. Pomeroy, in a fresh access of passion, gripped his throat and squeezed it. "I have put her in the carriage, I tell you! I have done everything you told me."

"In the carriage? What carriage?"

"The one that was there."

"At the gate?"

"Yes, yes."

"You fool! You imbecile!" Mr. Pomeroy screamed, as he shook him with all his force. "The carriage is at the other gate."

Mr. Thomasson gasped, partly with surprise, partly under the influence of Pomeroy's violence. "At the other gate?" he faltered. "But—there was a carriage here. I saw it. I put her in it. Not a minute ago!"

"Then, by God, it was your carriage, and you have betrayed me," the other answered, and shook his trembling victim until his teeth chattered and his eyes protruded. "I thought I heard wheels, and I came to see. If you don't tell me the truth this instant, I'll have the life out of you," he continued furiously.

"It is the truth," Mr. Thomasson stammered, blubbing with fright. "It was a carriage that came up—and stopped. I thought it was yours, and put her in. And it went on."

"A lie, man—a lie!"

"I swear it is true! If it were not, should I be going back to the house? Should I be going to face you?"

That impressed Mr. Pomeroy; his grasp relaxed. "The devil is in it, then!" he muttered; "for no one else could have set a carriage at that gate just at the minute! Any way, I'll soon know. Come on!" he continued, and snatched up the lantern,

which had fallen on its side and was not extinguished. "We'll after her! By God, we'll after her! They don't trick me so easily!"

The tutor ventured a terrified remonstrance, but Mr. Pomeroy, deaf to his entreaties and arguments, bundled him over the fence, and, gripping his arm, hurried him as fast as his feet would carry him across the grass to the other gate. A carriage, its lamps burning brightly, stood in the road. Mr. Pomeroy exchanged a few curt words with the driver, thrust in the tutor, and followed himself. On the instant the vehicle dashed away, the coachman cracking his whip and halloing threats at his horses.

The hedges flew by, pale, glimmering walls in the lamplight; the mud flew up and splashed Mr. Pomeroy's face; still he hung out of the window, his hand on the fastening of the door, and a brace of pistols on the ledge before him, while the tutor, shuddering at these preparations, hoping against hope that they would overtake no one, cowered in the farther corner. With every turn of the road or swerve of the horses Pomeroy expected to see the fugitives' lights. Unaware or oblivious that the carriage he was pursuing had the advantage of fifteen minutes' start, so that at top speed he could scarcely look to overtake it under the hour, his rage increased with every disappointment. Although the pace at which they traveled over the rough road was such as to fill the tutor with instant terror and urgent thoughts of death—although first one lamp was extinguished and then another, and the carriage oscillated so violently as to threaten an immediate overturn, Mr. Pomeroy never ceased to hang out of the window, yelling at the horses and upbraiding the driver.

But a start of three miles is much to make up. With wrath and curses he saw the lights of Chippenham appear in front, and still no sign of the pursued. Five minutes later the carriage awoke the echoes in the main street of the sleeping town, and Mr. Thomasson drew a deep breath of relief as it came to a stand.

Not so Mr. Pomeroy. He dashed the door open and sprang out, prepared to overwhelm the driver with reproaches. The man anticipated him. "They are here," he said, with a sulky gesture.

"Here? Where?"

A man carrying a staff and lantern—of whom the driver had already asked a question—came heavily round from the off side of the carriage. "There is a chaise and pair just come in from the Melksham road," he said; "and gone to the Old Bell, if that is what you want."

"A lady with them?"

"I saw none, but——"

"How long ago?"

"Ten minutes."

"We're right!" Mr. Pomeroy cried, with a jubilant oath, and, turning back, slipped the pistols into his skirt pockets. "Come," he said to Thomasson. "And do you," he continued, addressing his driver, who was no other than the respectable Tamplin, "follow at a walking pace. Have they ordered on?" he asked, slipping a crown into the night watchman's hand.

"I think not, your honor," the man answered. "I believe they are staying."

With a word of satisfaction Mr. Pomeroy hurried his unwilling companion towards the inn. The streets were dark, an oil lamp burning at a distant corner. But the darkness was light in comparison to the gloom which reigned in Mr. Thomasson's mind. In the grasp of this reckless man, whose headstrong temper rendered him blind to obstacles and heedless of danger, the tutor felt himself swept along, as incapable of resistance as the leaf that is borne upon the stream. It was not until they turned a corner and came in sight of the dimly lighted doorway of the inn, that despair gave him courage to remonstrate.

Then the imminence of the danger, and the folly of the course they were pursuing, struck him so forcibly that he grew frantic. He clutched Mr. Pomeroy's sleeve, and dragging him aside, out of hearing of Tamplin, who was following them, "This is madness!" he urged vehemently. "Sheer madness! Have you considered, Mr. Pomeroy? If she is here, what claim have we to interfere with her? What authority over her? What title to force her away? If we had overtaken her on the road, it might have been another thing. But here——"

"Here?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted, his face dark, his under jaw set hard as a rock.

"And why not here?"

"Because—why, because she will appeal to t'e people."

"What people?"

"The people who have brought her hither."

"And what is their right to her?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted.

"The people at the inn, then."

"Well, and what is their right? But—I see your point, parson! Damme, you are a cunning one! I had not thought of that. She'll appeal to them, will she? Then, she shall be my sister, run off from her home! Or no, my lad," he continued, chuckling savagely, and slapping the tutor heavily on the back. "They know me here, and that I have no sister. She shall be your daugh-

ter!" And while Mr. Thomasson stared aghast, Pomeroy laughed recklessly. "She shall be your daughter, man, staying with me, and run off with an Irish ensign! Oh, by Gad, we'll nick her! Come on!"

Mr. Thomasson shuddered. It seemed to him the wildest madness; a folly beyond speech. Resisting the hand with which Pomeroy would have impelled him towards the lighted doorway, "I will have nothing to do with it!" he cried, with all the firmness he could muster. "Nothing! Nothing!"

"A minute ago you might have gone to the devil," Mr. Pomeroy answered brutally, "and welcome! Now, I want you; and, by God, if you don't stand by me, I'll break your back! Who is there here who knows you? Or what have you to fear?"

"She'll expose us," Mr. Thomasson whimpered.

"Who'll believe her?" the other answered, with supreme contempt. "Which is the more credible story, hers about a lost heir, or ours? Come on, I say!"

Mr. Thomasson had been far from anticipating anything like this when he entered on his career of scheming. But he stood in mortal terror of his companion, whose reckless passions were fully roused, and after a brief resistance he succumbed. Still protesting and hanging back, he allowed himself to be urged past the open doors of the inn yard—in the black depths of which the gleam of a lanthorn, and the form of a man moving to and fro, indicated that the strangers' horses were not yet bedded—and up the hospitable steps of the Old Bell Inn.

A solitary candle burning at the end of a long passage guided their feet that way. Its light disclosed a red curtained snuggery, well furnished with keys and rows of bottles, and in the middle of this cheerful profusion the landlord himself, stooping over a bottle of port which he was lovingly decanting. His array, a horseman's coat worn over night gear, with bare feet thrust into slippers, proved him newly risen from bed, but the hum of voices and clatter of plates which came from the neighboring kitchen were signs that, late as it was, the good inn was not caught napping.

The host heard their steps, but crying, "Coming, gentlemen, coming!" finished his task before he turned. Then, "Lord save us!" he ejaculated, staring at them, the empty bottle in one hand, the decanter in the other. "Why, the road's alive tonight! I beg your honor's pardon, I am sure, and yours, sir! I thought 'twas one of the gentlemen that arrived a while ago—come down to see why supper lagged. Mr. Pomeroy, to be sure! What can I do for you, gentle-

men? The fire is scarcely out in the Hertford, and shall be rekindled at once."

Mr. Pomeroy silenced him by a gesture. "No," he said; "we are not staying. But you have some guests who arrived half an hour ago?"

"To be sure, your honor. The same I was naming."

"Is there a young lady with them?"

The landlord looked hard at him. "A young lady?" he said.

"Yes. Are you deaf, man?" Pomeroy retorted, his impatience getting the better of him. "Is there a young lady with them? That is what I asked."

But the landlord still stared, and it was only after an appreciable interval that he answered cautiously, "Well, to be sure, I am not—I am not sure. I saw none, sir. But I only saw the gentlemen when they had gone up stairs. William admitted them, and rang up the stables. A young lady?" he continued, rubbing his head as if he were perplexed. "May I ask, is't some one your honor is seeking?"

"Damme, man, should I ask if it weren't?" Mr. Pomeroy retorted angrily. "If you must know, it is this gentleman's daughter, who has run away from her friends."

"Dear, dear!"

"And taken up with a beggarly Irishman!"

The landlord stared from one to the other in great perplexity. "Dear me!" he said. "That is sad! The gentleman's daughter!" And he looked at Mr. Thomasson, whose sallow face was sullenness itself. Then, remembering his manners, "Well, to be sure, I'll go and learn," he continued briskly. "Charles"—to a half dressed waiter who at that moment appeared at the foot of the passage—"set lights in the Yarmouth and draw these gentlemen what they require. I'll not be many minutes, Mr. Pomeroy."

He hurried up stairs, and an instant later appeared on the threshold of a room in which two gentlemen sat, silently facing each other, before a hastily kindled fire. They had traveled together from Bristol, cheek by jowl, in a post chaise, exchanging scarce as many words as they had traversed miles. But patience, whether it be of the sullen or the dignified cast, has its limits, and these two, their tempers exasperated by a chilly journey taken fasting, had come very near to the end of sufferance. Fortunately, at the moment Mr. Dunborough—for he was one—made the discovery that he could not endure Sir George's impassive face for so much as the hundredth part of another minute, and in consequence was having recourse to his invention for the most

brutal remark with which to provoke him, the port and the landlord arrived together; and William, who had carried up the cold beef and stewed kidneys by another staircase was heard on the landing. The host helped to place the dishes on the table; then he shut his assistant out.

"By your leave, Sir George," he said diffidently. "But the young lady you were inquiring for? Might I ask—"

He paused as if he feared to give offense. Sir George laid down his knife and fork and looked at him. Mr. Dunborough did the same. "Yes, yes, man," Soane said. "Have you heard anything? Out with it!"

"Well, sir, it is only—I was only going to ask if her father lived in these parts."

"Her father?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Dunborough burst into rude laughter. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "Are we grown so proper all of a sudden? Her father, damme!"

Sir George shot a glance of fierce disdain at him. Then, "My good fellow," he said to the host, "her father has been dead these fifteen years."

The landlord reddened, annoyed by the way Mr. Dunborough had taken him. "The gentleman mistakes me, Sir George," he said stiffly. "I did not ask out of curiosity, as you, who know me, can guess; but—well, to be plain, your honor, there are two gentlemen below stairs, just come in. And what beats me, though I did not tell them so, they are also in search of a young lady."

"Indeed?" Sir George answered, looking gravely at him. "But probably they are from the Castle at Marlborough, and are inquiring for the lady we are seeking."

"So I should have concluded," the landlord answered, nodding sagely; "but one of the gentlemen says he is her father; and the other—"

Sir George stared. "Yes?" he said. "What of the other?"

"Is Mr. Pomeroy, of Bastwick," the host answered, lowering his voice. "Doubtless your honor knows him?"

"By name."

"He has naught to do with the young lady?"

"Nothing in the world."

"I ask because—well, I don't like to speak ill of the quality, or of those by whom one lives, Sir George; but he has not got the best name in the county, and there have been wild doings at Bastwick of late, and writs and bailiffs, and worse. So I did not up and tell him all I knew."

Suddenly Dunborough spoke. "He was at college at Pembroke," he said. "Doyley knows him. He'd know Tommy, too, and

we know Tommy is with the girl, and that they were both dropped Leckham way. Hang me, if I don't think there is something in this!" he continued, with growing excitement. "Thomasson is rogue enough for anything! See here, man," he went on, rising, and flinging down his napkin, "do you go down and draw them into the hall, so that I can hear their voices. And I will listen on the stairs. Where is Bastwick?"

"Between here and Melksham, but a bit off the road, sir."

"It would not be far from Leckham?"

"No, your honor; I should think it would be within two or three miles of it."

"Go down! Go down!" Mr. Dunborough answered impetuously. "And pump him, man! I believe we have run the old fox to earth. It will be our own fault now, if we don't find the vixen!"

XXXII.

THE arrival of this second pair of travelers hard on the heels of the first had roused the inn to full activity. Half dressed servants flitted this way and that through the passages, setting night caps in the chambers or bringing up clean snuffers and snuff trays. One was hurrying to draw ale for the driver, another with William's orders to the cook. Lights began to glow behind the diamond panes; a pleasant hum, a subdued bustle, filled the hospitable house.

On entering the Yarmouth, however, the landlord was surprised to find only the clergyman there. Mr. Pomeroy, irritated by his long absence, had gone to the stables to learn what he could from the post boy. The landlord was nearer than he knew to finding no one, for when he entered Mr. Thomasson was on his feet; another ten seconds, and the tutor would have fled panic stricken from the house.

The host did not suspect this, but Mr. Thomasson thought he did, and the thought added to his confusion. "I—I was coming to ask what had happened to you," he stammered. "You will understand, I am very anxious to get news."

"To be sure, sir," the landlord answered comfortably. "Will you step this way, and I think we shall be able to ascertain something for certain."

But the tutor did not like his tone, and shrank back. "I—I think I will wait until Mr. Pomeroy returns," he said.

The landlord raised his eyebrows. "I thought you were anxious to get news, sir?" he retorted.

"So I am—very anxious," Mr. Thomasson replied, with a touch of the stiffness that marked his manner to those below him.

"Still, I think I had better—or no, no!" he cried, afraid to stand out, "I will come with you. But, you see, if she is not here, I am anxious to go in search of her as quickly as possible, where—wherever she is."

"To be sure, that is natural," the landlord answered, holding the door open that he might pass out, "seeing that you are her father, sir. I think you said you were her father?" he continued, as Mr. Thomasson, with a frightened glance round the hall, emerged from the room.

"Yes—yes," the tutor faltered, and wished himself in the street. "At least, I mean her stepfather."

"Oh, her stepfather!"

"Yes," Mr. Thomasson answered faintly.

How he cursed the folly that had put him in this false position! How much more strongly he would have cursed it had he known what substance it was cast that dark shadow—as of a lurking man—on the upper part of the stairs!

"Just so—just so. And, if you please, what might your name be, sir?" the landlord continued, as he paused at the foot of the staircase.

The cold sweat rose on the tutor's brow; he looked helplessly towards the door. If he gave his name and the matter were followed up, he would be traced, and it was impossible to say what might come of it. At last, "Mr. Thomas," he said guiltily.

"Mr. Thomas, your reverence?"

"Yes."

"And the young lady's name would be Thomas, then?"

"N-no," Mr. Thomasson faltered. "No. Her name—you see," he continued, with a sickly smile, "she is my stepdaughter."

"To be sure, your reverence; and her name?"

The tutor glowered at his persecutor. "I protest, you are monstrous inquisitive," he said, with a sorry air of offense. "But if you must know, her name is Masterson; and she has left her friends to join—to join a—an Irish adventurer."

It was unfortunately said—the more as, in the course of the interview, the tutor had turned his back on the staircase. The words were scarcely off his lips when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and, twisting him round with a jerk that sent his head covering flying, brought him face to face with an old friend. The tutor looked, recognized, and a low shriek escaped his lips. He turned as white as paper. He knew that Nemesis had overtaken him.

But not how heavy a Nemesis! For he could not know that the landlord owned a restive colt, and had bought a new whip at the last fair, nor that the whip lay at this

moment where the landlord had dropped it, on a chest so near to Mr. Dunborough's hand that the tutor never knew how he became possessed of it. Only he saw it imminent, and would have fallen in sheer terror, his coward's knees giving way, if Mr. Dunborough had not driven him back against the wall with a violence that jarred the teeth in his head.

"You liar!" the infuriated listener cried; "you lying toad!" and shook him afresh with each sentence. "She has run away from her friends, has she? With an Irish adventurer, eh? And you are her father? And your name is Thomas? Thomas, eh? Well, if you do not this instant tell me where she is, I'll Thomas you! Now, come! One! Two!"

In the last words seemed a faint promise of mercy; alas, it was fallacious! Mr. Thomasson, the whip impending over him, had time to utter one cry—no more. Then the landlord's new cutting whip, wielded by a vigorous hand, wound round the tenderest part of his legs—for at the critical instant Mr. Dunborough dragged him from the wall—and with a gasping shriek of pain, pain such as he had not felt since boyhood, Mr. Thomasson leaped into the air. Next he strove frantically to throw himself down; but, struggle as he might, pour forth screams, prayers, execrations, as he might, all was vain. The hour of requital had come. The cruel lash fell again and again, raising great wheals on his pampered body. Now he groveled on the floor, now he was plucked up again, now an ill directed cut marked his cheek. Twice the landlord, in pity and fear for the man's life, tried to catch Mr. Dunborough's arm and stay the punishment; William did the same—for ten seconds of this had filled the hall with staring servants. But Mr. Dunborough's whip and arm kept all at a distance, and it was not until a tender hearted housemaid ran in at the risk of her beauty, and clutched his wrist and hung on it, that he tossed the whip away, and allowed Thomasson to drop, a limp, moaning rag, on the floor.

"For shame!" the girl cried. "You blackguard! You cruel blackguard!"

"He is the blackguard, my dear!" the Hon. Mr. Dunborough answered, panting and good humored. "Bring me a tankard of something. And put that rubbish outside, landlord. He has had no more than he deserved, my dear."

Mr. Thomasson uttered a moan, and one of the men stooped over him and asked him if he could stand. He answered only by a second groan, and the man looked gravely at the landlord, who, recovered from the astonishment into which the fury of the as-

sault had thrown him, turned his indignation on Mr. Dunborough.

"I am surprised at you, sir," he cried, rubbing his hands with vexation. "I did not think a gentleman in Sir George's company would act like this! In a respectable house, too! For shame, sir! Do some of you," he continued to the servants, "take the gentleman to his room and put him to bed. And softly with him, do you hear?"

"I think he has swooned," said the man, who had stooped over him.

The landlord wrung his hands again. "For shame, sir, for shame!" he said. "Stay, Charles; I'll fetch some brandy."

He bustled away to do so, and to acquaint Sir George, who through all—and from his open door he had gathered what was happening—had resolutely held aloof. As the landlord went out, he unconsciously evaded a person who entered at that moment from the street. The newcomer was Mr. Pomeroy. Ignorant of what had happened—for his companion's cries had not reached the stables—he advanced at his ease along the passage, and came with surprise on the group that filled the hall, which he had left empty; some bending over the prostrate man with lights, some muttering their pity or suggesting remedies, while others glanced askance at the victor, who, out of bravado rather than for any other reason, maintained his place at the foot of the stairs, and now and then called to them that they might rub him—they would not rub that off!

Mr. Pomeroy could not at first see the tutor, so thick was the press round him. When he did, and the thing that had happened burst on him, his face, gloomy before, grew black as a thunder cloud. He flung the nearest to either side that he might see the better, and as they recoiled, "Who has done this?" he cried, in a voice low yet harsh with rage. "Whose work is this?" And he turned himself looking from one to the other, and finding none to meet his eye.

Nor for a moment did any one answer him. The majority knew his reputation, and shrank panic stricken. At last this left him face to face with Mr. Dunborough, who, whatever his faults, was not a coward. "Whose work is it?" he answered, with haughty carelessness. "It is my work. Have you any fault to find with it?"

"Twenty, puppy!" the elder man retorted, almost foaming with rage. And then, "Have I said enough, or do you want me to say more?" he cried.

"Quite enough," Mr. Dunborough answered calmly. He had wreaked the worst of his rage on the unlucky tutor. "When you are sober I'll talk to you."

Mr. Pomeroy, with a frightful oath, cursed

his impudence. "I believe I have to pay you for more than this!" he panted. "Is it you who decoyed a girl from my house to-night?"

Mr. Dunborough laughed aloud. "No, but it was I who sent her there," he said. He had the advantage of knowledge. "And if I had brought her away again, it would have been nothing to you."

The answer staggered Bully Pomeroy in the midst of his rage. "Who are you?" he cried.

"Ask your friend there," Dunborough retorted, with disdain. "I've written my name on him. It should be pretty plain to read;" and he turned on his heel to go up stairs.

Pomeroy took two steps forward, laid his hand on the other's shoulder, and, big man as he was, turned him round. "Will you give me satisfaction?" he cried.

Dunborough's eyes met his. "So that is your tone, is it?" he said slowly; and he reached for the tankard of ale that had been brought to him, and that now stood on a chest at the foot of the stairs.

But Mr. Pomeroy's hand was on the pot first; in a second its contents were in Dunborough's face. "Now will you fight?" the other cried; and as if he knew his man, and that he had done enough, he turned his back on the stairs and went into the Yarmouth.

Two or three women screamed as they saw the liquor thrown, and a waiter ran for the landlord. A second drawer, more courageous, cried, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for God's sake, gentlemen, don't!" and he threw himself between the younger man and the door of the room; but Dunborough, his face distorted by rage, took him by the shoulder and sent him spinning; then with an oath he followed the other into the Yarmouth and slammed the door in the faces of the crowd. They heard the key turned.

"My God!" the waiter who had interfered cried, his face white. "There will be murder done!" And he sped away for the kitchen poker. Another ran to seek the gentleman up stairs. The others drew round the door and stooped to listen; a moment, and the sound they feared penetrated the door—the grinding of steel, the trampling of leaping feet, with a yell and a taunting laugh. The sounds were too much for one of the men who heard them; he beat on the door with his fists. "Gentlemen!" he cried, his voice quivering, "for the Lord's sake, don't, gentlemen! Don't!" On which one of the women who had shrieked fell on the floor in wild hysterics.

That consummated the horror without the room, where lights shone on frightened faces. In the height of it the landlord and

Sir George appeared on the scene together. The woman's screams were so violent that it was rather from the attitude of the group about the door than from anything which was said, that the two took in the position. The instant they did so Sir George signed to the servants to stand aside, and drew back to hurl himself against the door. A cry that the poker was come, and that with that they could burst the lock with ease, stayed him just in time; for as they went to adjust it between the lock and the jamb the nearest man cried, "Hush!" and raised his hand, and the door opened slowly inwards. On the threshold, supporting himself by the door, stood Mr. Dunborough. He looked at Sir George, his eyes furtive and full of a strange horror.

"He's got it!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "You had better get a surgeon. You'll bear me out," he continued, looking round helplessly, "he began it. He flung it in my face. By God!—it will go near to hanging me!"

Sir George and the landlord pushed by him hastily and went in. The room was gloomily lighted by one candle, burning on the high mantelshelf; the other lay overturned and extinguished among the folds of a table cloth which had been dragged to the floor with it. In a wooden chair sat Mr. Pomeroy, huddled chin to breast, his left hand pressed to his side, his right still resting on the hilt of his small sword. His face was the color of chalk, and a little froth stood on his lips; but his eyes, turned slightly upwards, still followed his rival with a baleful stare. Sir George marked the crimson stain on his lips, and raising his hand for silence—for the servants were beginning to crowd in with exclamations of horror—he knelt by the chair, ready to support him in case of need. "They are fetching a surgeon," he said. "He will be here in a minute."

Mr. Pomeroy's eyes left the door, through which Dunborough had disappeared, and for a few seconds dwelt unwinking on Sir George; but for a while he said nothing. At length, "Too late," he whispered. "The clumsy fool slipped, or I'd have gone through him. I'm done. Pay Tamplin—five pounds I owe him."

Soane saw that it was only a matter of minutes, and he signed to the landlord, who was beginning to lament, to be silent.

"If you can tell me where the girl is—in two words," he said gently, "will you try to do so?"

The dying man's eyes roved over the ring of faces. "I—don't know," he whispered, so faintly that Soane had to bring his ear very near his lips. "The parson—was to have got her to Tamplin's. He put

her in the wrong carriage. He's paid. And—I'm paid."

The small sword fell clinking to the floor. He drew himself up stiffly, pressing his hand more and more tightly to his side. For a second a look of horror—as if the consciousness of his position dawned on his brain—awoke in his eyes. Then he beat it down. "Tamplin's stanch!" he muttered. "I must stand by Tamplin. I owe——"

A gush of blood stopped his utterance. He gasped and without another word fell forward in Soane's arms. Bully Pomeroy had lost his last stake!

Not this time the spare thousands the old squire, good, saving man, had left on mortgage, nor the thousands he had raised himself for spendthrift uses; not the old oaks his great grandsire planted to celebrate his majesty's glorious restoration, nor the Lelys and Knellers that great grandsire's son, shrewd old connoisseur, commissioned; not, this time, the few hundreds squeezed from charge and jointure, or wrung from the unwilling friends—but life; life, and who shall say what besides?

XXXIII.

MR. THOMASSON—to go back a little in point of time—was mistaken in supposing that it was the jerk caused by the horses' start which drew from Julia the scream he heard as the carriage bounded forward and whirled away into the night. The girl, indeed, was in no mood to be lightly scared; she had gone through too much. But as she sank back on the seat, at the moment that the horses plunged forward, her hand, extended to save herself, touched another hand; and the sudden contact in the dark, with the discovery that she was not alone in the carriage, and all the possibilities this fact conjured up, drew from her an involuntary cry.

The answer, as she recoiled, was a sound between a sigh and a grunt, followed by silence. The coachman had got the horses in hand by this time, and was driving slowly; perhaps he expected to be stopped. She sat as far into the corner as she could, listening and staring, enraged rather than frightened. The lamps shed no light on the interior of the carriage; she had to trust entirely to her ears, and, gradually mingling with the roll of the wheels, there stole on her senses a sound the least expected in the world—a snore!

Therewith she stretched out a hand and touched a sleeve, a man's sleeve, and at that, remembering how she had sat and feared Mr. Thomasson before she knew who he was, she gave herself entirely to anger.

"Who is it?" she cried sharply. "What are you doing here?"

The snoring ceased, the man turned himself in his corner. "Are we there?" he murmured drowsily, and, before she could answer, slept again.

The absurdity of the position pricked her. Was she always to be traveling in dark carriages beside men who mocked her? In her impatience she shook the man violently.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" she cried again.

The unseen roused himself. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "Who—who spoke? I—oh, dear, dear, I must have been dreaming! I thought I heard——"

"Mr. Fishwick!" she cried, and her voice broke between tears and laughter. "Mr. Fishwick!" And she stretched out her hands and found his, and shook and held them in her joy.

The lawyer heard and felt; but, newly roused from sleep, unable to see her, unable to understand how she came to be there, by his side in the post chaise, he shrank from her. He was dumfounded. His mind ran on ghosts and voices; he was not to be satisfied until he had stopped the carriage, and with trembling fingers brought a lamp, that he might see her with his eyes. That done, the little attorney fairly wept for joy.

"That I should be the one to find you!" he cried. "That I should be the one to bring you back! Even now I can hardly believe that you are here! Where have you been, child? Lord bless us, we have seen strange things!"

"It was Mr. Dunborough!" she cried.

"I know, I know," he said. "He is behind us with Sir George Soane. Sir George and I followed you. We met him, and Sir George compelled him to accompany us."

"Compelled him?" she said.

"Aye, with a pistol to his head," quoth the lawyer, and chuckled and leaped in his seat—for he had reëntered the carriage—at the remembrance. "Oh, Lord, I declare I have lived a year in the last two days! And to think that I should be the one to bring you back!" he repeated. "But there, what happened to you? I know that they set you down in the road. We learned that at Bristol this afternoon from the villains who carried you off."

She told him how they had found Mr. Pomeroy's house and taken shelter there, and——

"You have been there until now?" he said, in amazement. "At a gentleman's house? But did you not think, child, that we should be anxious? Were there no horses? Didn't you think of sending word to Marlborough?"

"He was a villain," she answered, shuddering. Brave as she was, Mr. Pomeroy had succeeded in frightening her. "He would not let me go. And if Mr. Thomasson had not stolen the key of the room and released me, and brought me to the gate tonight, and put me in with you——"

"But how did he know that I was passing?" Mr. Fishwick asked, thrusting back his wig and rubbing his head in perplexity.

"I don't know," she said. "He only told me that he would have a carriage waiting at the gate."

"And why did he not come away with you?"

"He said—I think he said he was under obligations to Mr. Pomeroy."

"Pomeroy? Pomeroy?" the lawyer repeated slowly. "But sure, my dear, with the clergyman with you, you should have been safe. This Mr. Pomeroy was not in the same case as Mr. Dunborough. He could not have been deep in love after knowing you a dozen hours."

"I think," she said—but mechanically and as if her mind were running on something else—"that he knew who I was, and wished to make me marry him."

"Who you were?" Mr. Fishwick repeated; and—and he groaned.

The sudden check was strange. Julia should have remarked it. But she did not; and after a short silence, "How could he know?" Mr. Fishwick asked faintly.

"I don't know," she answered, in the same absent manner; and then, with an effort which was apparent in her tone, "Lord Almeric Doyley was there," she said.

"Ah!" the lawyer replied, accepting the fact with remarkable apathy. Perhaps his thoughts also were far away. "He was there, was he?"

"Yes," she said. "He was there, and he——" and then in a changed tone, almost harsh, "Did you say that Sir George was behind us?"

"He should be," he answered; and, occupied as she was with her own trouble, she was struck with the gloom of the attorney's tone. "It was arranged," he continued, "as soon as we learned where the men had left you, that I should start for Calne and make inquiries there, and they should start an hour later for Chippenham and do the same there. Which reminds me that we should be nearing Calne by this time. You would like to rest there?"

"I would rather go on to Marlborough," she answered feverishly—"if you could send to Chippenham to tell them I am safe? I would rather go back at once, and quietly."

"To be sure," he said, patting her hand. "To be sure, to be sure," he repeated, his voice shaking as if he had to struggle with some emotion. "You'll be glad to be with—with your mother."

Julia wondered a little at his tone, but in the main he had described her feelings. She had gone through so many things that, courageous as she was, she longed for nothing so much as a little rest and a little time to think. She assented in silence therefore, and, wonderful to relate, he fell silent also, and remained so until they reached Calne. There the inn was roused; a messenger was despatched to Chippenham; and while a relay of horses was prepared, he made her enter the house, and eat and drink. Had he stayed at that, and preserved when he re-entered the carriage the same discreet silence he had before maintained, it is probable that she would have fallen asleep in sheer weariness, and perforce deferred to the calmer hours of the morning the problems that occupied her. But as they settled themselves in their corners, and the carriage rolled over Comberford bridge, the attorney muttered that he did not doubt Sir George would be at Marlborough to breakfast. This set the girl's mind running. She moved restlessly, and presently, "When did you hear what had happened to me?" she asked.

"A few minutes after you were driven away," he answered. "But until Sir George appeared, some quarter of an hour later, nothing was done."

"And he started in pursuit?" To hear it gave her a delicious thrill between pain and pleasure.

"Well, at first—to confess the truth," Mr. Fishwick answered humbly, "I thought it was his doing, and——"

"You did?" she cried in surprise.

"Yes, I did; even I did. And until we met Mr. Dunborough, and Sir George got the truth from him, I had no certainty. More shame to me!"

She bit her lips to keep back the confession that rose to them, and for a little while was silent; then, to his astonishment, "Will he ever forgive me?" she cried, her voice tremulous. "How shall I tell him? I was mad—I must have been mad!"

"My dear child," the attorney answered in alarm, "compose yourself. What is it? What is the matter?"

"I, too, thought it was he! I, even I. I thought that he wanted to rid himself of me," she cried, pouring forth her confession in shame and abasement. "There! I can hardly bear to tell you in the dark, and how shall I tell him?"

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Fishwick answered.

"What need to tell any one? Thoughts are free."

"Oh, but"—she laughed hysterically—"I was not free, and I—what do you think I did?" She was growing more and more excited.

"Tut, tut!" the lawyer said again, still more lightly. "What matter?"

"I promised to marry some one else."

"Good Lord!" he said. The words were forced from him.

"Some one else!" she repeated. "I was asked to be my lady, and it tempted me! Think! It tempted me," she continued with a second laugh, bitterly contemptuous. "Oh, what a worm, what a thing, I am, Mr. Fishwick! It tempted me. To be my lady, and to have my jewels, and to go to the Ranelagh and the masquerades! To have my box at the King's House, and my frolic in the Pit! And my woman as ugly as I liked—if he might have my lips! Think of it, man, think of it! That any one should be so low! Or, no, no, no!" she cried in a different tone. "Don't believe me! I am not that! I am not so vile! But I thought he had tricked me, I thought he had cheated me, I thought that this was his work, and I was mad! I think I was mad!"

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Fishwick, rubbing his head. His tone was sympathetic, yet, strange to relate, there was no real smack of sorrow in it. Nay, an acute ear might have caught a note of relief, of hope, almost of eagerness. "Dear me, to be sure!" he continued. "I suppose—it was Lord Almeric Doyley, the nobleman I saw at Oxford?"

"Yes!"

"And you don't know what to do, child?"

"To do?" she exclaimed.

"Which—I mean which you shall accept. Really," Mr. Fishwick continued, his brain succumbing to a kind of vertigo as he caught himself balancing the pretensions of Sir George and Lord Almeric, "it is a very remarkable position for any young lady, however born. Such a choice—"

"Choice?" she cried fiercely, out of the darkness. "There is no choice. Don't you understand? I told him no, no, no, a thousand times no!"

Mr. Fishwick sighed. "But I understood you to say," he answered meekly, "that you did not know what to do."

"How to tell him! How to tell him, man!"

Mr. Fishwick was silent a moment. Then he said earnestly, "I would not tell him. Take my advice, child. No harm has been done. You said no to the other."

"I said yes," she retorted.

"But I thought—"

"And then I said no," she cried, between tears and foolish laughter. "Cannot you understand?"

Mr. Fishwick could not; but, "Any way, do not tell him," he said. "There is no need, and before marriage men think much of that at which they laugh afterwards."

"And much of a woman of whom they think nothing afterwards," she answered with scorn.

"Yet do not tell him," he pleaded, and from the sound of his voice she knew that he was leaning forwards; "or, at least, wait. Wait, child, take the advice of one older than you, who knows the world, and wait."

"And talk to him, listen to him, smile on his suit with a lie in my heart? Never!" she cried. Then, with a new, strange pride, the slightest touch of stateliness in her tone, "You forget who I am, Mr. Fishwick," she said. "I am as much a Soane as he is, and it becomes me to—to remember that. Believe me, I would far rather give up the hope of entering his house—though I love him—than enter it with a secret in my heart."

Mr. Fishwick groaned. In silence he told himself that this would be the last straw. This would give Sir George the handle he needed. She would never enter that house.

"I have not been true to him," she said. "Unwittingly; but I will be true now."

"The truth is—is very costly," Mr. Fishwick murmured, almost under his breath. "I don't know that poor men can always afford it, child."

"For shame!" she said. "But there," she continued warmly, "I know you do not mean it. I know that what you bid me do you would not do yourself. Would you have sold my cause and the truth for thousands? If Sir George had come to you to bribe you, would you have taken anything? Any sum, however large? I know you would not. You are an honest man."

The honest man was silent a while. Presently he looked out. The moon had risen over Savernake; by its light he saw that they were passing Manton. In the vale on the right the tower of Presbute Church, lifting its head from a dark bower of trees, spoke a solemn language, seconding hers. "God bless you!" he said, in a low voice. "God bless you."

A minute later the horses swerved to the right, and half a dozen lights keeping vigil in the Castle Inn gleamed out along the dark front. The post chaise rolled across the open and drew up before the door. Julia's strange journey was over. Had she known all as she stepped from the carriage the memories at which she shuddered must have worn a darker hue; but it was not until a comparatively late hour of the fol-

lowing morning that even the lawyer learned what had happened at Chippenham.

XXXIV.

WHEN the lawyer entered the Mastersons' room next morning and Mrs. Masterson saw him, she held up her hands in dismay. "Lord's sakes, Mr. Fishwick!" the good woman cried. "Why, you are the ghost of yourself! Adventuring does not suit you, that's certain. But I don't wonder. I am sure I have not slept a wink these three nights that I have not dreamt of Bessy Canning and that horrid old Squires; which she did it without a doubt. Don't go to say you've bad news this morning."

She was so far in the right that Mr. Fishwick looked wofully depressed. The night's sleep, which had restored the roses to Julia's cheeks and the light to her eyes, had done nothing for him; or perhaps he had not slept. His eyes avoided the girl's. "I've no news this morning," he said awkwardly; "and yet I have news."

"Bad?" the girl said, nodding her comprehension, and her color slowly faded.

"Bad," he said gravely, looking down at the table.

She took her foster mother's hand in hers and patted it reassuringly; they were sitting side by side. The elder woman, whose face was still furrowed by the tears she had shed in her bereavement, began to tremble. "Tell us," the girl said bravely.

"God help me!" Mr. Fishwick answered, his own face quivering. "I don't know how I shall tell you. But I must." Then, in a voice harsh with pain, "Child, I have made a mistake," he cried. "I am wrong, I was wrong, I have been wrong from the beginning. God help me! And God help us all!"

The elder woman broke into frightened weeping. The younger grew paler; grew in a moment white to the lips. Still her eyes met his unflinchingly. "Is it—about my birth?" she whispered.

"Yes. Oh, my dear, will you ever forgive me?"

"I am not Julia Soane? Is that it?"

He shook his head.

"Not a Soane—at all?"

"No; God forgive me, no!"

She continued to hold the weeping woman's hand in hers, and to look at him; but for a long minute she seemed not even to breathe. Then in a voice that, notwithstanding the effort she made, sounded harsh in his ears, "Tell me all," she muttered. "I suppose—you have found something!"

"I have," he said. He looked old and worn and shabby; and was at once the surest

and the saddest corroboration of his own tidings. "I have found, by accident, in a church at Bristol, the death certificate of the—of the child."

"Julia Soane?"

"Yes."

"But then—who am I?" she cried, her eyes growing wild. The world was turning, turning with her.

"Her husband," he answered, nodding towards Mrs. Masterson, "adopted a child in place of the dead one, and said nothing. Whether he intended to pass it off for the child intrusted to him, I don't know. He never made any attempt to do so. Perhaps," the lawyer continued drearily, "he had it in his mind, and when the time came his heart failed him."

"And I am that child?"

Mr. Fishwick looked away guiltily, passing his tongue over his lips. He was the picture of shame and remorse. "Yes," he said. "Your father and mother were French. He was a teacher of French at Bristol, his wife French from Canterbury. No relations are known."

"My name?" she asked, smiling pitiously.

"Paré," he said, spelling it; and he added, "They call it Parry."

She looked round the room in a kind of terror, not unmixed with wonder. To that room they had retired to review their plans on their first arrival at the Castle Inn, when all smiled on them. Thither they had fled for refuge after the brush with Lady Dunborough, and the rencontre with Sir George. To that room she had betaken herself in the first flush and triumph of Sir George's suit; and there, surrounded by the same objects on which she now gazed, she had sat, rapt in rosy visions, through the livelong day preceding her abduction. Then she had been a gentlewoman, an heiress, the bride in prospect of a gallant gentleman. Now?

What wonder that, as she looked in dumb misery, recognizing these things, her eyes grew wild again; or that the shrinking lawyer expected an outburst? It came, but from another quarter. The old woman rose and pointed a palsied finger at him. "Yo' eat your words!" she said. "Yo' eat your words and seem to like them! But didn't you tell me no farther back than this day five weeks that the law was clear? Didn't you tell me it was certain? You tell me that!"

"I did. God forgive me!" Mr. Fishwick murmured, from the depths of his abasement.

"Didn't yo' tell me fifty times, and fifty times to that, that the case was clear?" the old woman continued relentlessly. "That

there were thousands and thousands to be had for the asking? And her right besides, that no one could cheat her of, no more than they could me of the things my man left me?"

"I did, God forgive me!" the lawyer said.

"But yo' did cheat me!" she continued, with quavering insistence, her withered face faintly pink. "Where is the home you ha' broken up? Where are the things my man left me? Where's the bit that should ha' kept me from the parish? Where's the fifty two pounds you sold all for and ha' spent on us, living where's no place for us, at our betters' table? You ha' broken my heart! You ha' laid up sorrow and suffering for the girl that is dearer to me than my heart. You ha' done all that, and you can come to me smoothly and tell me you ha' made a mistake! You are a rogue, and, what maybe is worse, I mistrust me you are a fool!"

"Mother! Mother!" the girl cried.

"He is a fool," the old woman repeated, eying him with dreadful sternness; "or he would ha' kept his mistake to himself. Who knows of it? Or why should he be telling them? 'Tis for them to find out, not for him! You call yourself a lawyer? You are a fool;" and she sat down in a palsy of senile passion. "You are a fool! And you ha' ruined us!"

Mr. Fishwick groaned, but made no reply. He had not the spirit to defend himself. But Julia, as if all she had gone through since the day of her reputed father's death had led her to this point only that she might show the stuff of which she was wrought, rose to the emergency.

"Mother," she said firmly, her hand resting on the older woman's shoulder, "you are wrong. You are quite wrong. He would have ruined us indeed, he would have ruined us hopelessly and forever, if he had kept silence! He has never been so good a friend to us as he has shown himself today, and I thank him for his courage. And I honor him!" She held out her hand to Mr. Fishwick, who, having pressed it, his face working ominously, retired hastily to the window.

"But, my deary, what will you do?" Mrs. Masterson cried peevishly.

"What I should have done if we had never made this mistake," Julia answered bravely, though her lip trembled and her face was white, and in her heart she knew that hers was but a mockery of courage, that must fail her the moment she was alone. "We are but fifty pounds worse than we were."

"Fifty pounds!" the old woman cried

aghast. "You talk easily of fifty pounds. And, Lord knows, it is soon spent here. But where will you get another?"

"Well, well!" the girl answered patiently, "that is true. Yet we must make the best of it. Let us make the best of it," she continued, appealing to them bravely, yet with tears in her voice. "We are all losers together. Let us bear it together. I have lost most," she continued, her voice trembling. Fifty pounds? Oh, God! what was fifty pounds to what she had lost? "But perhaps I deserve it. I was too ready to leave you, mother. I was too ready to—take up with new things and—richer things, and forget those who had been kin to me and kind to me all my life. Perhaps this is my punishment. You have lost your all, but that we will get again. And our friend here—he, too, has lost."

Mr. Fishwick, standing dogged and downcast by the window, did not say what he had lost, but his thoughts went to his old mother at Wallingford and the empty stocking, and the weekly letters he had sent her for a month past, letters full of his golden prospects, and the great case of *Soane v. Soane*, and the great things that were to come of it. What a home coming was in store for him now, his last guinea spent, his hopes wrecked, and Wallingford to be faced!

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Master-son sobbed querulously, or now and again uttered a wailing complaint: the other two stood sunk in bitter retrospect. Presently, "What must we do?" Julia asked in a faint voice. "I mean, what step must we take? Will you let them know?"

"I will see them," Mr. Fishwick answered, wincing at the note of pain in her voice. "I—I was sent for this morning, for twelve o'clock. It is quarter to eleven now."

She looked at him, startled, a spot of red in each cheek. "We must go away," she said hurriedly, "while we have money. Can we do better than go back to Oxford?"

The attorney felt sure that at the worst Sir George would do something for her: that Mrs. Masterson need not lament for her fifty pounds. But he had the delicacy to ignore this. "I don't know," he said mournfully. "I dare not advise. You'd be sorry, Miss Julia, and any one would who knew what I have gone through. I've suffered—I can't tell you what I have suffered. I shall never have any opinion of myself again. Never!"

Julia sighed. "We have got to cut a month out of our lives," she murmured. But it was something else she meant—a month out of her heart.

(To be concluded.)

THE STAGE

A PAST MASTER IN HIGHER BURLESQUE.

Charles J. Ross has been an indispensable factor in securing the vogue attained by the Weber & Fields company of burlesquers. He plays the Faversham-Sothorn-Gillette rôles, and many a spectator has come out of the theater asking himself why so clever a man should not have turned his attention to the legitimate. Endowed with an admirable stage presence, Mr. Ross possesses in addition a really artistic instinct which keeps him from overacting—a temptation almost impos-

sible to resist in his line of work. His voice is pliable to a marvelous degree; in "Pousse Café" its likeness to that of Sothorn as *Lord Chumley* is almost startling. And yet the resemblance to Gillette's tones, in "Secret Servants," was almost as striking. In brief, Ross is so skilled in assuming various leading parts in travesties of the legitimate that one is astonished to learn that his training has all been received in the variety theaters, to which he passed direct from the race track.

In 1885 he was attending as a guest a



CHARLES J. ROSS IN "THE GEEZER," A TRAVESTY ON "THE GEISHA."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



GEORGE ALEXANDER AS SIR GEORGE LAMORANT, BART., IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

"sociable" of the New York Elks when he was unexpectedly called upon to contribute to the entertainment of the evening.

"I hesitated," he says, in describing the occasion, "but the sergeant at arms did his duty, and I soon found myself before my first New York audience. I told stories, imitated actors, and did some other things."

He was engaged forthwith for a week at Miner's Bowery Theater, and thus began a new career, which the next year took him West and gave him a thorough schooling in a wide range of his art, all the way from "nigger" acts to glove fights. At Deadwood he met Mabel Fenton, and, to quote again from his own words, "four days after our meeting we were married. Lucky me!" The two have stuck together ever since, not only as husband and wife, but as a "team," Mabel

Fenton now playing opposite to Ross in all the Weber & Fields travesties. Her imitation of Mrs. Fiske in "Tess of the Weberfields" was a classic in its way, and as *Yvonne* in "The Con-curers" her work was capital.

A CAREER OF SUCCESSES.

Membership in a boat club seems an unlikely gateway through which to enter the theatrical profession, but it served this pur-



DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "PHOEBE" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

From a photograph by Ellis, London.



CISSIE LOFTUS, FAMOUS IN THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS FOR HER IMITATIONS OF WELL KNOWN ACTORS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

pose for George Alexander, who, as the manager of the St. James Theater, ranks close to Irving in the dramatic world of London. The son of a Scotch manufacturer, he first turned his attention to the study of medicine in Edinburgh, but gave it up, and seeking out London, procured a position in a business house. As a means of diversion he joined the Thames Rowing Club, and acted in the amateur performances the club gave during the off boating season. He made such a hit in "The Critic" that there was no resisting the temptation to step from the amateur to the professional stage.

In two years he came to the notice of Henry

Irving, who engaged him for the Lyceum, where he first appeared in 1881 as *Caleb Decie* in "The Two Roses." Twice he accompanied Mr. Irving to America, in 1883 and 1887, and, after a noteworthy success at the Lyceum in 1889 as *Macduff*, young Alexander determined to become a manager as well as an actor. He was then just over thirty. "Dr. Bill," at the Avenue Theater, was the first hit of his new departure. Then, while "Sunlight and Shadow" was running, he transferred it to the St. James, where he speedily secured the most fashionable following in London. Here he brought out and acted in "The Idler," "Lady Windermere's



FRANK R. MILLS, WHO RECENTLY PLAYED OPPOSITE PARTS TO ANNIE RUSSELL IN LONDON.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Fan," "Liberty Hall," and "The Masqueraders," to say nothing of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which startled London by its boldness and sent the name of Mrs. Patrick Campbell thrilling over the Atlantic cable.

It was Mr. Alexander who first produced "The Prisoner of Zenda" in England, himself enacting the rôle created by E. H. Sothorn. Latterly he has turned to Shakspeare, his revivals of "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" winning high praise, especially for the splendor of their mounting. Last season he staged "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "The Tree of Knowledge." His latest success is "The Ambassador," which followed "The Conquerors," wherein Mr. Alexander played the part filled here by Faversham. His leading woman is now Fay

Davis, the Boston girl who, only a few years ago, was struggling in London against apparently hopeless odds.

Both Mr. Alexander and his wife move in English society, where they are general favorites. An American tour of the St. James company has been talked of, but not as yet definitely settled upon.

ENGLAND'S FIRST "TRILBY."

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the leading rôles of two successful plays made from English novels, and first produced in America, were created by a man and woman who afterwards became husband and wife. We refer, of course, to E. H. Sothorn and Virginia Harned, the plays being "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trilby." Marriage, too, fell to the portion of the English *Trilby*, Dorothea Baird, of whom we print a portrait.

She was quite unknown when she wrote to Mr. Du Maurier, asking for the part. The



IRENE HAYMAN, AS "DAISY VANE" IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

famous novelist went to call upon her, taking Mr. Tree with him, and her resemblance to the character as it existed in the author's mind, caused her to be engaged upon the spot. She made a big hit, and in 1896 married Sir Henry Irving's eldest son, Henry B., who was *Hentzen* in the St. James' produc-

too, nothing less than the heart of a critic who was sent to write about her. This was Justin Huntley McCarthy, son of the noted Irish writer and M. P. Young McCarthy was so much infatuated that a romantic elopement, instead of a prosaic announcement, preceded the marriage. Miss Loftus did not



VIOLA ALLEN, WHO IS ABOUT TO CREATE THE PART OF "GLORY" IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

tion of "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is a regular member of George Alexander's stock company. Miss Baird, who was also on its roster, has lately joined the Irving forces at the Lyceum as understudy to Ellen Terry.

A YOUTHFUL FAVORITE IN THE LONDON "HALLS."

The name Loftus occurs twice in the music hall world of London, belonging not to two sisters, but to mother and daughter. Our portrait is of the daughter, Cissie, who went on the variety stage when still in her teens and captured it at once by her imitations of actors. She captured something else,

leave the stage, and her husband accompanied her on her tour to America, which her mother, Marie Loftus, has visited since.

At the present writing Cissie Loftus is appearing at the London Alhambra, where her latest imitations are of Dan Daly and Edna May in "The Belle of New York." She regards her travesty on Yvette Guilbert as one of her most successful efforts. Sarah Bernhardt and Hayden Coffin are among her other selections.

HOW FRANK MILLS WAS TRAINED.

When Annie Russell played "Dangerfield, '95" in front of "Oh, Susannah!" last

spring, Frank Mills made many friends for himself in the name part. After "Dangerfield" he went to London with the "Heart of Maryland" company as *Lieutenant Telfair*, created by Cyril Scott.

in Charles Frohman's road company presenting "Sowing the Wind." Later he was with Mrs. Fiske, playing the priest in "The Queen of Liars," but it was his work in "Cesarine" that prompted Daniel Frohman



DOROTHY SHERROD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE TIM MURPHY COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Jones & Lutz, San Francisco.

Mr. Mills is a Michigan boy who went to Chicago and paid a dramatic agency to get him an opening somewhere—anywhere. It was "anywhere" with a vengeance—a party of "barnstormers" traveling through Nebraska and adjacent States. Strange experiences befell the young man in his novel environment, but out of them all he drew that which built him up in his chosen calling, fitting him for the next step in it, which was a part

to offer him a New York engagement at the Lyceum, where he made an excellent start in "The Courtship of Leonie," and last winter took an important part in "The Tree of Knowledge."

"NATHAN HALE," ITS CRITICS, AND CRITICS
IN GENERAL.

If Nat Goodwin had any doubts about the ability of "Nathan Hale" to carry him



NAT GOODWIN AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN THE SCHOOLROOM SCENE FROM "NATHAN HALE."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

through his next season, after his test of it in Chicago last winter, they must have been set at rest by the breaking out of the war. For while the Fitch play is not an out and out war drama, patriotism is its underlying motive, and the fact that it was first produced in time of peace robs it of any suspicion of seeking to trade on the sentiments of the hour. It was half a month before the Maine episode that the *Chicago Tribune*, reviewing the first performance, remarked: "Here we have an American play, produced by an American actor, upon a subject of vital interest to America; granted an almost faultless rendering, and such an event could not fail to awaken great interest and arouse an enthusiasm in national drama. From start to finish

there was no shadow of disappointment, not a show of disapprobation."

Further on this same writer declares that the author takes great liberties with the intelligence of his audience and throws common sense to the winds. "The first act," he goes on to assert, "like all prologues, is rather an inauspicious opening, and the third is about as ridiculous as any melodrama could be."

"The second act carries too long in the twilight of action," was the opinion of the *News*. "There is little concise conversation or natural development of plot, and there is not a brilliantly drawn character in the play."

So much for the critical viewpoint last February, which it may be interesting to compare with what the New York papers



MABELLE GILLMAN, OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.
From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

say when the piece is put on at the Knickerbocker. As we remarked in this place in May, Chicago audiences liked "Nathan Hale," and now, if it goes in the metropolis, and Gotham critics agree with their brothers in the West, it will only further emphasize the fact that in any sort of play the people care more for effectiveness of situation than for logic of plot. Sometimes both may be happily combined; more often they are divorced, and when logic preponderates over situation the play fails. The theater is a place of recreation, else why are its announcements printed under the head of "amusements"? And the keenest enjoyment for the masses is that which thrills first and edifies afterward, if at all.

Perhaps Max Beerbohm, the London litterateur, who has recently become dramatic man on the *Saturday Review*, may accommodate the public by judging of plays from some other standpoint than their artistic value, for he frankly announces that he could not be called upon to write on any subject of which he was more absolutely ignorant. He adds that he knows nothing about actors, which differentiates him considerably from his American confrères, who are too apt to have their special favorites and pet aversions behind the footlights; but he is like them in one point, if we may believe his statement that he does not like to go to the theater.

The bored look on the faces of the men who next day may make or mar his career must be the greatest of the many trials that confront an actor on a first night. Whether this contempt for the playhouse as a place of entertainment is real or assumed, its existence is to be deplored. The broker does not dread his office, nor the merchant his sales-room. Is it sufficient reason for the dramatic critic's loathing of the orchestra chair that the place of his work is commonly regarded as an abode of pleasure?

POINTS ABOUT "THE CHRISTIAN" AS A PLAY.

Viola Allen spent about a month during the summer visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine at their home, Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man. Author and player thus enjoyed a capital opportunity to study together on the dramatized form of "The Christian," which will present several departures from the novel. *John Storm*, for one thing, will not be so much of a fanatic, and the vagaries of *Canon Wealthy* will be treated more from the humorous side.

The great situation is at the close of the fourth act, in *Glory's* apartments, where *Storm*, temporarily bereft of reason, comes to kill her. This will culminate in the play in

an altogether different way from that indicated in the book. *Glory's* friends appear, and after she is left alone again the curtain falls on an interpolated scene, which—as it reads, at least—is strongly effective in itself, and gains additional pathos from all that has gone before.

Miss Allen's conception of *Glory* will be awaited with an interest second to none. The character is quite unlike any she has played. On the emotional side the public know what to expect from her, but just this was the player's plaint while under other management. She had no opportunity to wear the mask of humor. In *Glory Quayle* sunlight and shadow alternate rapidly and vividly; hence the artist who makes the part her own achieves with it what it might otherwise require an entire career to compass.

CONTRASTS IN LONDON MUSICAL COMEDIES.

Change of bill at the two London houses furnishing light musical comedy (*Daly's* and the *Gaiety*) occurred almost simultaneously, after they had run one into the third and the other into the second year, with "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl," respectively. "A Greek Slave," the new offering at *Daly's*, is by the men who fathered "An Artist's Model" and "The Geisha," and from reports we should put it down as greatly superior to the former, and not so good as the latter. Hayden Coffin has the title part, and the rôle for James Powers, in the event of Mr. *Daly* bringing out the piece in New York, would be that of a wizard. The scene is in Rome, the period about A. D. 90, and without doubt the whole thing was planned with a view to gorgeous mounting.

Some of the London critics appear to think that "A Greek Slave" is too ambitious for the line of work it represents. One of them, for instance, remarks:

Imagine, if you can, a pack of bluestockings in a musical piece intended to appeal to our senses and aid our digestion—and I hold that such entertainments have no higher mission. Where are we trending when such a passage as this meets your eye on opening the "book of words" at *Daly's*:

IRIS. He warbled a plaintive rondo—
of brekekekex koax!

CHORUS. Koax!

The Japanese of "The Geisha" was all very well, because we knew it to be without design, and were willing to include it in the delighted awe with which we accept the Japanese costume, fan, and umbrella, but here we have a distinct attempt to waft the musty odors of the school across the footlights, and I am wondering if, with the next book, we shall require a glossary.

"A Runaway Girl," the new *Gaiety* piece, is frankly light throughout, and seems to have won universal favor. The low comedy

rôle is that of a jockey masquerading as a courier, and the picturesque element is abundantly supplied by the introduction of the carnival. It will be interesting to compare the American with the English verdict on both these pieces.

We print a portrait of Mabelle Gillman, a member of Augustin Daly's musical forces, who has done yeoman service in "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl." She understudied Virginia Earl in both, and frequently played the part, and excellently well, too. In "The Circus Girl" she was also *Lucille*, the slack wire walker, and carried off the pantomime scenes with all the spirit and promptness so necessary to their success. It is quite apparent that she loves her work and throws her whole soul into it. She has been happily supplied with opportunities to show what she can do, and if the exuberance of youth does not turn her head, she will no doubt attain the ranking that rewards those who supplement the favors of fortune with studious application.

OPERA BY THE QUANTITY.

The opening of the second season of the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theater, September 12, with "Boccaccio," gives New Yorkers another opportunity to enjoy a wide variety of operas well presented at reasonable prices. During the first season, extending from Christmas Day until June 25, twenty three different works were performed, and an enormous hit was made by a feature common to all of them—the chorus. This is no disparagement to the soloists, many of whom have become stanch favorites in the metropolis.

Apropos of the number of different operas produced within a given period, Berlin and Vienna are far ahead of all other cities in that respect, Paris falling clear behind, as is shown by the comparative grand opera table for the three capitals, reprinted by *Le Monde Artiste*, of Paris, from *Trovatore*, the Italian musical journal. During the year 1897 the list for Berlin was 54; for Vienna, 53; for Paris, 16. In Berlin no one work appears to have been the favorite, "Tannhäuser," "Mignon," and "Hänsel und Gretel" leading with seventeen performances each. In Vienna the favorite (to quote the French name) was an opera unknown here, "La Fiancée Vendue," by Smetana. Far ahead of all the others in Paris was "Faust," performed thirty times against twenty two for "Huguenots," next in order. We may add that in Berlin second place was divided between "Lohengrin" and Puccini's "La Bohème," which made a favorable impression when produced by the Italian company at Wallack's last spring,

and which has recently scored a hit at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

Sardou's "Fedora" has been set to music and is to be performed for the first time during this month of September in Milan. The composer is Umberto Giordano, whose "André Chenier" made such a success not long since. The story of "Fedora" has been compressed into three acts, whose combined length is not quite seventy minutes. This should result in giving only the most vivid points, and in the growing restlessness of audiences, the example is worth following.

* * * *

The summer brought forth a marvelous thing—a number of real worth on a roof garden program. As might have been expected, the management put it forward in fear and trembling under the guise of a "trial performance." It was so entirely different from the senseless "specialties" (save the mark) that make up the usual aerial bill, that their suspicions were aroused. But "The Origin of the Cake Walk" was heartily welcomed as having in it the refreshing influences hitherto imparted in these retreats by the breezes only. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the well known colored poet, is the author of the sketch, which is neatly interpreted by some forty genuine "darkies." The piece lasts something over half an hour, and is put together with a crudeness that carries with it the conviction of originality. If some smart Aleck of a manager does not take all the blood and sinew out of the affair in an attempt to inject more "business" into it, there is a strong chance that it may pass from being the chief feature of "Rice's Summer Nights" to a place in the entertainment provided for the public at large in winter ones.

* * * *

The recurrence of the roof garden season draws fresh attention to the enormity which may be phrased into "three appearances make one turn." No matter how faint the applause, nor how insistent with meaning the utter absence of it, the performer on the modern variety stage must needs go through the mummery of punctuating each song or dance or other rendering with a transparently insincere attempt to quit the scene. Of course it is so nominated in the bond, and our quarrel is not with the luckless actor, but with the short sighted manager, who thus increases the quantity of his bill at an appalling expense of quality. Naturally he saves his best numbers for the last, and very often it happens that by this time the hour is so late that the spectators begin to disperse at the point in the program when they might otherwise enjoy themselves most.

SOME SOCIAL PESTS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A brief and amusing series of sketches of certain obnoxious creatures who are common—much too common—in various strata of contemporary American society.

I.—THE ANECDOTAL BORE.

His tiresome stories have neither point nor purpose save to gratify his own vanity.

There is no community in the world that does not produce its own variety of anecdotal bore—no village so small, no city so large, that he cannot be found within its confines. The bucolic anecdotal bore is generally rich in reminiscence of marvelously cold winters and hot summers, and has a mind well stored with narratives of the chase. His story of how he killed the fox "daown in Widder Johnson's medder" or "snaked the four paound pick'rel aouten Lige Larrabee's mill pond" has been told at least five times to everybody in his native county who has patience enough to listen to it, and is sprung upon every stranger who enters the village within an hour after his arrival.

In the larger towns we encounter a fine variety of the same species in the person of the young man who has marvelous tales to tell of his exploits in New York when he last visited the metropolis; but it is not until we reach more pretentious and exalted grades of society that we encounter the anecdotal bore in his finest flower and fullest vigor. It is a noteworthy fact that the air of Boston seems better suited to his development than that of New York, for in the latter city people are in too much of a hurry to listen to him. Moreover, the anecdotal bore of this lusty brand fattens best on a diet of celebrities, and Boston has ten times as many celebrities to the acre as New York, and all of them are accessible to the plainest citizen. They are a staff of life to the anecdotal bore, for he finds in them material for most of his fiction.

In order to be a successful bore, one must possess certain attributes of an imposing nature. Age is of great assistance to him, but a young man with an abnormally solemn cast of countenance is often found to be as deadly a foe to enjoyment as the verbose veteran who sits intrenched behind a pair of long gray whiskers. The successful bore

has great skill in talking in a voice loud enough to drown other conversation, and in riveting with his eye the attention of every member of the company. He is also familiar with the Christian names and nicknames of nearly every person who is in any way before the public, and is particularly strong in his acquaintance with writers and players. He is equipped with a slow, ponderous delivery, and a large assortment of absolutely point-less anecdotes, which he tells at every possible moment with the air of one who has something of vast humorous importance to impart.

It is at the first lull in the conversation at the dinner table that the anecdotal bore who feels that he has a reputation as a raconteur to sustain, begins a story which runs somewhat as follows, and lasts about eight minutes by the watch:

"What Mr. Johnson has just told us about toadstools reminds me of a trip that I took about ten years ago, down to Nahant, to see old Judge Donothing of the Supreme Court, who has a very fine summer place there, as many of you doubtless know. It was a cold, rainy morning when I set out, and by the time I reached the station I felt so depressed by the weather that I had serious thoughts of turning back; but just at that moment I felt a touch on my shoulder, and who should be there but Tom Aldrich and old Senator Sassafras, one of the leaders of the Suffolk bar, and one of the ablest men that Boston has ever produced. I found that they were going down to the judge's too, and they persuaded me not to go back by assuring me that the weather would clear up, and that we were sure to have a most enjoyable time. I consented at last on condition that the Senator should tell that delicious story of his about the alligator that got into the carriage house, which makes me lark every time I hear it, and I suppose I've heard it forty times.

"Well, we had no sooner seated ourselves in the smoking car—for the Senator loves his cheroot, and Tom is an inveterate pipe smoker, while I am averse to neither—than

we heard a shout from the other end of the car, and there, through the thick haze of smoke, we could see something that looked like arms waving wildly at us. 'Caleb,' said the Senator to me, 'you'd better go ahead and reconnoiter, and see who it is that is saluting us in that fashion.' I left my seat and walked down to the other end of the car, and you can just fancy my amazement when I found Ted Booth and Larry Barrett and dear old Joe Jefferson. In less time than it takes to tell it we were all hobnobbing together, for of course I presented the Senator to them, and I never saw Tom Aldrich in finer form than he was that day. A dozen times I said, 'Tom, I'd give anything if only Bill Crane and Mme. Modjeska were here today to enjoy the fun.'

"Well, the long and short of it was that Tom persuaded them all to stop over and have lunch with the judge, who has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in this country. When we got up to the house, there was the judge himself out on his lawn, which is probably the finest lawn in Massachusetts, or the whole of New England, for that matter; and what in the world do you think that he was doing? Why, picking mushrooms, great big ones as large as the palm of your hand; and from that day to this I never hear the word toadstool without thinking of that jolly party that went down from Boston to Nahant that cold, moisty day in August, and of those delicious mushrooms that the judge cooked for us himself."

II.—THE ABSENT MINDED MAN.

As a rule he is not such a fool as he seems, but a little more of a knave.

One of the best known characters in Vanity Fair is the young man who enjoys the reputation of being "awfully erratic," and "so absent minded," and to whom, in consequence thereof, all things are forgiven. There is scarcely a social circle of any pretension in this country that does not possess its own absent minded man, and although he is looked upon as a slipshod character who goes through life in a happy go lucky, haphazard fashion, in reality he is more systematic in his methods than an old fashioned bank clerk. He contrives to get about three times his share of all the good things there are going and escape three quarters of the taxes and penalties that society imposes upon its members, for no other reason except that he is known to be "so vague and absent minded that he really doesn't know where he's at."

The absent minded man is always forgetting certain things, and always remembering others. He forgets to pay his debts, but it

is not recorded that he ever paid twice for anything. When he goes out for the evening he has a great habit of leaving his pocketbook at home in his other trousers—even when he is known to possess but one pair. It has been noted by many scientists that on these occasions he is prodigal in his hospitality, and vastly annoyed when he finds it necessary to borrow from his guests sufficient money to pay for what they have consumed at his bidding and leave him a dollar in change "to get home with."

It is related of a young gentleman who is afflicted with this form of mental aberration that on a certain occasion, having invited half a dozen of his friends to go out to supper, he was seen by one of them slyly depositing a roll of bills in his top bureau drawer. The sharp eyed guest contrived to abstract the money, and quietly spread the news among the others, who had begun to wonder which one of them would be called upon to settle the score. They feasted royally that night, and all the more jovially because each one, from the host to the last man at the end of the table, was positive that he would not be called upon to pay, and that there was going to be a good joke on somebody. At the close of the evening the waiter brought the check. The host scanned it carefully, and then thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, while the others watched him to see the familiar quick change from light hearted gaiety to poignant regret and annoyance.

"Upon my soul, boys," he cried, "this is really too bad! I've left my money at home, and I'll have to ask some one for a tenner to square this with. Really, I'm getting so absent minded that I'm liable to forget my own head some night." But this, by the way, is something that the absent minded man never loses.

"You certainly are the most forgetful man in the town," exclaimed the observant guest jovially, as he produced the roll of bills, "and what's more, you're the most reckless man in money matters I ever came across. Just as we were leaving your room, I found this money on the floor, and I brought it along, because I knew you'd want it. If anybody else in the company had found it he would have kept it. You ought to be thankful that you've got one honest friend."

And the forgetful host did not seem to rejoice very much because his money had been found and returned to him.

The absent minded man is in great demand at dinners and evening parties, because his eccentricities have given him so much fame that people are curious to see him, while the uncertainty that hangs over his movements materially enhances his value.

When he is invited to a musicale, let us say, he always forgets to come until about supper time. He thus avoids the singing and fiddling which the other laborers in the social vineyard are compelled to endure, and gives his hostess time to "work up his entrance," as the theatrical phrase is, by going about among her guests and saying, "I've invited that bright Mr. Wanderwits, but I don't know whether he'll be here or not, he's so absent minded and erratic."

Meanwhile Mr. Wanderwits is simply lurking outside, waiting for the music to stop. Just as the supper is announced he hurries in, apologetic and regretful, and places himself at once in a central position. Having missed the music, he is entitled to the most desirable seat in the diningroom, and there, surrounded by the most agreeable of the women, the hostess herself serves him with the choicest food and wines of the rarest vintage, while the strong and willing men who have done their duty like yeomen from the very first toot of the flute, sit neglected in remote corners.

Then, on the strength of what he says under these circumstances—and a man is usually at his best when he is eating and drinking and is spurred on by admiring femininity—he receives invitations to every festivity that is likely to happen in the town during the month to come. He is so absent minded that he straightway forgets all those that are not worth attending.

In short, the absent minded man may be said to run by a clockwork of his own devising. While he is sure to forget everything that he does not wish to remember, he is equally sure to remember everything that he does not wish to forget. He would not be tolerated for a single moment except in our modern Vanity Fair.

III.—THE PHILOPENA GIRL.

A miscreant for whom it is to be regretted that the law provides no punishment.

Which one of us is there who does not know this social pest? She flourishes best in summer hotels and in other haunts of semi civilized society; and it is both a wonder and a pity that she has not been long ago swept away by the flood of progress and improvement that has wrought such astounding changes in the life, manners, and customs of this country. The philopena girl really belongs to the period of the cave dwellers, but she has survived, together with a few other unpleasant features of life that

existed at that primitive epoch of the world's history.

The philopena girl is invariably noisy and talkative, and for that reason enjoys the reputation of being "very bright," or "chock full of fun," or "smart as they make 'em." As a matter of fact, she has so little mind that she can easily train herself to the one pursuit of her life, that of getting the best of every one in the silly and primitive game of philopena. She delights in those occasions of jollity when the men are having a good time and are apt to relax their minds to such an extent that they fall readily into her net. No one ever catches her, and it probably would be a waste of time to do so.

At picnics, suppers—anywhere, in fact, where there is anything to eat—she is sure to seat herself close to the most available young man, and the very moment the salted almonds are passed around she begins operations somewhat in this fashion.

"Eat a philopena with me, Mr. Pingree?" she says with bewitching archness to the young man on her left, knowing perfectly well that he will feel bound to accept her challenge. "All right," she continues merrily, as she crunches the nut in her mouth; "yes or no," and then she rattles on with: "I went out buggy riding yesterday with a perfectly elegant gen'elman friend of mine, and he let me drive the whole way. Maybe we didn't have a grand time, though, 'specially coming home, when we were feeling pretty good and whooping things up. Next week there's going to be a picnic over to Shady Ridge, and we're all coming home by moonlight in Mr. Brown's big wagon filled with straw. Won't that be fun, though? Don't you just dote on straw rides, Mr. Slocum? I think they're the most fun! I like to died laffing the last one I was to. I bet a pair of gloves with one of the gen'elmen that he'd lose his hat before we got home, and when he wasn't thinking I just tipped it off myself. Oh, we had more fun than a little that night! Have some tabasco sauce, Mr. Pingree? Philopena! I caught you! You said 'Yes,' now, didn't you? He, he, he! Oh, I caught Mr. Pingree! You can all come and see me tomorrow, I'll have five pounds of candy to treat you to."

The guests at the other end of the room, hearing the noise and laughter declare that the philopena girl is the "life of the party"; those who sit near her know that she is the death of it, and each one makes a secret resolve to take all the nuts off the table the next time she is present.



LITERARY CHAT

MR. HOWELLS AND HIS GIMLET.

There are moods so vague that we never attempt to describe them; shades of character too faint for our analysis; many kinds of knowledge that we hold so dimly we never dream of bringing them up to the light of words.

Our storerooms are quietly filled by the back way, and we have no idea what is there until some diligent spirit, who has learned to live in his storeroom and watch all that comes in, draws our attention to our own shelves with his revelations. And finding there what he has pointed out, we know that we have come upon a discoverer, and we turn to him ever afterward when we want to realize the human truths we have acquired on the way.

There is no one like Mr. Howells for deciphering the faint shadows of facts. With his gimlet eyes that pierce every wall and his colossal patience, he brings illuminating words with every nook that holds a human trait. He does not open up new secrets to us, but simply shows us what we have unconsciously known all along; and so our progress with him is a series of stimulating recognitions, and we read him to a chorus of "How true!" "How deliciously true!"

His latest book, "The Story of a Play," is full of these subtle revelations. The artistic temperament is put under a searchlight that leaves no corner of it unexplored.

Any one who has had dealings with it, especially as manifested in public singers and actors, feels the satisfaction of a perfect revenge in the picture of *Godolphin*, with his fluctuations and his deceptive sincerity and his ineffectual virtues. We might think that no *Godolphin* could read it and not come from it a changed man—did we not recognize that no *Godolphin* could carry an impression over twelve hours, or be influenced in any way for his permanent good. Our satisfaction must lie in the knowledge that, being sensitive, he will shrink as he reads.

The husband and wife relation is equally full of little complexities that few others would have had the courage and the power to boil down into definite words. We are so used to having a happy marriage idealized in fiction that this faithful picture of the little miseries in among its delights is very disheartening.

And we cannot comfort ourselves by calling the author a pessimist. Mr. Howells looks at life neither through the somber

blue pane nor the glowing pink, but through the clear white pane in the middle.

ANOTHER STORY OF ROYALTY.

Mr. Davis has presented the world with another book—if so slight and trivial a production as "The King's Jackal" can properly be termed a book. That this successful young globe trotter and war correspondent has talent, we are far from denying. It is well to remember the fact when reading the "Jackal," since scarcely anything in the story would indicate it.

Mr. Davis' early productions led his friends and the world at large to hope great things from him. His stories showed originality and careful work, and, although somewhat slight in theme, there were among them one or two that revealed positive genius. But when one man undertakes to record the principal events of the world, to travel from pole to pole and around the equator, to accept a position as war correspondent—which, by the way, he fills extremely well—to write numberless short stories, and to cap his twelve months' work with a so called novel, he must have a brain of remarkable caliber not to fall short in some particular. Mr. Davis is trying to heat too many irons at once in the fire—or, to bring the simile up to date, the lambent gas range of his genius; and the "Jackal" is perhaps the least well heated iron he has ever offered to the public.

A careful reading (and a careful reading is necessary to find out just what the plot is) discloses the fact that the principal motif of the story is the plan of a king to cheat his trusting subjects and a young American girl out of a large sum of money. In a scene which Mr. Davis probably intended to make spirited and effective, but which is simply laughable, the whole infamous plot is revealed. The speech in which the *Jackal* denounces his monarch somewhat relieves the strain, and is among the few good points in the book.

The *Jackal* is not half a bad fellow. Indeed, we are rather inclined to like him. Young *Clay*, in Mr. Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," was altogether too superior and tremendous for common humanity, but the front of *Kalonay's* uniform does not seem to be completely hidden behind an invincible breastwork of medals; neither does he tread through the book with the air of a conquering hero. *Miss Carson* is, of course, the

American girl of Mr. Davis' usual type. Tall, beautiful, wealthy, and patrician, she is as indispensable to the make up of a Davis book as to that of a Gibson picture. In both she is well drawn, but one can't live on the expensive and rich foods of life forever.

There are one or two good things in the story, but no doubt the best thing, from the author's point of view, is the fact that it sells.

THE NEW HEROINE.

A few years ago the summer novel inevitably dealt with the summer girl. There was a curly yellow head to every paper cover, with sand and sea, hotel piazzas, and duck trousers for the accessories. A faint odor of chiffon and pink and white dimity clung to the pages, and somebody always had money.

Now the type is changing. Frivolette is giving place to Heroica. The bachelor maid stumps bravely across the pages, earning her living, fighting her battles, glorying in her independence. She does not flirt, she is as free from coy glances and demure smiles as a Gibson girl; and yet—mark this well, Frivolette!—men fall in love with her as freely as they did with her predecessor.

One of the stanchest of these girl workers lives in a new, mustard colored book, with "As Having Nothing" on the cover, a fresh, sincere little book, full of real people and clever observations. *Elizabeth* spends her days in a New York studio, for the support of herself and an ingeniously dull, sweet mother; scorns protection, meets her fellow men frankly without feminine artifices, shows herself brave, proud, courageous, affectionate, and sufficiently spunky—just as a bachelor girl should.

She never forgets her womanliness, neither does she trade on her femininity, making her way by her abilities rather than her face and her sex. The author, Hester Caldwell Oakley, has caught the true attitude for the girl who goes out into the world to seek her fortune, and is, for all that, a lady. For the present, she is a very alluring type, with her sincerity and determination and innocence. It is hard to foresee what a couple of generations will do to her. She may turn out the splendid free creature of which reformers dream. Or she may—but there is no use borrowing trouble.

Miss Oakley has contributed to a number of magazines, but this is her first appearance between covers. She is a sister of Violet Oakley, who is rapidly making a name for herself as an illustrator.

"THE GIRL AT COBHURST."

All his literary life, Frank R. Stockton has been lauded for the quaintness of his

situations, for his droll combinations of men, women, and things, set forth in childish simplicity without exclamation points.

As a natural result, he has grown self-conscious, and shows a tendency to offer his quaintness a trifle insistently. He cannot quite trust the reader to get the full flavor of the incident for himself, but must dwell a little on its Stocktonian qualities. One feels that he is covertly watching for the laughter, and so, by a rule of human contrariness, one is far less ready to give it.

When "The Girl at Cobhurst" puts on the antique lilac silk gown and sits down in the stableyard with the calf's head in her lap, we have the oddity of the situation thrust at us so pointedly that half the charm is gone. The idea of four able bodied families being managed by one female cook has great possibilities, but, here again, one feels and resents the deliberate effort after naïveté. We loved Stockton's improbable situations so long as he took them perfectly seriously himself, and offered them with his air of childish faith in their reality. But if he has grown up too far to believe in his own endearing absurdities, then we have lost our best playfellow.

To be sure, the man who gave the world "Rudder Grange" has contributed quite enough to its laughter. That alone should entitle any man to a life pension, and the grateful affection of all English reading peoples. Add to it a score of inimitable short stories, and there is no public way of repaying the debt of pleasure owed.

"The Girl at Cobhurst," written by any one else, would be called a clever story, a trifle long drawn out, but full of good character work. But Mr. Stockton, like one of his own heroes, must pay the penalty of having written so excellently that no average work will be forgiven him.

"STREET CLEANING."

Some eight or ten years ago, when the habit of walking through slushy streets in winter and dusty or muddy streets in summer had grown to be chronic in the metropolis, and when we had almost come to feel that a hope of any better conditions in the future was out of the question, the then Mayor of New York, responding to the protests which had grown in volume with each administration, one day called into his office a minor official of the State government, and offered him an appointment as commissioner of street cleaning. It was a position which nobody coveted; "but," said the mayor, "the man who will clean the streets of New York can be the next mayor of the city if he wants to. Will you take it?"

But this official, a clear headed business

man, saw the difficulties of the task and declined the offer; and for a number of years thereafter New York went on in the same old way, adding with every year to her reputation of being one of the dirtiest cities in the world. It was not, in fact, until Colonel Waring's régime—and, to be fair to his predecessors, the institution of an entirely new order of things—that this city, possessing from its situation some of the best conditions for cleanliness, had any claim to being a comfortable one to get about in.

Yet Colonel Waring's success was almost unlooked for. In the early part of his career no one, except his personal acquaintances, really took the new commissioner very seriously, or supposed that he would succeed where there had been so many failures. At that time he was a most voluminous and persistent talker, and at first people looked upon him as a man created for their amusement rather than their service. Those who knew him better were aware that he was thoroughly in earnest in anything that he undertook, and that he had the energy and the ability that generally command success.

When the first street parade was arranged, its announcement was hailed with derision, for the nondescript body of men known as street cleaners had never hitherto formed a city's pageant. But the parade was held, and New Yorkers waked up to the fact that in his "White Wings" the new commissioner had under his command a well organized and efficient force; that he was thoroughly in earnest; that he believed absolutely in his methods, and that those methods were of real and practical value. Of the latter, the changed conditions of the city's streets had already begun to be a daily object lesson. Later on New York gave Colonel Waring due credit as perhaps the one man of the "reform administration" who had not in any way disappointed the high hopes entertained by its citizens when the administration went into power.

"Street Cleaning; Its Effect upon Public Health, Public Morals, and Municipal Prosperity" is a little volume published by Doubleday & McClure, in which Colonel Waring gives the history of the effort toward clean streets in New York, a clear and concise account of his own system and methods, the present status of the movement, and a resumé of street cleaning methods in other cities. The subject is one that closely affects public health and prosperity, and the book written in Colonel Waring's clear style, is an interesting one. Perhaps not one citizen in a hundred of those who idly take in what has really been a picturesque addition to local color in our streets—the white helmeted and white duck coated laborers

pushing before them their long handled metal scoops—really knows anything about the system of which the "White Wings" are the visible part, or why the city is cleaner and more comfortable than it used to be.

According to the rules devised by Colonel Waring, and maintained by his successor, each sweeper must use the sprinkler, shovel, and broom with which he is supplied and which he carries about with him, together with the little hand cart with the suspended jute bag. If he raises a dust he is fined, as he is for the infringement of any other of a long list of rules. The bags, when filled, are tied, loaded upon carts, taken to the dumps, and emptied there; and this refuse, together with the separately collected ashes, paper, and rubbish, is "dumped" into the sea (or sometimes used by contractors for "filling"), or is burned, after being sorted over, partially by mechanical means, at one of the three yards now fitted up for the purpose. To separate the garbage and utilize any salable material, disposing of the refuse by burning rather than by dumping in the sea, will undoubtedly be the practicable and profitable method of the future.

Not the least interesting of the features treated of in "Street Cleaning" are the organization of the force, and the method of arbitration between the men and the heads of the departments—a system which has attracted considerable attention, and which Colonel Waring found to work most satisfactorily.

POET AND CRITIC.

As a general rule, the etiquette of authorship forbids hitting back at the critics. A book or poem is sent forth to fight its own way up, and its parent seldom comes to its aid, no matter how fiercely it is attacked, for if the answers to all the charges do not lie between its covers, where all the world may find them, his championship will do little good. But now and then some great soul, exasperated beyond endurance, strides forth in noble wrath to slash the slasher, and frequently a little one runs out and yaps.

A very small one has recently set the world laughing by a long and spluttering letter to a New York paper, denouncing its "unjust and unmanly" critic for his "cowardly notice" of a recent poem. If the letter had been intended for a humorous advertisement, it would have been an unqualified success, with its infant venom and its frank vanity. But, alas for human dignity! the man was frantically in earnest. The critic called him the "champion light weight poet of America and England;" he writes to declare he is *not*. The public must choose between them. If it wishes to make a truly

unbiased choice, it will not read the extracts with which the author has supported his denial.

"Does he call my sonnets light poetry?" roars the exasperated poet. He adds that, in the opinion of all true critics, his is "a noble book, with many beautiful thoughts, written by a true poet." It must be a comfort to appreciate oneself so thoroughly. The gods might envy the complacency of the minor poet.

There was once a man who was publicly called a donkey. Whereupon he roared, and proved elaborately and conclusively that he was not a donkey, citing instances of his great wisdom and discretion. "So, then, he is a donkey, after all," chorused the people.

"THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL."

Mr. Le Gallienne's books have a way of beginning with idyllic sweetness and truth, and carrying the reader well on into the middle in a delight of felicitous words and phrases, and fanciful ideas that are essays in miniature. There is kindness and laughter, the fragrance of morning, the naïveté of a child that knows it is naïve, but is no less lovable for the trace of self consciousness.

Then comes the serpent leaving his slimy trail over all the beauty that has been conjured up—the insidious little viper of immorality. It is exquisitely tinted, with shining scales and graceful motions, and the man who has called it up insists that it is sadly misunderstood and slandered, being in reality the most decorative, innocent, and desirable of earth's creatures. But for all that, we come up out of the glamour and know better.

"The Romance of Zion Chapel" begins in truth and ends in falsehood. Mr. Le Gallienne started out to build a man, and he had in hand a pair of brave eyes, a humorous mouth, and a great many attractive properties. While he was fitting these together the quality of his materials and the skill of his workmanship went straight to the heart—if that is the center of appreciation.

But when, after the man was all together, he came to put the backbone in, he had not one on hand. So he slipped in a broken reed and called it the finest kind of backbone, far superior to the usual thing. And he stood by his floundering creature to the end, valiantly explaining that its vacillations were due to the sacred duality of man's affections, whose law is "Let not your right heart know what your left heart doeth." The lack of a spinal column, frankly acknowledged, might have been a matter for compassionate interest, but the denial of it suggests decadence, and alienates the audience.

Le Gallienne slides us over many a stumbling block with his subtle explanations, his unanswerable questions, and the dazzle of his shining words, but it is significant that, after we get away, we remember only the damaging fact, not the smooth excuses. We must turn back to the text to be convinced again, and the very act shows us how we have been bewitched. And no wonder we have, for there is a charm about this man's work that no lover of beauty and youth and laughter can ignore. Perhaps it is just as well that he has given us a foolish, false climax to bring us wholly back to our senses.

ANTHONY HOPE'S MODEL.

When Anthony Hope began writing, he did an extremely judicious thing. He took a French master, and one who was just out of the way of the majority of the people.

Any one who has read that masterpiece of Gustav Droz, "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," must take up the "Dolly Dialogues" with gratitude to M. Droz, as well as to Anthony Hope. This is not so light and gay a world that we need no frivolling. The delightful person whom Mr. Hope paints is a trifle more modern, and decidedly more to our liking than "My Aunt," but the two are near kinswomen. On the other hand, Mr. Droz is more brilliant than Mr. Hope—perhaps only because he dared to be. The English language and English proprieties have boundaries.

Zola says of Droz: "He is a painter of a slightly factitious state of society which toys with pleasant vices as the eighteenth century played at pastorals. He has been reproached with having dipped his pen in pearl powder. That is true, and it will be his claim to renown, for he alone has painted the picture of a French fashionable home of that epoch."

Far be it from us to take a leaf from Mr. Hope's laurels, but if you care for *Dolly's* ways, and would like more of the same sort, much cleverer, and with a dash of brandy in the tea, read Droz!

MARRIED COLLABORATORS.

"The Pride of Jennico" seems to be one of the books of the moment to those who love sensational adventures, and, in fact, to everybody who takes his fiction for purposes of amusement. It has all the thrill of a melodrama, together with the careful writing of people who know the ways of literature.

The book is the work of a man and his wife, Egerton and Agnes Castle, although place is given to the lady on the title page. The Castles are an English couple, still

young, who go in for life as it is lived in the nineteenth century. Egerton Castle's grandfather was Egerton Smith, a well known English philanthropist in his day, and founder of the Liverpool *Mercury*, of which the grandson is now part owner. Besides belonging to a literary family he has had the widest sort of an education. He spent several years in the British army, and is said to be one of the most expert swordsmen in Europe. He has written a book on "Schools and Masters of Fence." He translated Stevenson's "Prince Otto" into French several years ago, and in doing so he kept that intangible quality of style which makes Stevenson the master of his school. In "The Pride of Jennico" there is a delicate suggestion of "Prince Otto," although in no sense is the book a copy, even in style.

Mrs. Castle is an Irish woman. Nobody knows how much of "Jennico" she wrote, but she plainly influenced it all, for the story has a quality that belongs to no other of her husband's works, and it is just that which has made it popular. She was the youngest daughter of Michael Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, in Queen's County, Ireland, and is noted for her beauty as well as her book.

HISTORY FOR MODERN TASTE.

One of the funniest developments of what might be called this machine made age is the effort people make to acquire culture on the wholesale plan, getting it easily, and sugar coating it with entertainment. In our fathers' time the study of history, for example, was regarded as a serious pursuit by everybody who took it up at all. Wars, the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of dynasties, the great questions which hang the fate of nations in the balance—these were the subjects to which the historians and their scholars devoted careful and laborious attention. There always existed a few ladies in country towns who thought they knew something of history when they read Sir Walter Scott's novels, but even they were quite sure that there were some things they did not understand.

Nowadays we have floods of historical writings which are simply gossip. The average reader knows more about the color of Marie Antoinette's hair and the Empress Eugénie's eyes than of the reasons why one lost her head and the other her throne.

The high priest of this sort of thing is Imbert de Saint Amand. The individual who wishes to be taken quite intimately and particularly into the sacred haunts of royalty can do no better than cultivate him. Take his latest, called "Napoleon III and

His Court." We can confidently recommend it to any one who wants a showy familiarity with the events of that reign as being "as interesting as any novel." Indeed, the characters have the stamp of fiction. Napoleon III is represented as a model in every respect, and the empress as a beauty whom her subjects delighted to see adorned.

Some chapters are devoted to the forming of that friendship between Eugénie and Queen Victoria which has lasted through all the time since. As critical history the book is nonsense, but as entertaining gossip it is altogether amusing.

Robert Hichens, who made a hit four years ago with his "Green Carnation," has come out with a frankly farcical novel called "The Londoners."

If Mr. Hichens had never written the "Green Carnation," he would undoubtedly have been considerably more worth while. That book almost wrote itself. Its author created no characters. He simply transferred his people from real life into print, but he made them exhibit themselves as such a clever social satire that he had a famous book on his hands. When he attempts to create characters, it is another thing. We recommend "The Londoners" to all lovers of smart farce; but that is all.

* * * *

Mr. Hichens himself is one of the interesting characters in London. He was brought up near Canterbury, where his father was a clergyman, and was educated at the Royal College of Music, with the expectation of becoming a musician. His literary career was begun by his writing lyrics for music. It is a curious fact that he is about the only writer known to fame who has come out of a school for journalism. He studied in such an institution in London for a year. Since then he has been very busy at journalistic work, and has written four novels.

Mr. Hichens' horses are his fad, and he is an enthusiastic driver of coaches.

* * * *

Rudyard Kipling says that he has no intention of writing books about South Africa, where he has been traveling, but that can hardly be true, at least finally. The peculiarities of that country must touch him somewhere; and Mr. Kipling always lets the world know it when he has been impressed. He passes it on.

He told them in Buluwayo that he had never been so much impressed with any community in the whole world as with that one.

GUARD No. 10.

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

An American soldier who failed to do his duty—How two veterans of Shiloh met, and how a dangerous enemy of the Union found aid and comfort in an unexpected quarter.

GUARD No. 10 walked back and forth before the open gate, waiting until the wagon should go out again. It was a dim, gray day of February, the air full of damp chill and a raw wind blowing. The clouds that turned the skies to the color of rusty steel told of snow or sleet somewhere. Beyond the walls the dead weeds rustled sadly as the cold wind blew upon them, and over the yellow ponds tiny waves pursued each other. Across the wastes the wind moaned.

Inside the heavy stone walls of the military prison was some life, but not the life of good cheer. Coils of languid blue smoke arose from the squalid huts in which the prisoners lived. A dozen of them strolled along the rough road that ran between the huts like the street of some shambling village. Some wore the dingy gray uniforms in which they had been taken, ragged and patched, and others were wrapped in blankets from their beds. All were thin and pale.

Guard No. 10 did not look long at the prisoners; it was too old a sight to stir any emotion in him, a man who was not given to abstruse thought, and who had feelings only of the primitive order. His own figure was in accord with the prison, with its granite walls, dark and stained by time, with the rude huts, the bleak yard, and the wasted, hopeless men. He was short, thick set, wrapped in an old blue overcoat, his face stained like the stone walls about him by all kinds of weather.

He walked back and forth, back and forth, without ceasing, always turning at the same place, and always making his steps of equal length. His blue overcoat and blue cap were the color of the steel blue sky above him. He carried his rifle across his shoulder and held the stock with a firm hand. His figure added the most somber touch to the somber scene.

Guard No. 10 continued to walk monotonously back and forth, and drew up the collar of his overcoat, for the wind was rising and the air grew colder. Most of the prisoners returned to their huts, and the guard would have gone on his mechanical way had

not a prisoner spoken to him in a weak voice. He ordered him back roughly, telling him he was not allowed to approach the gate; but the man said he only wished to see the outside of a prison, a sight that had been denied to him for a year.

"Just to remind me of what I used to be," he said with a weak little laugh.

Guard No. 10 looked at him more closely. He had noticed this prisoner before, one of the most pathetic figures in a place that was full of them. He was not a man, only a boy of seventeen or eighteen, young enough to be Guard No. 10's son, slim and fair like a girl, weak from prison air, bad food, and old wounds just healed.

"I saw that the gate was open," he said appealingly, "and I wanted to take a look at the country outside, just to see the grass and the woods again; it's been a long time since I saw them."

"The grass is dead," said the guard roughly. "It's had a winter to kill it, and there isn't a leaf on the trees."

"Do you think I care for that?" said the boy. "It's because there are no prison walls around them."

He stood where he was, twenty feet from the gate, and the guard did not order him away.

"I could break him in two across my knee if I tried," thought Guard No. 10.

The air from the free world outside blew through the open gate and the boy breathed it gratefully. Guard No. 10 kept his eye on him and held his rifle ready. If any prisoner dared to make a dash for freedom he knew his duty and would do it. The boy spoke to him again and then again, but the guard was stern and did not reply. The boy looked at the man with an appeal in his face. He wished to speak of the world outside, to hear of anything that was not prison talk.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the guard at last, growing tired of the prisoner's reproachful gaze.

"I—I don't know," said the boy, starting at the suddenness of the question. "How is the war going?"

"What is that to you?" asked the guard. "Why were you Southern boys such fools as to go into it?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, in his thin voice. "I don't know what the war is all about, do you?"

"No, I don't, except that you Southern fellows are wrong," replied the guard more roughly than ever.

The boy did not seem to resent the reply, as if it were an issue for which he did not care. His pale face had flushed a little under the touch of the free wind that blew in at the open gate, and he opened his mouth as if he would breathe an air purer than that within prison walls. The glimpse, the breath of the free world had a charm for him which the leaden skies, the somber day, and the dreary landscape without could not dispel. Guard No. 10 was impressed more than ever by the weakness of his frame, and the look of homesickness in his eyes.

"They say that down there in the South they have robbed the cradle and the grave to fight this war, and I guess it's true about the cradle," he said.

The boy smiled. He was not hurt at the remark.

"I was fourteen when I went into it," he said, "but there were some younger."

"A mere baby," said Guard No. 10.

"I had been in more than ten battles before I was taken," said the boy proudly.

"But I guess you've had enough," rejoined Guard No. 10.

"Yes, I've had enough," said the boy frankly. "I'm tired of war. I've been here a year, and I'm just getting well from my wounds. I had two of them, one in the shoulder and one in the side." He mentioned his wounds with a little touch of pride. "They are cured, and I'm cured of war, too," he went on, smiling again. "It's the prison life that's done it, and it's the prison life that may end me, too, for though the wounds are healed, I'm mightily run down."

He turned his eyes again toward the open gate, and the look of homesickness in them was stronger than ever. A faint feeling stirred in the breast of Guard No. 10, and he began to think it was wrong for such young boys to go to the war. His curiosity rose a little.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"In Georgia, in the southern part of the State, near the sea. Oh, it's not gray and cold and bleak like this! It's green all the year round; the sun shines warm and the watermelons grow big and juicy. I've had some high old times there."

"Guess you wish you were there now," said the guard curtly.

The boy's face had flushed with enthusiasm as he spoke, but at the guard's question the flush died out.

"Yes," he said sadly. "I wish I was there. It's too cold for me here; it's not the kind of country I'm used to. The prison doctor says I can't ever get all my strength so long as I stay in this place. But down in the sunshine I'd be all right in a month. I wish I could get exchanged."

"No chance of that," said Guard No. 10. "We're not exchanging much, because we've got more men than you Rebs have, and we want to wear you out soon."

Yet pity for the boy was finding a small lodgment in the crusty soul of Guard No. 10.

"And the doctor don't think you can get well here?" he asked.

"No," replied the boy. "The air of the place and the bad food are against me."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I think I'll escape," said the boy, with a sad little laugh. "Some dark night when you guards are asleep at your posts, I'll climb over that high stone wall there and skip across the fields."

Guard No. 10 looked at the stone wall rising far above his head, its smooth sides offering no hold for the human foot, and then at the frail figure of the boy.

"I guess you won't climb over that wall in a hurry, even if we guards should go to sleep at our posts, which we never do," he said grimly. "But even if you were to get over the walls, what could you do? You are in the country of your enemies, and it's a long road to Georgia. We'll have you back here inside of twenty-four hours."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said the boy, in a tone of conviction. "It's only a mile to the town, and I've some friends there, some people who used to live in the South. I could get to their house, for my clothes are not the Confederate gray, and then slip down to Georgia, if these walls were not twenty feet high and two feet thick."

"Yes, that's the trouble," said Guard No. 10. "Now, if they were only fifteen feet high and one foot thick you might make it. But we've got to keep you, for so long as you're not with 'em we've got a chance to beat the Rebs."

He laughed a little. The boy amused him, and added a bit of interest to his lonely watch. But the prisoner's delicate face flushed at the guard's sarcasm.

"Where were you taken?" asked the guard, feeling somewhat sorry for his sneer.

"At Chickamauga."

"And you have been in ten battles? What was your first?"

"Shiloh."

"Shiloh?" said the guard, with a sudden

increase of interest. "Why, I was there myself!"

"So you've served at the front, too?" said the boy.

"Yes," replied Guard No. 10. "I served until I got a bullet in the thigh at Stone River, that laid me up for three months. I was invalided home, and, after a while, sent to this duty. But about Shiloh. That was a hot fight!"

"Hot?" said the boy. "Hot was no name for it! For a while I thought all the men in the world were there shooting at each other; and even now, just as I am about to go to sleep, I often hear the whistling of the bullets."

Guard No. 10 walked back and forth more slowly, and for the first time his seamy brown face showed feeling.

"You're right about the bullets," he said. "All the lead that was shot off then would make a mine. You fellows caught us napping there that Sunday morning. Our generals say it wasn't so, but it was. And Lord, how you came, what a rush! You Johnny Rebs can fight well. I give you that much credit."

"But you got back at us the next day when your reinforcements came up," said the boy. "It was our turn to be driven then."

"Yes, we won back the ground we had lost," said Guard No. 10 meditatively, his mind going back to the details of the great battle. "But I can't forget that first morning when you rushed us. And you were there and I was there, and now we're both here. But it isn't so strange. More than a hundred thousand others were there, too, and some of them are bound to meet some day."

"What did you think when you saw us popping out of the woods and bushes that morning?" asked the boy.

"I didn't have time to think of anything," replied the guard. "It was just a great red and brown veil of fire and smoke, with you fellows showing dimly through it, rushing down upon us, and the noise of the cannon and rifles banging away in our ears, so we couldn't hear each other speak or even shout. It was just grab our guns and fire away, every fellow fighting for himself, or running—mostly running, I guess. But we got together part of our regiment in some fashion or other and tried to make a stand, though you pushed us back and kept pushing us back toward the river. Hot, boy! I should say it was hot, with the rebel bullets whizzing like hail about our ears, and forty thousand rifles and a hundred cannon blazing in our faces! Boy, I don't know where I'm going when I die, but if it comes

to the worst it won't be any hotter than it was that morning at Shiloh."

It was the longest speech he had made in a year, but Guard No. 10 felt emotion at memory of the great battle, and as a mark of feeling shifted his gun from his left to his right shoulder. The boy's eyes sparkled for the first time. He, too, was aroused by the memories of Shiloh, and he waited for Guard No. 10 to continue.

"There was one regiment of the rebels that pushed us specially," said the guard; "a Georgia regiment. I saw the name of the State on their banner, and I remember how surprised I was to see that they were mostly blue eyed, light haired men; I used to have an idea before the war that all you Southern fellows were dark. They seemed to have picked us out as their particular meat, and they didn't care whether it was kill or get killed; so it was one or the other. They were brave men, if ever brave men lived. Gunpowder was apple sauce to them. I remember their colonel, funny enough looking for a circus, six feet and a half high, as thin as a rail, his long yellow hair flying back, and his uniform, five times too big for him, flapping about him like clothes on a line. But he was the bravest of them all, always in front, waving his long arms and yelling to 'em to come on, though they were coming as fast as they could. He was thunderation ugly, but he was a man all over."

The guard shook his head and laughed, pleased at the recollection. The prisoner laughed, too, and there was heartiness in his tone.

"That bean pole was my colonel," he said, "and that was my regiment. You fellows were eating your breakfast when we rushed out of the woods and burst upon you. We went right through your camp when we drove you back. I remember stopping to drink a cup of hot coffee that one of you left unspilled on the ground. It had been poured out for a Yankee, and a rebel drank it before it got cold."

The two laughed together with heartiness and enjoyment.

"And you were there in that regiment of brave men who pushed us so hard?" said Guard No. 10 admiringly.

"Yes," said the boy proudly.

"Then we have fought with each other, you and I, hand to hand?" said the guard.

"Yes," said the boy.

"And here you are, after such fighting as that, in a military prison."

"Yes," said the boy.

"And the doctor says you will die if you can't get out where you'll have better air and better food?"

"Yes," said the boy sadly.

"And there's no chance of an exchange!"

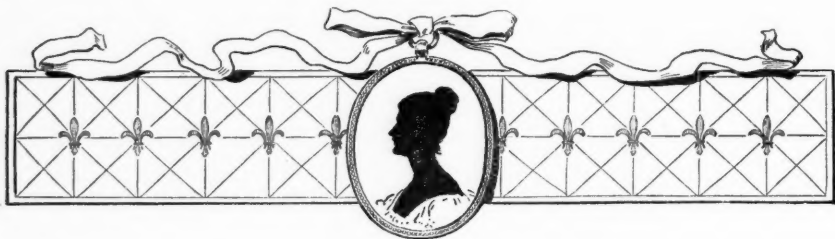
The boy stood there, a thin figure under the somber sky. The guard looked intently into his eyes, and the prisoner's face grew eager when he met the look.

"That wagon will be here in a minute," said Guard No. 10, "and I mustn't be seen talking to a prisoner."

He shifted his rifle again to his left shoulder

and walked to the end of his beat, deliberately turning his back to the open gate. The wind blew dismally, and the guard heard a faint, quick footstep.

The wagon was approaching, and he walked back to the other end of his beat. There was no prisoner in sight. The wagon passed out, and the guard, closing and locking the gate, resumed his march, gun on shoulder.



THE OLD PLYMOUTH CLOCK.

In the corner, dark and tall
It stands up against the wall,
And all day its pendulum,
Like a solemn, measured drum,
Marks old Time's departing tread
And the long march of the dead.

How it purrs before the hour,
Like the leaves before a shower!
Now it strikes as slow and plain
As the first great drops of rain;
And the spindles buzz away
Like a bees' nest in the hay!

Made in Plymouth, as you see,
In seventeen hundred forty three;
And the ship that up and down
Rocks upon its dial brown
Is the Mayflower, plain as day,
Tossing in old Plymouth Bay.

Every night, before she goes
To her peaceful, sound repose,
Grandma opes the time stained case,
As she did in maiden days,
And with hands as fond as then
Winds the dear old clock again.

Grandpa, faithful as herself,
Lays his pipe upon the shelf
When the nine fold silver chime
Marks the welcome curfew time.
Then to bed the household goes,
And the old clock ticks repose.

James Buckham.

ETCHINGS

CAPITULATION.

I've got this far : The date. "Dear Jack"—
 No trace here of confession,
 And yet I pause. It seems to lack
 Just the precise expression.
 "Dear Jack"—why, yes, of *course* he's dear,
 But will the goose divine it?
 Assured he wouldn't think it queer
 I'd lightly underline it.

His last said that at any time
 His regiment expected
 To go to quite another clime,
 For scenes of death elected.
 "Dear Jack"—this phrase conventional
 Is really bare of feeling
 (The more so, should I mention all
 My heart is now revealing).

I read that in the tropics there
 Are girls with necromancy
 In eyes and lips—in short, a snare
 For men of idle fancy.
 'Twould be a pity if, in spite
 Of previous protestations,
 A boy I know would judge he might
 Pour elsewhere his oblations.
 "Dear Jack"—what bosh! That will not do.
 So—"Dearest" looks much better.
 And if I underscore it, too,
 I still improve the letter.
 I hope he'll answer right away—
 He will, if he is clever,
 For in one corner here, I say,
 "Yours lovingly, forever!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

AT CHURCH.

ATHWART her hair a sunbeam steals,
 And stores of hidden gold reveals,
 Caught in her witching tresses,
 And shining through the tinted pane
 It brushes with a crimson stain
 The cheek that it caresses.

The service falls on heedless ears,
 But yet divinity appears
 To me, a sinning mortal,
 For thus to sit through hymn and prayer,
 And gaze at her, unconscious, there,
 Brings me to heaven's portal.

A weary pilgrim, here I rest,
 A man by grievous load oppressed—
 But cease my vain repining,
 To watch the sunbeam, angel led,
 Lovingly linger round her head,
 An aureole, softly shining.

Church over? And they term it long!
 It's evident I've done much wrong
 Through absences unduly;
 So ere a further lapse occurs
 A pew I'll take, just back of hers,
 Where I will worship truly.

Edwin L. Sabin.

DEAD MEMORIES.

WHEN she withdrew her smile
 I dug a little grave and buried there
 Some memories and covered them with care;
 And then I waited patiently a while,
 Till, meeting me, she met me with a smile;
 Ah, such a smile and such a look she gave,
 I can't remember where I dug that grave!

Horace W. Dresser.

THE WINELESS DINNER.

HERE'S to the wineless dinner!
 Drink it in water clear,
 Never a quaff for a sinner
 Of sherry, champagne, or beer.

Here's to the latest function,
 The last, most ultimate fad!
 Swallow your "polly" with unction,
 Society's gone to the bad—

Gone with the lilt of laughter
 That followed the draft of wine,
 No longer we're chasing after
 An invitation to dine.

Tom Hall.

THE AWAKENING.

AN average man awoke one night,
 And thought of his past in the pale moon-
 light;

At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
 And once he very distinctly groaned,
 At which his guardian spirit inquired
 What secret cause this dole inspired.
 "Alas! why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
 "About the people I used to be.

There's the simpleton I was when—well,
 It really would hardly do to tell;
 And the unutterable ass
 I was when—but we'll let that pass;
 And the awful idiot I was when—
 No, don't let's speak of *that* again;
 And the inconceivable fool I made
 Of myself when—*why* don't memories fade,
 Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
 Instead of eternally burning the soul?
 But, at any rate, you now can see
 Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled, with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said, "I am thinking seriously
About the people you're going to be:
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart grown tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities;
The will that sits, a king, at ease.
Nay, marvel not, for I plainly see
And joy in the people you're going to be."

The average man felt a purer light
About his soul than the moon ray bright;
For once no evil spirit jeered,
And the average man was strangely cheered.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A FAIR FISHER MAID.

WITH ribbons and rings and fluffy things
She strolls on the sand slopes brown,
As trig as a yacht and without a spot
On the folds of her creamy gown.
'Tis scarce the dress of a fisheress,
Yet thus to be arrayed
Is parcel and part of the subtle art
Of this fair young fisher maid.

With the tenderest looks she bates her hooks,
With a seeming sweet and shy,
With the cunning wile of a loving smile,
And a half withheld reply.
For she hopes to land when he's well in hand,
And she thinks that he cannot flee,
The biggest fish (oh, modest wish!)
In the matrimonial sea.

Clinton Scollard.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

SHE joined the squares with loving care,
And set the dainty stitches,
A thrifty dame in olden days
Of tallow dips and witches;
'And every row of herringbone,
Each block so nicely shaded,
Can tell a story of its own,
Though sadly worn and faded.

This muslin with the lilac sprig
She wore to Sunday meeting,
When bashful beaux around the door
Were waiting for her greeting.
I seem to see her slippered feet,
The drowsy sermon over,
Go twinkling out among the graves,
Upon the dewy clover.

This little scrap of ivory hue
Her wedding gown discloses,
And as a gay young wife she wore
That pink brocade with roses.
As years and duties multiplied,
The colors grew more sober,
Till middle age demurely went
In browns of sere October.

So you can read her quiet life,
From gay youth's merry matin
Until you spell the vespers out
In bits of chintz and satin;
And here you know her form was bent,
Her tresses thin and hoary,
For blocks of woolen black and gray
And purple end the story.

Minna Irving.

THE RICH MR. SMITH.

As past the magnificent palace we bowled,
The driver explained this exhibit in gold
Was made by the millionaire, Everard Smith,
A man whom success was on pleasant terms
with.
But while we exclaimed, and admired, and
oh! oh'd!
Till the horses were turned at the bend in
the road,
He corrected himself. 'It belongs to his
kith
And his kin; he is now the late Mr. Smith.'
Somehow that word *late* struck us cold as the
chill
As a new opened grave when the night wind
is still,
And it made wealth and splendor unreal as a
myth,
As we sighed in a whisper, "Oh, *poor* Mr.
Smith!"

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

OUR HISTORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

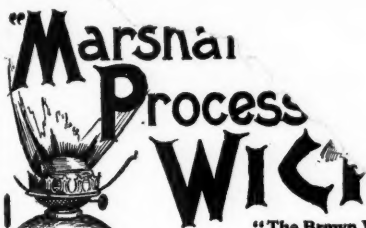
IN order to begin our history of the war with the beginning of a new volume of the magazine (Vol. XX), and to allow the time found necessary for its preparation, we have postponed its publication to the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, in which the opening chapters will appear.

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—TITUS ANDRON.

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